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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

43328

CONTAINING

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. and J. Richardson, J. Nichols and Son, F. and C. Rivington, T. Payne, R. Faulder, G. and J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke and Son, J. Barker and Son, D. Ogilvy and Son, Cuthell and Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen and Co. T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor and Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby and Co. Longman and Rees, Cadell and Davies, T. Hurst, J. Harding, R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks and Parry, R. Bent, and T. Ostell.

1803.

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[J. Plymell, Printer, Leather Lane, Holborn, London.]

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

AS YOU LIKE IT.*

* AS YOU LIKE IT,] Was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the *Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himſelf ſolely with *Lodge's Roſalynd*, or *Euphues' Golden Legacye*, 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakſpeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general cuſtom when he is indebted to ſuch worthleſs originals; and has ſketched ſome of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expreſſions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too inſignificant to merit tranſcription.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that ſuch a publication was at leaſt deſigned. At the beginning of the ſecond volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among theſe are the following:

Aug. 4.

" *As you like it*, a book. . . . }
" *Henry the Fift*, a book. . . . } to be ſtaid."
" The Comedy of *Much Ado*, a book. }

The dates ſcattered over theſe plays are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1600. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, *living in Exile.*
Frederick, *Brother to the* Duke, *and Uſurper of his Dominions.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his*
Jaques, } *Baniſhment.*
Le Beau, *a Courtier attending upon* Frederick,
Charles, *his Wreſtler.*
Oliver, }
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Bois.
Orlando, }
Adam, } *Servants to* Oliver.
Dennis, }
Touchſtone, *a Clown.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a Vicar.*
Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
William, *a Country Fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A Perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Roſalind, *Daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *Daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a Shepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a Country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foreſters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's *Houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's Court, and partly in the Foreſt of* Arden.

The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this faſhion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well:[1] and there

[1] *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* faſhion *bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thouſand crowns*; &c.] The grammar, as well as ſenſe, ſuffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed,* and not ſo much as one to the verb *charged:* and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his bleſſing,*] refers. So that the whole ſentence is confuſed and obſcure. A very ſmall alteration in the reading and pointing ſets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this* my father *bequeathed me,* &c. The grammar is now rectified, and the ſenſe alſo; which is this. Orlando and Adam were diſcourſing together on the cauſe why the younger brother had but a thouſand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the ſcene in this manner—*As I remember, it was upon this,* i. e. for the reaſon we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thouſand crowns; however, to make amends for this ſcanty proviſion, he charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well. WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point miſplaced, and

begins my ſadneſs. My brother Jaques he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or, to ſpeak more properly, ſtays me here at home unkept:[2] For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? His horſes are bred better; for, beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired:

an omiſſion of a word which every hearer can ſupply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſayeſt, charged my brother, on his bleſſing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obſcure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but ſo left out that the auditor inſerts it, in ſpite of himſelf. JOHNSON.

——*it was on this faſhion bequeathed me,* as Dr. Johnſon reads, is but aukward Engliſh: I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this faſhion.*—He *bequeathed me by will,* &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midſt of a converſation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting ſome miſapprehenſion of the other. As *I* remember (ſays he) it was thus. He left me a thouſand crowns; and, *as thou ſayeſt,* charged my brother, &c. BLACKSTONE.

Omiſſion being of all the errors of the preſs the moſt common, I have adopted the emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone. MALONE.

Being ſatisfied with Dr. Johnſon's explanation of the paſſage as it ſtands in the old copy, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

[2]——ſtays *me here at home unkept:*] We ſhould read *ſtys,* i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping—that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. So, Caliban ſays—

"And here you *ſty* me
"In this hard rock." WARBURTON.

Sty is better than *ſtays,* and more likely to be Shakſpeare's. JOHNSON.

So, in *Noah's Flood,* by Drayton:

"And *ſty* themſelves up in a little room." STEEVENS.

but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me, his countenance ſeems to take from me:[3] he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

OLI. Now, ſir! what make you here?[4]

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLI. What mar you then, ſir?

ORL. Marry, ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

[3] —— *his* countenance *ſeems to take from me:*] We ſhould certainly read—*his* diſcountenance. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *what* make you *here?*] i. e. what do you here? So, in *Hamlet:*

"What *make you* at Elſinour?" STEEVENS.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.[5]

[5] ——*be better employ'd, and* be naught awhile.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness, as you call it, may be an exercise by which you make a figure, and endear yourself to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others:* satius est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere. *But Oliver, in the perverseness of his disposition, would reverse the doctrine of the proverb.* Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—*be nought a while* is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, *a mischief on you.* So, the old poet Skelton:

"Correct first thy selfe, walk and *be nought,*
"Deeme what thou list, thou knoweſt not my thought."

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

——*and do aught a while.* WARBURTON.

If *be nought awhile* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught *a while.*

In the same sense as we say—*It is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be naught awhile,* mean no more than this: "Be content to be a *cypher,* till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence."

This was certainly a proverbial saying. I find it in *The Storie of King Darius,* an interlude, 1565:

"Come away, *and be nought a whyle,*
"Or surely I will you both defyle."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Falstaff says to Pistol: "Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, *he shall be nothing* here."

STEEVENS.

Naught and *nought* are frequently confounded in old English books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: "Be content to be a *cypher,*

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? What prodigal portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, ſir?

Orl. O, ſir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, ſir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me.[6] I know, you are my eldeſt brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me: The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in

till I ſhall elevate you into conſequence." But the following paſſage in *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnſon's explanation are right:

"——get you both in, and be *naught a while*."

The ſpeaker is a chamber-maid, and ſhe addreſſes herſelf to her miſtreſs and her lover. Malone.

Malone ſays that *nought* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly ſpelled with an *a*, *naught*; which is clearly the manner in which it ought ſtill to be ſpelled, as the word *aught*, (any thing,) from whence it is derived, is ſpelled ſo.

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Bartholomew Fair*, where Urſula ſays to Mooncalf: "Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curs'd awhile*;" which ſeems to confirm Warburton's explanation. M. Mason.

[6] *Ay, better than* he *I am before knows me.*] The firſt folio reads—*better than* him—. But, little reſpect is due to the anomalies of the play-houſe editors; and of this comedy there is no quarto edition. Steevens.

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*he* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I am appointed *him* to murder you." Malone.

Of *The Winter's Tale* alſo there is none but the play-houſe copy. Steevens.

me, as you; albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[7]

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:[8] I am the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt railed on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orl. I will not, till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good

[7] ——*albeit, I confeſs, your coming before me is nearer to his* reverence.] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be thus underſtood.—The reverence due to my father is, in ſome degree, derived to you, as the firſt-born. But I am perſuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himſelf; ſomething of both which there is in that ſenſe. I rather think he intended a ſatirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds,* treated him as one not ſo nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himſelf was. I imagine therefore Shakſpeare might write—*Albeit your coming before me is nearer his* revenue, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it muſt be owned, indeed, you are nearer in eſtate. Warburton.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courteſy of diſtinguiſhing the *eldeſt ſon* of a knight, by the title of eſquire. Henley.

[8] *I am no* villain:] The word *villain* is uſed by the elder brother, in its preſent meaning, for a *worthleſs, wicked,* or *bloody man*; by Orlando, in its original ſignification, for a *fellow of baſe extraction.* Johnson.

education: you have trained me like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? Well, ſir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice.—God be with my old maſter! he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* Dennis.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worſhip.

OLI. Good monſieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, ſir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is baniſhed by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave[9] to wander.

OLI. Can you tell, if Roſalind, the duke's daughter,[1] be baniſhed with her father.

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter,[2] her couſin, ſo loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the

[9] ——*good leave*—] As often as this phraſe occurs, it means *a ready aſſent*. So, in *King John*:

"*Baſt.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

"Gur. *Good leave*, good Philip." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the duke's daughter*,] The words *old* and *new* [inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer] ſeem neceſſary to the perſpicuity of the dialogue. JOHNSON.

——*the duke's daughter*,] i. e. the *baniſhed* duke's daughter. MALONE.

The author of *The Reviſal* is of opinion, that the ſubſequent words—*her couſin*, ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the perſon intended. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*for the duke's daughter*,] i. e. the *uſurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding ſpeech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unneceſſarily. The ambiguous uſe of the word *duke* in theſe paſſages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of Arden,[3] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time careleſsly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, ſir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, ſir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall: To-morrow, ſir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I muſt, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

[3] ——*in the foreſt of* Arden,] *Ardenne* is a foreſt of conſiderable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuſe, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenſer, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

"Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
"Where ſtore he heard to be of ſavage prey;
"So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
"Not famous *Ardcyn*, nor foul Arlo is."

But our author was furniſhed with the ſcene of his play by Lodge's Novel. MALONE.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger: And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for, I aſſure thee, and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it, there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more: And ſo, God keep your worſhip!

[*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I ſtir this gameſter:[4] I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing

[4] ——*this* gameſter:] *Gameſter*, in the preſent inſtance, and ſome others, does not ſignify a man viciouſly addicted to games of chance, but a frolickſome perſon. Thus, in *King Henry VIII*:

"You are a merry *gameſter*, my lord Sands."

Steevens.

more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all ſorts[5] enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither,[6] which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Roſalind, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier?[7] Unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou loveſt me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle, the duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could

[5] ——*of all* ſorts—] *Sorts*, in this place, means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON.

[6] ——kindle *the boy thither*,] A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"——*enkindle* you unto the crown." STEEVENS.

[7] ——I *were merrier*?] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet Roſe, my dear Roſe, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt; nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Ros. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel,[8] that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits

[8] ——*mock the good houſewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *houſewife*. Shakſpeare has confounded Fortune, whoſe wheel only figures uncertainty and viciſſitude, with the deſtiny that ſpins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare is very fond of this idea. He has the ſame in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——and rail ſo high,
"That the falſe houſewife, Fortune, break her wheel."

STEEVENS.

are mightily miſplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone:[9] for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

[9] ——*who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent* &c.] The old copy reads—"*perceiveth*—." Mr. Malone retains the old reading, but adds—"*and* hath ſent," &c. Steevens.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now, I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good; and yet was not the knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight, ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'ſt?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him.[1]

[1] Touch. *One that old* Frederick, *your father, loves.*
Roſ. *My father's love is enough to honour him.*] This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Roſalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia There is no countenance from any paſſage in this play, or from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were nameſakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without ſome ſuch authority, it would make confuſion to ſuppoſe it.
THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald ſeems not to know that the *Dramatis Perſonæ* were firſt enumerated by Rowe. JOHNSON.

Frederick is here clearly a miſtake, as appears by the anſwer of Roſalind, to whom Touchſtone addreſſes himſelf, though the

Enough! ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation,[2] one of theſe days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely, what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true: for ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,[3] the little

queſtion was put to him by Celia. I ſuppoſe ſome abbreviation was uſed in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand,*] which the tranſcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the perſons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald ſolves the difficulty by giving the next ſpeech to Celia, inſtead of Roſalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—beſides, why ſhould her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the laſt ſcene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother. Malone.

Mr. Malone's remark may be juſt; and yet I think the ſpeech which is ſtill left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderneſs for the fool, as reſpect for her own father. She ſtops Touchſtone, who might otherwiſe have proceeded to ſay what ſhe could not hear without inflicting puniſhment on the ſpeaker. *Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is ſtill in uſe, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Meaſure for Meaſure* is called by Lucio "the *old* fantaſtical Duke," &c. Steevens.

[2] ——*you'll be* whip'd *for* taxation,] This was the diſcipline uſually inflicted upon fools. Brantome informs us that Legar, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with ſome indelicate ſpeech, "*fut bien fouetté à la cuiſine pour ces paroles.*" A repreſentation of this ceremony may be ſeen in a cut prefixed to B. II. ch. c. of the German Petrarch already mentioned in Vol. IV. p. 359. Douce.

Taxation is cenſure, or ſatire. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you." Again, in the play before us:

"——my *taxing* like a wildgooſe flies—." Malone.

[3] ——*ſince the little wit, that fools have, was ſilenced,*] Shakſpeare probably alludes to the uſe of *fools* or *jeſters,* who for ſome ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of cenſure and mockery, and about this time began to be leſs tolerated. Johnson.

foolery, that wiſe men have, makes a great ſhow. Here comes Monſieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then ſhall we be news-cramm'd.

CEL. All the better; we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monſieur Le Beau: What's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princeſs, you have loſt much good ſport.

CEL. Sport? Of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam? How ſhall I anſwer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the deſtinies decree.

CEL. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.[4]

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

[4] ——*laid on with a trowel.*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that there is too heavy a maſs of big words laid upon a ſlight ſubject. JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expreſſion, which is generally uſed to ſignify a *glaring falſhood.* See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or deſign. RITSON.

To lay on with a trowel, is, to do any thing ſtrongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters groſsly, it is a common expreſſion to ſay, that he *lays it on with a trowel.* M. MASON.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies:[5] I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end; for the beſt is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*[6]——

[5] *You* amaze *me, ladies:*] To *amaze*, here, is not to aſtoniſh or ſtrike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuſe, ſo as to put out of the intended narrative. Johnson.

So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"I am *amazed* with matter." Steevens.

[6] *With* bills *on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents,*] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *croſs purpoſes*. Where the words of one ſpeaker are wreſted by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown ſays juſt before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Roſalind replies—*Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.* So here when Roſalind had ſaid—*With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in—*Know all men by theſe preſents.* She ſpoke of an inſtrument of war, and he turns it to an inſtrument of law of the ſame name, beginning with theſe words: So that they muſt be given to him.

Warburton.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is ſo very thin,

Le Beau. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with Charles, the duke's wreſtler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerved

as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot ſee why Roſalind ſhould ſuppoſe, that the competitors in a wreſtling match carried *bills* on their ſhoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor reſemblance of *preſence* and *preſents*. JOHNSON.

With bills *on their necks*, ſhould be the concluſion of Le Beau's ſpeech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried ſuch inſtruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not *on their ſhoulders!*" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himſelf. Laſſels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, ſays of tutors, "Some perſuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks*." But what is ſtill more, the expreſſion is taken immediately from Lodge, who furniſhed our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day ſitting with Aliena, (the aſſumed names, as in the play,) caſt up her eye, and ſaw where Roſader came pacing towards them with his *foreſt-bill on his necke*."

FARMER.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—
"But thou may'ſt watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"——with a ſword by his ſide, a foreſt-*bille on his necke*," &c.

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1621:

"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat *on his neck*."

Again:

"——are you not big enough to bear
"Your bats *upon your necks?*" STEEVENS.

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an inſtrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertiſement—as we ſay a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*; unleſs Farmer's ingenious amendment be admitted, and theſe words become part of Le Beau's ſpeech; in which caſe the word *bill* would be uſed by him to denote a weapon, and by Roſalind perverted to mean a *label*.

M MASON.

the ſecond, and ſo the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the ſport, monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beau. Why, this that I ſpeak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! it is the firſt time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Ros. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken muſick in his ſides? [7] is there yet another dotes

[7] ——*is there any elſe longs to* ſee *this broken muſick in his ſides?*] A ſtupid error in the copies. They are talking here of ſome who had their ribs broke in wreſtling: and the pleaſantry of Roſalind's repartee muſt conſiſt in the alluſion ſhe makes to *compoſing* in *muſick*. It neceſſarily follows, therefore, that the poet wrote—SET *this* broken muſick *in his ſides*.

WARBURTON.

If any change were neceſſary, I ſhould write, *feel this broken muſick*, for *ſee*. But *ſee* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we ſay every day; *ſee* if the water be hot; I will *ſee* which is the beſt time; ſhe has tried, and *ſees* that ſhe cannot lift it. In this ſenſe *ſee* may be here uſed. The ſufferer can, with no propriety, be ſaid to *ſet* the muſick; neither is the alluſion to the act of tuning an inſtrument, or pricking a tune, one of which muſt be meant by *ſetting* muſick. Roſalind hints at a whimſical ſimilitude between the ſeries of ribs gradually ſhortening, and ſome muſical inſtruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken muſick*. JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which conſiſting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually leſſening, bore ſome reſemblance to the ribs of a man. M. MASON.

Broken muſick either means the noiſe which the breaking of ribs would occaſion, or the hollow ſound which proceeds from a perſon's receiving a violent fall. DOUCE.

upon rib-breaking?—Shall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beau. You muſt, if you ſtay here: for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming: Let us now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on; ſince the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and couſin? are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Ros. Ay, my liege? ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men:[8] In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur Le Beau.

I can offer no legitimate explanation of this paſſage, but may obſerve that another, ſomewhat parallel, occurs in *K. Henry V:* "Come, your anſwer in *broken muſick*; for thy voice is muſick, and thy Engliſh broken." Steevens.

[8] ——*odds in the* men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man.* Johnson.

Duke F. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

[Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monſieur the challenger, the princeſſes call for you.[9]

Orl. I attend them, with all reſpect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?[1]

Orl. No, fair princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: You have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength: if you ſaw yourſelf with your eyes, or knew yourſelf with your judgment,[2] the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young ſir; your reputation ſhall not

[9] ——*the* princeſſes call *for you.*] The old copy reads—the *princeſſe calls.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[1] ——*have you challenged Charles the wreſtler?*] This wreſtling match is minutely deſcribed in Lodge's *Roſalynde,* 1592. Malone.

[2] ——*if you ſaw yourſelf with* your *eyes, or knew yourſelf with* your *judgment,*] Abſurd! The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read,—our *eyes,* and—our *judgment.* The argument is, *Your ſpirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you ſee and know yourſelf with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear.* Warburton.

I cannot find the abſurdity of the preſent reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated,* ſays the princeſs, *with the ſpirit of enterpriſe, if you could uſe* your own eyes to *ſee,* or your own judgment to know *yourſelf, the fear of your adventure would counſel you.* Johnson.

therefore be miſpriſed: we will make it our ſuit to the duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.[3] But let your fair eyes, and gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial:[4] wherein if I be foiled, there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

[3] *I beſeech you, puniſh me not* &c.] I ſhould wiſh to read, *I beſeech you; puniſh me not with your hard thoughts.* Therein *I confeſs myſelf much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing.* Johnson.

As the word *wherein* muſt always refer to ſomething preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this paſſage, and that we ought to read *herein,* inſtead of *wherein.* The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehenſions expreſſed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wreſtler. He beſeeches that they will not puniſh him with them; and then adds, "Herein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial." M. Mason.

The meaning I think is, "puniſh me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confeſs, I deſerve to incur,* for denying ſuch fair ladies any requeſt." The expreſſion is licentious, but our author's plays furniſh many ſuch. Malone.

[4] ——*let your gentle wiſhes, go with me to my trial:*] Addiſon might have had this paſſage in his memory, when he put the following words into Juba's mouth:

"——— Marcia, may I hope
"That thy kind wiſhes follow me to battle?"

Steevens.

Ros. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's deſires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, ſir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke F. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg.

[Charles *and* Orlando *wreſtle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down.

[Charles *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beſeech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How doſt thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot ſpeak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [Charles *is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngeſt ſon of ſir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe.
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* Fred. *Train, and* Le Beau.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be ſir Rowland's ſon,
His youngeſt ſon;[5]—and would not change that calling,[6]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd ſir Rowland as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,

[5] *His youngeſt ſon;*] The words "than to be deſcended from any other houſe, however high," muſt be underſtood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is juſt gone out, and had ſaid—

"Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
"Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe." Malone.

[6] ——*that* calling,] i. e. appellation; a very unuſual, if not unprecedented ſenſe of the word. Steevens.

But juſtly, as you have exceeded promiſe,[7]
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune;[8]
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here ſtands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeleſs block.[9]

[7] ——*as you have exceeded promiſe,*] The old copy, without regard to the meaſure, reads—*all* promiſe. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*one out of ſuits with fortune;*] This ſeems an alluſion to cards where he that has no more cards to play of any particular ſort, is *out of ſuit.* JOHNSON.

Out of ſuits with fortune, I believe, means, turned out of her ſervice, and ſtripped of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia ſays, "—but turning theſe *jeſts out of ſervice,* let us talk in good earneſt." MALONE.

[9] *Is but a* quintain, *a mere lifeleſs block.*] A *quintain* was a *poſt* or *butt* ſet up for ſeveral kinds of martial exerciſes, againſt which they threw their darts and exerciſed their arms. The alluſion is beautiful. *I am,* ſays Orlando, *only a* quintain, *a lifeleſs block on which love only exerciſes his arms in jeſt; the great diſparity of condition between Roſalind and me, not ſuffering me to hope that love will ever make a ſerious matter of it.* The famous ſatiriſt Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uſes the ſame metaphor, on the ſame ſubject, though the thought be different:

"*Et qui depuis dix ans juſqu'en ſes derniers jours,*
"*A ſoutenu le prix en l'eſcrime d'amours;*
"*Laſſé en fin de ſervir au peuple de* quintaine,
"*Elle*" &c. WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintain* was not the object of the

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll aſk him what he would:—Did you call, ſir?—
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her, yet ſhe urg'd conference.

darts and arms: it was a ſtake driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and other trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the ſhield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of—

——*My better parts*
Are all thrown down? Guthrie.

Mr. Malone has diſputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's animadverſions; and Mr. Douce is equally diſſatisfied with thoſe of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumſtantiality, is ſo much increaſed, that we are often led (as Hamlet obſerves) to

"————fight for a ſpot
"Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe."

The preſent ſtrictures, therefore, of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author,) muſt appear at the concluſion of the play. Steevens.

For a more particular deſcription of a *quintain*, ſee a note on a paſſage in Jonſon's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII. p. 55. M. Mason.

A humorous deſcription of this amuſement may alſo be read in Laneham's Letter from "Killingwoorth Caſtle." Henley.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

LE BEAU. Good ſir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the duke's condition,[1]
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.[2]

ORL. I thank you, ſir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter[3] is his daughter:

[1] ——*the duke's* condition,] The word *condition* means character, temper, diſpoſition. So, Antonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *beſt condition'd man.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——*than* me *to ſpeak of.*] The old copy has—than *I.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] ——*the* ſhorter—] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads—the *taller.* Mr. Malone—the *ſmaller.* STEEVENS.

Some change is abſolutely neceſſary, for Roſalind, in a ſubſequent ſcene, expreſsly ſays that *ſhe* is "more than common *tall,*" and aſſigns that as a reaſon for her aſſuming the dreſs of a man, while her couſin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. ſc. iii. Celia is deſcribed by theſe words—"the woman *low,* and browner than her brother;" i. e. Roſalind. Mr. Pope reads—"the *ſhorter* is his daughter;" which has been admitted in all the ſubſequent editions: but ſurely

The other is daughter to the baniſh'd duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,[4]
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* Le Beau.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Roſalind! [*Exit.*

ſhorter and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The preſent emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. Malone.

Shakſpeare ſometimes ſpeaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *ſmall* ones. Otherwiſe, Mr. Malone's conjecture ſhould have found a place in our text. Steevens.

[4] ——*in a better world than this,*] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. iii: "There is a world elſewhere." Steevens.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, couſin; why, Roſalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Ros. Then there were two couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lamed with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, ſome of it for my child's father:[5] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

CEL. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

[5] ——*for my child's father*:] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpite of a fall.—But, turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: Is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old ſir Rowland's youngeſt ſon?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? By this kind of chaſe,[6] I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerve well?[7]

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

[6] *By this kind of* chaſe,] That is, by this way of *following* the argument. *Dear* is uſed by Shakſpeare in a double ſenſe for *beloved*, and for *hurtful, hated, baleful.* Both ſenſes are authoriſed, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere.* Roſalind uſes *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[7] *Why ſhould I* not? *doth he not deſerve well?*] Celia anſwers Roſalind, (who had deſired her "*not to hate* Orlando, for her ſake,") as if ſhe had ſaid—"*love* him, for my ſake:" to which the former replies, "Why ſhould I *not* [i. e. love him]?" So, in the following paſſage, in *King Henry VIII:*

"————Which of the peers
"Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
"Strangely neglected?"

Uncontemn'd muſt be underſtood as if the author had written—*not* contemn'd; otherwiſe the ſubſequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the ſpeaker intends.

MALONE.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

DUKE F. Miſtreſs, deſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

DUKE F. You, couſin:
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do truſt I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, ſo much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highneſs.

DUKE F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:—
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Ros. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highneſs took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highneſs baniſh'd him:
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear ſovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we ſtay'd her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;[8]
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;[9]
And whereſoe'er we went, like Juno's ſwans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke F. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: ſhe robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,[1]
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have paſs'd upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

[8] ——*remorſe*;] i. e. *compaſſion*. So, in *Macbeth*:
"Stop the acceſs and paſſage to *remorſe*." Steevens.

[9] ——*we ſtill have ſlept together,*
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;] Youthful friendſhip is deſcribed in nearly the ſame terms in a book publiſhed the year in which this play firſt appeared in print:—"They ever went together, *plaid* together, *eate* together, and uſually *ſlept* together, out of the great love that was between them." *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, printed by Edward Blount, 1623, P. I. B. I. c. viii. p. 75. Reed.

[1] *And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and* ſeem *more virtuous,*] When ſhe was ſeen alone, ſhe would be more noted. Johnson.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke* Frederick *and* Lords.

Cel. O my poor Roſalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;[2]
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'ſt thou not, the duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Roſalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:[3]
Shall we be ſunder'd? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No; let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not ſeek to take your change upon you,[4]

[2] *Thou haſt not, couſin;*] Some word is wanting to the metre. Perhaps our author wrote:
Indeed *thou haſt not, couſin.* Steevens.

[3] —— *Roſalind lacks then the love*
Which teacheth thee *that thou and I am one:*] The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth* me. For if Roſalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herſelf, ſhe could not *lack* that love which Celia complains ſhe does. Warburton.

Either reading may ſtand. The ſenſe of the eſtabliſhed text is not remote or obſcure. Where would be the abſurdity of ſaying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* Johnson.

[4] —— *to take your* change *upon you,*] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverſe of fortune* upon yourſelf, without any aid or participation. Malone.

To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my uncle.[5]

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far?
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;[6]
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax[7] upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a ſwaſhing[8] and a martial outſide;

I have inſerted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The ſecond folio has—*charge*. STEEVENS.

[5] *To ſeek my uncle.*] Here the old copy adds—*in the foreſt of Arden*. But theſe words are an evident interpolation, without uſe, and injurious to the meaſure:

Why, whither ſhall we go?—To ſeek my uncle,

being a complete verſe. Beſides, we have been already informed by Charles the wreſtler, that the baniſhed Duke's reſidence was *in the foreſt of Arden*. STEEVENS.

[6] *And with a kind of* umber *ſmirch my face;*] *Umber* is a duſky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on "the *umber'd* fires," in *King Henry V.* Act III. MALONE.

[7] —— *curtle-ax*—] Or *cutlace*, a broad ſword. JOHNSON.

[8] We'll *have a ſwaſhing* &c.] A *ſwaſhing* outſide is an appearance of noiſy, bullying valour. *Swaſhing blow* is men-

As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worſe a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, couſin, what if we aſſay'd to ſteal
The clowniſh fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,[9]
To liberty, and not to baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

tioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and, in *King Henry V.* the Boy ſays:—"As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three *ſwaſhers*;" meaning Nym, Piſtol, and Bardolph. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Now go* we in *content*,] The old copy reads—Now go *in we* content. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the tranſpoſition is neceſſary. Our author might have uſed *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dreſs of Foreſters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,[1]
The ſeaſons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,—
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.

[1] *Here feel we* but *the penalty of Adam,*] The old copy reads—" not *the penalty*—." STEEVENS.

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being ſenſible of the difference of the ſeaſons? The Duke ſays, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly perſuade him what *he* is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtleſs, the text muſt be reſtored as I have corrected; and it is obvious, in the courſe of theſe notes, how often *not* and *but*, by miſtake, have changed place in our author's former editions.
THEOBALD.

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, ſo, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. iii. *but* is printed inſtead of *not*:
" *Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.
" 1 *Cit.* How! *not* your own deſire." MALONE.

Sweet are the uſes of adverſity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;[2]
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

[2] *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:] It was the current opinion in Shakſpeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a ſtone, or pearl, to which great virtues were aſcribed. This ſtone has been often ſought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the ſkull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Foreſt, or a Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this ſtone is apparently ſeene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with deſpotted and coloured feete, but thoſe uglye and deſuſedly. It is available againſt envenoming."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——in moſt phyſicians' heads,
"There is a kind of *toadſtone* bred."

Again, in *Adraſta, or The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the *ſtone*
"In the *toad*, nor ſerpent's bone," &c.

Pliny, in the 32d Book of his *Natural Hiſtory*, aſcribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right ſide of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly ſupplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who ſays, "That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *ſtone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is moſt commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulſe poyſons, and that it is a moſt ſoveraigne medicine for the ſtone."

Thomas Lupton, in his *Firſt Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated teſtimony to the virtues of the "*Tode-ſtone*, called *Crapaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he inſtructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—"You ſhall knowe whether the *Tode-ſtone* be the ryght and perfect ſtone or not. Holde the ſtone before a Tode, ſo that he may ſee it; and if it be a ryght and true ſtone, the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would ſnatch it. He envieth ſo much that man ſhould have that ſtone." STEEVENS.

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,[3]
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it:[4] Happy is your grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke S. Come, ſhall we go and kill us venifon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this deſert city,[5]—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[6]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you.

[3] *Finds tongues in trees,* &c.] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia,* Book I:

"Thus both *trees* and *each thing elſe, be the bookes to a fancie.*" Steevens.

[4] *I would not change it:*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives theſe words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—*Happy is your grace.* Johnson.

[5] ——*native* burghers *of this deſert city,*] In Sidney's *Arcadia,* the deer are called "the wild *burgeſſes* of the foreſt." Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"Where, fearleſs of the hunt, the hart ſecurely ſtood,
"And every where walk'd free, a *burgeſs* of the wood."
Steevens.

A kindred expreſſion is found in Lodge's *Roſalynde,* 1592:

"About her wond'ring ſtood
"The *citizens* o' the wood."

Our author afterwards uſes this very phraſe:

"Sweep on, you fat and greaſy *citizens.*" Malone.

[6] ——*with* forked heads—] i. e. with *arrows,* the points of which were *barbed.* So, in *A mad World my Maſters:*

"While the broad arrow with the *forked head*
"Miſſes" &c. Steevens.

To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:[7]
To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe:[8] and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

" 1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;[9]
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'ſt a teſtament*
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more

[7] ——*as he lay along*
Under an oak, &c.]
" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by."
Gray's *Elegy*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the big round tears* &c.] It is ſaid in one of the marginal notes to a ſimilar paſſage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that " the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." STEEVENS.

[9] ——in *the* needleſs *ſtream*;] The ſtream that wanted not ſuch a ſupply of moiſture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compoſitor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

To that which had too much:[1] Then, being alone,[2]
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *this miſery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him; *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens;
'Tis juſt the faſhion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country,[3] city, court,

[1] *To that which had too* much:] Old copy—too *muſt.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has almoſt the ſame thought in his *Lover's Complaint:*

" ——— in a river ——
" Upon whoſe weeping margin ſhe was ſet,
" Like uſury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. iv:

" With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
" And give more ſtrength *to that which hath too much.*"

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*Then, being alone,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*Then being* there *alone.* STEEVENS.

[3] *The body of* the *country,*] The oldeſt copy omits—*the;* but it is ſupplied by the ſecond folio, which has many advantages over the firſt. Mr. Malone is of a different opinion; but let him ſpeak for himſelf. STEEVENS.

Country is here uſed as a triſyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night:*

" The like of him. Know'ſt thou this *country?*"

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraſeology and metre, reads—*The body of* the *country,* &c. which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Is not *country* uſed elſewhere alſo as a diſſyllable? See *Coriolanus,* Act I. ſc. vi:

" And that his *country's* dearer than himſelf."

Beſides, by reading *country* as a triſyllable, in the middle of a verſe, it would become rough and diſſonant. STEEVENS.

Yea, and of this our life: ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke S. "Show me the place;
I love to cope him[4] in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be: ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown,[5] at whom ſo oft

[4] ——*to* cope *him*—] To encounter him; to engage with him. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*the* roynish *clown,*] *Roynish,* from *rogneux,* French,

Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing.
Heſperia, the princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler[6]
That did but lately foil the ſinewy Charles;
And ſhe believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother;[7] fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this ſuddenly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail[8]
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

mangy, ſcurvy. The word is uſed by Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, 988:

"That knottie was and all *roinous*."

Again, *ibid.* 6190:

"This argument is all *roignous*—."

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Weſtminſter, he ſays—"Although ſhe were a luſty bouncing rampe, ſomewhat like Gallemetta or maid Marian, yet ſhe was not ſuch a *roiniſh* rannel, ſuch a diſſolute gillian-flirt," &c.

We are not to ſuppoſe the word is literally employed by Shakſpeare, but in the ſame ſenſe that the French ſtill uſe *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very ſparing in ſome of his pieces. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*of the* wreſtler—] *Wreſtler*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,) is here to be ſounded as a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

[7] *Send to his* brother;] I believe we ſhould read—*brother's*. For when the Duke ſays in the following words: "Fetch that gallant hither;" he certainly means Orlando. M. MASON.

[8] ——*quail*—] To *quail* is to *faint*, to ſink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——which my falſe ſpirits
"*Quail* to remember." STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's *Houſe.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young maſter?—O, my gentle maſter,
O, my ſweet maſter, O you memory[9]
Of old ſir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond[1] to overcome
The bony priſer[2] of the humorous duke?

[9] —— *O you* memory—] Shakſpeare often uſes *memory* for *memorial*; and Beaumont and Fletcher ſometimes. So, in *The Humorous Lieutenant:*

"I knew then how to ſeek your *memories.*"

Again, in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy,* by C. Turner, 1611:

"And with his body place that *memory*
"Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy:*

"That ſtatue will I prize paſt all the jewels
"Within the cabinet of Beatrice,
"The *memory* of my grandame." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*ſo* fond—] i. e. ſo indiſcreet, ſo inconſiderate. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"————I do wonder,
"Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo *fond*
"To come abroad with him——." STEEVENS.

[2] *The* bony *priſer*—] In the former editions—*The* bonny *priſer.* We ſhould read—bony *priſer.* For this wreſtler is characteriſed for his ſtrength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So, Milton:

"Giants of mighty *bone.*" JOHNSON.

Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men[3]
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon;—I will not call him ſon—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praiſes; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place,[4] this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:
"This is a man all for the nones,
"For he is a man of *great bones*."
Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II. Act V:
"Even of the *bonny* beaſt he lov'd ſo well." Steevens.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As you like it* is taken. It is likewiſe much uſed by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. Malone.

[3] ——*to* ſome *kind of men*—] Old copy—*ſeeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[4] *This is no* place,] *Place* here ſignifies a *ſeat*, a *manſion*, a *reſidence*. So, in the firſt Book of *Samuel*: "Saul ſet him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal."

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword, enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[5] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,

Again, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:*

" His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
" With grene trees yſhadewed was his *place.*"

We ſtill uſe the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place,* Rathbone *place;* and Croſby *place,* in *King Richard III.* &c. Steevens.

Our author uſes this word again in the ſame ſenſe in his *Lover's Complaint:*

" Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place.*"

Plas, in the Welch language, ſignifies a manſion-houſe. Malone.

Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is too refined. Adam means merely to ſay—" This is no *place* for you." M. Mason.

[5] ——diverted *blood,*] Blood turned out of the courſe of nature. Johnson.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Sometimes *diverted,* their poor balls are tied
" To the orbed earth—." Malone.

To *divert* a water-courſe, that is, to *change its courſe,* was a common legal phraſe, and an object of litigation in Weſtminſter Hall, in our author's time, as it is at preſent.

Again, in Ray's *Travels:* " We rode along the ſea coaſt to Oſtend, *diverting* at Nieuport, to refreſh ourſelves, and get a ſight of the town;" i. e. leaving our courſe. Reed.

Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe,
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,[6]
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;[7]
Nor did not with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their ſervice up
Even with the having:[8] it is not ſo with thee.

[6] ——*and He that doth the* ravens *feed,*
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow, *&c.*] See *Saint Luke,* xii. 6, and 24. Douce.

[7] ——rebellious *liquors in my blood;*] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or ſenſual paſſions, and incite them to rebel againſt reaſon. So, in *Othello:*

"For there's a young and ſweating devil here,
"That commonly *rebels.*" Malone.

Perhaps he only means liquors that *rebel* againſt the conſtitution. Steevens.

[8] *Even with the* having:] Even with the *promotion* gained by ſervice is ſervice extinguiſhed. Johnson.

But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.—
From ſeventeen years[9] till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompenſe me better,
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

[9] *From ſeventeen years*—] The old copy reads—*ſeventy*. The correction, which is fully ſupported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

SCENE IV.

The Foreſt of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *in boy's clothes,* CELIA *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my ſpirits![1]

Touch. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

[1] *O Jupiter! how* weary *are my ſpirits!*] The old copy reads—*how* merry, &c. STEEVENS.

And yet, within the ſpace of one intervening line, ſhe ſays, ſhe could find in her heart to diſgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad ſymptom of the *briſkneſs of ſpirits*: rather a direct proof of the contrary diſpoſition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it ſhould be, as I have reformed in the text:—*how* weary *are my ſpirits!* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

She invokes Jupiter, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to be always in good ſpirits. A *jovial* man was a common phraſe in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called ARISTIPPUS, *or The* Jovial *Philoſopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The* Jovial *Crew, or The* Merry *Beggars*.

In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the ſame miſtake has happened; for there we find—

"Let us be *merry*, let us hide our joys,"

inſtead of—Let us be *wary*. MALONE.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you:[2] yet I ſhould bear no croſs,[3] if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe.

Ros. Well, this is the foreſt of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Ros. Ay, be ſo, good Touchſtone:—Look you, who comes here; a youthg man, and an old, in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canſt not gueſs;
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo,)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily:

[2] ——*I had rather* bear with *you, than* bear *you:*] This jingle is repeated in *King Richard III:*

"You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me."

Steevens.

[3] ——*yet I ſhould bear no* croſs,] 'A *croſs* was a piece of money ſtamped with a *croſs*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. Steevens.

If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly[4]
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer[5] in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd:
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,[6]
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming anight[7] to Jane Smile:

[4] *If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly*—] I am inclined to believe that from this paſſage Suckling took the hint of his ſong:

"Honeſt lover, whoſoever,
"If in all thy love there ever
"Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
"Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame.
"Know this,
"Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
"And to love true,
"Thou muſt begin again, and love anew," &c.

JOHNSON.

[5] Wearying *thy hearer*—] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. I am not ſure that the emendation is neceſſary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. MALONE.

[6] ——*of* thy wound,] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] ——*anight*—] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is *in the night*. The word is uſed by Chaucer, in *The Legende of good Women*. Our modern editors read, *o'nights*, or *o'night*. STEEVENS.

and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet,[8] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her; from whom I took two cods,[9] and, giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears,[1] *Wear theſe*

[8] ——*batlet,*] The inſtrument with which waſhers beat their coarſe clothes. JOHNSON.

Old copy—*batler*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] —— *two* cods,] For *cods* it would be more like ſenſe to read—*peas*, which having the ſhape of pearls, reſembled the common preſents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a ſchedule of jewels in the 15th Vol. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peaſcoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

Peaſcods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592: "—went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peſcods*," &c. Again, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a ſong publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"In *peſcod time* when hound to horne
"Gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c.

Again, in *The honeſt Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shall feed on delicates, the firſt *peaſcods*, ſtrawberries."
STEEVENS.

In the following paſſage, however, Touchſtone's preſent certainly ſignifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and ſo, I believe, the word is uſed here: "He [Richard II.] alſo uſed a *peaſcod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Weſtminſter." Camden's *Remains*, 1614. Here we ſee the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakſpeare uſed the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the ſame meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

The *peaſcod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the ſtalk. It was formerly uſed as an ornament in dreſs, and was repreſented with the ſhell open exhibiting the peas. The paſſage cited from Rymer, by Dr Farmer, ſhows that the peas were ſometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchſtone took the *cods* from the *peaſcods*, and not from his miſtreſs. DOUCE.

[1] ——*weeping tears,*] A ridiculous expreſſion from a ſonnet in Lodge's *Roſalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded.

for my ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.[2]

Ros. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion
Is much upon my faſhion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, ſir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I ſay:—
Good even to you, friend.[3]

Cor. And to you, gentle ſir, and to you all.

It likewiſe occurs in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of King Henry V.* in Peele's *Jeſts*, &c. Steevens.

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in Lodge's *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded. Malone.

[2] ——*ſo is all nature in love* mortal *in folly.*] This expreſſion I do not well underſtand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is uſed as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall, mortal little.* Of this ſenſe I believe Shakſpeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *ſo is all nature in love* abounding *in folly.* Johnson.

[3] —— *to* you, *friend.*] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Ros. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair ſir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks[4] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheepcote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.[5]

Ros. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waſte my time in it.

[4] *And little* recks—] i. e. heeds, cares for. So, in *Hamlet*: "And *recks* not his own rede." Steevens.

[5] *And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be,*] *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. Johnson.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and Others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune[6] *his merry note*
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

[6] *And* tune—] The old copy has *turne.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" And *to* the nightingale's complaining *note*
" *Tune* my distresses, and record my woes." Malone.

The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tune.* To *turn* a *tune* or a *note,* is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians. Steevens.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged;[7] I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing: Come, more; another ſtanza; Call you them ſtanzas?

Ami. What you will, monſieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſpútable[8] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

[7] ——*ragged*;] Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged*; but *ragged* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in Naſh's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a falſe gallop through the reſt of his *ragged* verſes," &c. Steevens.

[8] ——*diſpútable*—] For *diſputatious*. Malone.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the ſun,[9]
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;[1]
Here ſhall he ſee,
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.

[9] ——*to* live *i' the ſun,*] Modern editions, *to lie.* JOHNSON.

To live i' the ſun, is to labour and "ſweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere ſub dio*; for by *lying* in the ſun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

[1] ——*ducdàme;*] For *ducdàme,* Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciouſly, reads *duc ad me,* that is, *bring him to me.* JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have aſked its meaning, and been put off with "a *Greek invocation.*" It is evidently a word coined *for the nonce.* We have here, as Butler

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a

ſays, "One for *ſenſe*, and one for *rhyme*." Indeed we muſt have a *double rhyme*; or this ſtanza cannot well be ſung to the ſame tune with the former. I read thus:

"*Ducdàme, Ducdàme, Ducdàme,*
"Here ſhall he ſee
"Groſs fools as he,
"An' if he will come to *Ami*."

That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himſelf.

FARMER.

Duc ad me has hitherto been received as an alluſion to the burthen of Amiens's ſong—

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, ſhould not underſtand Latin, or be perſuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correſpondent propoſes to read—*Huc ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that, being at a houſe not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-rooſt was robbed, a facetious old ſquire who was preſent, immediately ſung the following ſtanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

"*Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?
"*duck, duck, duck.*——
"*Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?
"chuck, chuck, chuck."——

I have placed Dr. Farmer's emendation in the text. *Ducdàme* is a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs,
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he, &c.] See Hor. Serm. L. II. ſat. iii:

"Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
"Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;
"Quiſquis luxuria triſtive ſuperſtitione,
"Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc proprius me,
"Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite."

MALONE.

circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of Egypt.[2]

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave.[3] Farewell, kind maſter.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little: If this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my ſake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee preſently; and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou dieſt before

[2] ——*the firſt-born of Egypt.*] A proverbial expreſſion for high-born perſons. JOHNSON.

The phraſe is ſcriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in *Exodus*, xii. 29: "And the Lord ſmote *all the firſt-born in Egypt.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"——fall upon the ground, as I do now,
"Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave."

STEEVENS.

I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid! thou look'ſt cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou lieſt in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter; and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame.

A table ſet out. Enter Duke *ſenior,* AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,[4] grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:—
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

[4] ——*compact of jars,*] i. e. made up of diſcords. In *The Comedy of Errors,* we have "*compact of credit,*" for *made up of credulity.* Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock,* 1612:

"——like gilded tombs
"*Compacted* of jet pillars."

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in *Tamburlane,* 1590:

"*Compact* of rapine, piracy, and ſpoil." STEEVENS.

Duke S. Why, how now, monſieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—— I met a fool i' the foreſt,
A motley fool;—a miſerable world![5]—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, ſir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:[6]

[5] *A motley fool;—a miſerable* world!] What! becauſe he met a *motley fool,* was it therefore *a miſerable world?* This is ſadly blundered; we ſhould read:

—— *a miſerable* varlet.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after theſe words, and here he calls him *a miſerable varlet,* notwithſtanding he *railed on lady Fortune in good terms,* &c. Nor is the change we may make, ſo great as appears at firſt ſight. Warburton.

I ſee no need of changing *world* to *varlet,* nor, if a change were neceſſary, can I gueſs how it ſhould certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. *A miſerable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the ſight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. Johnson.

[6] *Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune:*] *Fortuna favet fatuis,* is, as Mr. Upton obſerves, the ſaying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:

"*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, ſtultum facit.*"

So, in the Prologue to *The Alchemiſt:*

"Fortune, that favours fooles, theſe two ſhort houres
"We wiſh away."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour,* Act I. ſc. iii:

"*Sog.* Why, who am I, ſir?
"*Mac.* One of thoſe that fortune favours.
"*Car.* The periphraſis of a foole." Reed.

And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, ſince it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And ſo, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.[7]

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And ſays, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage,—he hath ſtrange places cramm'd

[7] ——Motley's *the only wear.*] It would have been unneceſſary to repeat that a *motley,* or *party-coloured coat,* was anciently the dreſs of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonſon's works been miſtaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram:*

" —— where, out of *motly,'s,* he
" Could ſave that line to dedicate to thee?"

Motly, ſays Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old ſcraps, could ſave, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool,* i. e. *one in a ſuit of motley,* &c.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation.

The obſervation—*Motley's the only wear,* might have been ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by the following line in the 4th Satire of Donne:

" Your only wearing is your grogaram." Steevens.

With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;[8]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,[9]
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why, ſir, muſt they ſo?
The *why* is plain as way to pariſh church:
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob:[1] if not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of the fool.[2]

[8] ——*only* ſuit;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dreſs*. Johnson.

[1] The poet meant a quibble. So, Act V: "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *ſuit*." Steevens.

[9] ——*as large a charter as the wind*,] So, in *King Henry V*: "The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is ſtill." Malone.

[1] Not to *ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob*:] The old copies read only—*Seem ſenſeleſs*, &c. *Not to* were ſupplied by Mr. Theobald. See the following note. Steevens.

Beſides that the third verſe is defective one whole *foot* in meaſure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to ſay, and the reaſoning of the paſſage, ſhow it no leſs defective in the ſenſe. There is no doubt, but the two little monoſyllables, which I have ſupplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuſcript, or by inadvertence were left out. Theobald.

[2] ——*if not*, &c.] Unleſs men have the prudence not to appear touched with the ſarcaſms of a jeſter, they ſubject themſelves to his power; and the wiſe man will have his folly *anatomiſed*, that is, *diſſected* and *laid open*, by the *ſquandring glances* or *random ſhots* of a fool. Johnson.

Inveſt me in my motley; give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,[3]
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fye on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,[4] would I do, but good?

Duke S. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting[5] itſelf;
And all the embоſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

[3] *Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff."

Douce.

[4] ——*for a* counter,] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that about the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of falſe money uſed as a means of reckoning) were brought into uſe in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"—— will you with *counters* ſum
"The paſt proportion of his infinite?" Steevens.

[5] *As ſenſual as the* brutiſh ſting—] Though the *brutiſh ſting* is capable of a ſenſe not inconvenient in this paſſage, yet as it is a harſh and unuſual mode of ſpeech, I ſhould read the *brutiſh ſty.* Johnson.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. I. c. viii:

"A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth *ſting.*"

Again, B. II. c. xii:

"As if that hunger's point, or Venus' *ſting,*
"Had them enrag'd."

Again, in *Othello:*

"——our carnal *ſtings,* our unbitted luſts."

Steevens.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?[6]
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, The city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery[7] is not on my coſt,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then; How, what then?[8] Let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild gooſe flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with his ſword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come of?

[6] *Till that the* very *very*—] The old copy reads—*weary* very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[7] ——*his* bravery—] i. e. his fine clothes. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:
"With ſcarfs and fans, and double change of *bravery*."
Steevens.

[8] *There then*; *How, what then?* &c.] The old copy reads, very redundantly—
There then; *How* then? *What then?* &c. Steevens.
I believe we ſhould read—*Where* then? So, in *Othello*:
"What then? How then? *Where's* ſatisfaction?"
Malone.

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs;
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhow
Of ſmooth civility:[9] yet am I inland bred,[1]
And know ſome nurture:[2] But forbear, I ſay;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

Jaq. An you will not be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

[9] ——*the thorny point*
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en *from me the ſhow*
Of ſmooth civility:] We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not juſtify alteration. JOHNSON.

[1] ——inland *bred,*] *Inland* here, and elſewhere in this play, is the oppoſite to *outland,* or *upland.* Orlando means to ſay, that he had not been *bred among clowns.* HOLT WHITE.

[2] *And know ſome* nurture:] *Nurture* is *education,* breeding, manners. So, in Greene's *Never too late,* 1616:
"He ſhew'd himſelf as full of *nurture* as of nature."
Again, as Mr. Holt White obſerves to me, Barret ſays, in his *Alvearie,* 1580: "It is a point of *nurture,* or *good manners,* to ſalute them that you meete. *Urbanitatis eſt ſalutare obvios.*" STEEVENS.

St. Paul adviſes the Epheſians, in his Epiſtle, ch. vi. 4, to bring their children up "in the *nurture* and admonition of the Lord." HARRIS.

Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this deſert inacceſſible,[3]
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke S. True is it that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And ſat at good men's feaſts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,[4]
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food.[5] There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firſt ſuffic'd,—

[3] ——*deſert inacceſſible,*] This expreſſion I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: "—and onely acquainted himſelfe with the ſolitarineſſe of this *unacceſſible deſert*." Henderson.

[4] *And take* upon command *what help we have,*] *Upon command*, is at your own command. Steevens.

[5] *Whiles, like a* doe, *I go to find my* fawn,
And give it food.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"Like a milch *doe*, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
"Haſting to *feed her fawn*." Malone.

Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woeful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.[6]

Jaq. All the world's a ſtage,[7]

[6] *Wherein we play* in.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads:

Wherein we play.

I believe, with Mr. Pope, that we ſhould only read—

Wherein we play.

and add a word at the beginning of the next ſpeech, to complete the meaſure; viz.

"*Why*, all the world's a ſtage."

Thus, in *Hamlet:*

"*Hor.* So Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern go to't.

"*Ham. Why*, man, they did make love to their employment."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"*Why*, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once."

Again, *ibid:*

"*Why*, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done."

In twenty other inſtances we find the ſame adverb introductorily uſed. Steevens.

[7] *All the world's a ſtage,* &c.] This obſervation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum conſtet inter nos, quod fere *totus mundus exerceat hiſtrioniam.*" Steevens.

This obſervation had been made in an Engliſh drama before the time of Shakſpeare. See *Damon and Pythias,* 1582:

"Pythagoras ſaid, that *this world was like a ſtage,*
"*Whereon many play their parts.*"

And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being ſeven ages.[8] At firſt, the infant,

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find theſe lines:

" Unhappy man ——
" Whoſe life a ſad continual tragedie,
" Himſelf the *actor, in the world, the ſtage,*
" *While as the acts are meaſur'd by his age.*" MALONE.

[8] *His acts being ſeven* ages.] Dr. Warburton obſerves, that this was " *no unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in ſupport of his aſſertion. I have carefully peruſed almoſt every dramatick piece antecedent to Shakſpeare, or contemporary with him; but ſo far from being divided into acts, they are almoſt all printed in an unbroken continuity of ſcenes. I ſhould add, that there is one play of ſix acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the ſecond of theſe is a tranſlation from the Spaniſh, and never could have been deſigned for the ſtage. In *God's Promiſes*, 1577, " A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Myſtery*,) by John Bale, ſeven acts may indeed be found.

It ſhould, however, be obſerved, that the intervals in the Greek Tragedy are known to have varied from three acts to ſeven. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton boldly aſſerts that this was " no *unuſual* diviſion of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*) is indeed in ſeven acts. This, however, is the only dramatick piece that I have found ſo divided. But ſurely it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that our author alluded here to any ſuch preciſe diviſion of the drama. His compariſons ſeldom run on four feet. It was ſufficient for him that a play was diſtributed into *ſeveral* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *ſeven* periods. In *The Treaſury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is ſaid to have divided the lifetime of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the ſeven planets was ſuppoſed to rule. " The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the ſpace of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten years, untill he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE conſiſteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adoleſcencie* or

Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms;
And then,[9] the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace,[1] with a woeful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow: Then, a ſoldier;

Youthhood; and it laſteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the ſaid authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progreſs ſo far as ſix and fifty yeares.—Afterwards, in adding twelve to fifty-ſixe, you ſhall make up ſixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXT AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEAVENTH and laſt of theſe ſeven ages is limited from ſixty-eight yeares, ſo far as four-ſcore and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you ſhall evidently perceive that he will returne to his firſt condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewiſe divided the life of man into ſeven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173.

MALONE.

I have ſeen, more than once, an old print, entitled, *The Stage of Man's Life*, divided into ſeven ages. As emblematical repreſentations of this ſort were formerly ſtuck up, both for ornament and inſtruction, in the generality of houſes, it is more probable that Shakſpeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

One of the repreſentations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my poſſeſſion; and conſidering the uſe it is of in explaining the paſſage before us, "I could have better ſpared a better *print*." I well remember that it exhibited the ſchool-boy *with his ſatchel* hanging over his ſhoulder. STEEVENS.

[9] And *then*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied, for the ſake of metre, by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[1] *Sighing like furnace*,] So, in *Cymbeline*: "—he *furnaceth* the thick *ſighs* from him—." MALONE.

Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[2]
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick[3] in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the juſtice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,[4]
And ſo he plays his part: The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;[5]

[2] ——*a ſoldier*;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded *like the pard,*] So, in *Cythia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon:
"Your ſoldiers face—the grace of this face conſiſteth much in a *beard*." STEEVENS.

Beards of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and profeſſions. The ſoldier had one faſhion, the judge another, the biſhop different from both, &c. See a note on *King Henry V.* Act III. ſc. vi: "And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

[3] ——ſudden *and quick*—] Leſt it ſhould be ſuppoſed that theſe epithets are ſynonymous, it is neceſſary to be obſerved that one of the ancient ſenſes of *ſudden*, is *violent*. Thus, in *Macbeth*:
"——I grant him *ſudden*,
"Malicious," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Full of wiſe ſaws and* modern *inſtances*,] It is remarkable that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* in the double ſenſe that the Greeks uſed καινος, both for *recens* and *abſurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place uſed for *abſurd*: the meaning ſeems to be, that the juſtice is full of *old* ſayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

Modern means *trite, common*. So, in *King John*:
"And ſcorns a *modern* invocation."
Again, in this play, Act IV. ſc. i: "—betray themſelves to *modern* cenſure." STEEVENS.

Again, in another of our author's plays: "—to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs." MALONE.

[5] ——*The ſixth age ſhifts*
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;] There is a greater

With ſpectacles on noſe,[6] and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

beauty than appears at firſt ſight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *ſtage play* of ſeven acts, (which is no unuſual diviſion before our author's time). The ſixth he calls the *lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalône*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *ſlippers*; and well deſigned, in that epithet, becauſe *Pantalône* is the only character that acts in ſlippers. WARBURTON.

In *The Travels of the Three Engliſh Brothers*, a comedy, 1606, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord's houſe, in which, among other characters, he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloune*." But this is ſeven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumſtance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "*Pantalône* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in ſlippers." In Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, the word is not found. In *The Taming of a Shrew*, one of the characters, if I remember right, is called "an old *Pantaloon*," but there is no farther deſcription of him. MALONE.

[6] ——*the lean and ſlipper'd* pantaloon,
With ſpectacles *on noſe*,] So, in *The Plotte of the deade Man's Fortune*: [See Vol. III. —.] "Enter the *panteloun* and peſcode with *ſpectakles*." STEEVENS.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

DUKE S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,[7]
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you moſt for him.

ADAM. So had you need;
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

DUKE S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to queſtion you about your fortunes:—
Give us ſome muſick; and, good couſin, ſing.

AMIENS *ſings.*

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;[8]
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,[9]
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

[7] ——*Set down your venerable burden,*] Is it not likely that Shakſpeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoſes?* XIII. 125:

"——*Patremque*
"*Fert humeris,* venerabile onus, *Cythereius heros.*"

JOHNSON.

A. Golding, p. 169, b. edit. 1587, tranſlates it thus:

"——upon his backe
"His aged father and his gods, an *honorable packe.*"

STEEVENS.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[1]
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.[2]
Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! &c.

[8] *Thou art not ſo* unkind *&c.*] That is, thy action is not ſo contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
"She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd *unkind*."

MALONE.

[9] *Thy tooth is not ſo keen,*
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,] This ſong is deſigned to ſuit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the ſong ſays, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Becauſe it is not* ſeen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in ſecret, *not ſeen*, but was the very circumſtance that made the keenneſs of the ingratitude of his faithleſs courtiers. Without doubt, Shakſpeare wrote the line thus:

Becauſe thou art not ſheen,

i. e. ſmiling, ſhining, like an ungrateful court-ſervant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reaſon for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"Spangled ſtar-light *ſheen*."

And ſeveral other places. Chaucer uſes it in this ſenſe:

"Your bliſsful ſiſter Lucina the *ſhene*."

And Fairfax:

"The ſacred angel took his target *ſhene*,
"And by the Chriſtian champion ſtood unſeen."

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occaſion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou cauſeſt not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reaſon, which is now wanting, Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. WARBURTON.

Duke S. If that you were the good ſir Rowland's ſon,—
As you have whiſper'd faithfully, you were;

I am afraid that no reader is ſatisfied with Dr. Warburton's emendation, however vigorouſly enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *ſmiling, ſhining.* That *ſheen* ſignifies *ſhining*, is eaſily proved, but when or where did it ſignify *ſmiling?* yet *ſmiling* gives the ſenſe neceſſary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is leſs uncouth, but too remote from the preſent text. For my part, I queſtion whether the original line is not loſt, and this ſubſtituted merely to fill up the meaſure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by ſtrong agitation may ſenſe be elicited, and ſenſe not unſuitable to the occaſion. *Thou winter wind*, ſays Amiens, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen, *as thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.* JOHNSON.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

c *Becauſe the heart's* not ſeen.

y *harts*, according to the ancient mode of writing, was eaſily corrupted. FARMER.

So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"Through the velvet leaves the *wind*
"All *unſeen* 'gan paſſage find." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"To be impriſon'd in the *viewleſs* winds." MALONE.

[1] *Though thou the waters* warp,] The ſurface of *waters*, ſo long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this ſurface deviates from its exact flatneſs, or *warps*. This is remarkable in ſmall ponds, the ſurface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the ſides riſing higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was, probably, in Shakſpeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no diſtant alluſion to any thing elſe, phyſical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change:* when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now ſay it is *turned:* when water is *changed* or *turned* by froſt, Shakſpeare ſays, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural ſtate. JOHNSON.

And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,—

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonſon: "I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And ſo, methinks too, he *is* much *converted*." Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, becauſe it changes the appearance of the ſurface of the earth. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I:

"My favour here begins to *warp*."

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *warp'd* to mean the ſame as *curdled*, and adds, that a ſimilar idea occurs in *Timon*:

"——the icicle
"That *curdled* by the froſt," &c. STEEVENS.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in Hickes's *Theſaurus*, Vol. I. p. 221, the ſucceeding appears: pintep ꝛceal ȝepeopþan þeþeþ, *winter ſhall warp water*. So that Shakſpeare's expreſſion was anciently proverbial. It ſhould be remarked, that among the numerous examples in Manning's excellent edition of Lye's Dictionary, there is no inſtance of peopþan or ȝepeopþan, implying to *freeze, bend, turn*, or *curdle*, though it is a verb of very extenſive ſignification.

Probably this word ſtill retains a ſimilar ſenſe in the Northern part of the iſland, for in a Scottiſh parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me," I find the verſe "Nor ſhrink before the *wintry wind*," is altered to "Nor ſhrink before the *warping wind*." HOLT WHITE.

The meaning is this: Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, againſt the law of their nature, to *bend* from their ſtated level, yet thy ſting occaſions leſs anguiſh to man, than the ingratitude of thoſe he befriended. HENLEY.

Wood is ſaid to *warp* when its ſurface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Saxon, to caſt. So, in this play, Act III. ſc. iii: "—then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp, warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of froſt. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry ſky, though thou *curleſt* the waters, thy ſting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to—*bitter ſky*. The influence of the winter's ſky or ſeaſon may, with ſufficient propriety, be ſaid to *warp* the ſurface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone.

That this paſſage refers to the turbulence of the ſky, and the

Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy maſter is:[3]
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand.

[*Exeunt.*

conſequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of froſt, may be collected from our author's having in *King John* deſcribed ice as uncommonly ſmooth:

" To throw a perfume on the violet,
" *To ſmooth the ice,*" &c. MALONE.

[2] *As friend* remember'd *not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering.* So, afterwards, Act III. ſc. laſt:

" And now I am *remember'd*—."

i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.

[3] ——*as thy* maſter *is*:] The old copy has—*maſters.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument[4]
Of my revenge, thou preſent: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;[5] bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

OLI. O, that your highneſs knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou.—Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature

[4] ——*an abſent* argument—] An *argument* is uſed for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakſpeare conſidered it as meaning the *ſubject*, and then uſed it for *ſubject* in yet another ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[5] Seek *him with* candle;] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's* Goſpel, ch. xv. v. 8: "If ſhe loſe one piece, doth ſhe not light a *candle*,—and *ſeek* diligently till ſhe find it?" STEEVENS.

Make an extent upon his houſe and lands:[6]
Do this expediently,[7] and turn him going.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Foreſt.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

ORL. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[8] ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name, that my full life doth ſway.[9]

[6] *And let my officers of ſuch a nature*
Make an extent *upon his houſe and lands:*] "To make an *extent* of lands," is a legal phraſe, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias,*) whereby the ſheriff is directed to cauſe certain lands to be appraiſed to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the perſon entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how ſoon the debt will be paid. MALONE.

[7] ——*expediently,*] That is, *expeditiouſly.* JOHNSON.

Expedient, throughout our author's plays, ſignifies—*expeditious.* So, in *King John:*

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

"Are making hither with all due *expedience.*"

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proſerpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by ſome mythologiſts to the ſame goddeſs, and compriſed in theſe memorial lines:

Terret, luſtrat, agit, Proſerpina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, ſuperna, feras, ſceptro, fulgore, ſagittis.

JOHNSON.

[9] ——*that* my *full* life doth ſway.] So, in *Twelfth Night:*
"M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*" STEEVENS.

O Roſalind! theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive[1] ſhe. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, maſter Touchſtone?

Touch. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: That he, that hath learned no wit by

[1] ——*unexpreſſive*—] For *inexpreſſible*. JOHNSON.

Milton alſo, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uſes *unexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible*:

"Harping with loud and ſolemn quire,
"With *unexpreſſive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."

MALONE.

nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.[2]

Touch. Such a one is a natural philoſopher.[3] Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roaſted egg,[4] all on one ſide.

[2] ——*he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of* good *breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.*] I am in doubt whether the cuſtom of the language in Shakſpeare's time did not authoriſe this mode of ſpeech, and make *complain of good breeding* the ſame with *complain* of the want of *good breeding*. In the laſt line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the* not *keeping*. JOHNSON.

I think he means rather—*may complain of a good education*, for being ſo inefficient, of ſo little uſe to him. MALONE.

[3] *Such a one is a natural philoſopher.*] The ſhepherd had ſaid all the philoſophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt*, &c. And the Clown's reply, in a ſatire on phyſicks or natural philoſophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely juſt. For the natural philoſopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithſtanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cauſe of things, as the ruſtic. It appears, from a thouſand inſtances, that our poet was well acquainted with the phyſicks of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to ſee this remedileſs defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is reſponſible for the *quibble* only, let the commentator anſwer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philoſopher*, becauſe he reaſons from his *obſervations on nature*. M. MASON.

A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchſtone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a ſelf-taught philoſopher; the diſciple of nature. MALONE.

[4] ——*like an ill-roaſted egg,*] Of this jeſt I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reaſon.

Touch. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchſtone: thoſe, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Touch. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greaſy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance, I ſay; come.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the beſt roaſter of an egg, becauſe he is always turning it.* This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd all on one ſide*; but will not ſufficiently ſhow how Touchſtone applies his ſimile with propriety; unleſs he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated.

STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the correſponding part of the ſimile, to anſwer to the words, "all on one ſide." Shakſpeare's ſimiles (as has been already obſerved) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchſtone, I apprehend, only means to ſay, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably deſtroyed as an egg that is utterly ſpoiled in the roaſting, by being done all on one ſide only. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, "and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe." Here the poet certainly meant that the ſpeaker and his companion ſhould ſing in uniſon, and thus *reſemble each other* as perfectly as two gypſies on a horſe; not that two gypſies on a horſe ſing *both in a tune.* MALONE.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow, again: A more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; And would you have us kiſs tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Moſt ſhallow man! Thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh: Indeed!—Learn of the wife, and perpend: Civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Touch. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man! God make inciſion in thee![5] thou art raw.[6]

[5] ——make inciſion *in thee!*] *To make inciſion* was a proverbial expreſſion then in vogue for, to make to underſtand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant:*

" ——O excellent king,
" Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,
" Angel-ey'd king, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
" And ſo proceeds to *inciſion*"——.

i. e. to make him underſtand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the alluſion had been to that common expreſſion, of *cutting ſuch a one for the ſimples*; and I muſt own, after conſulting the paſſage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reaſon to alter my ſuppoſition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phraſe to be unintelligible in that, as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the ſame expreſſion in *Monſieur Thomas:*

" We'll bear the burthen: proceed to *inciſion*, fidler."

Again, (as I learn from a memorandum of my late friend, Dr. Farmer,) in *The Times Whiſtle, or a new Daunce of Seven Satires:* MS. about the end of Queen Eliz. by R. C. Gent. now at Canterbury: The Prologue ends—

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Touch. That is another ſimple ſin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;[7] and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young maſter Ganymede, my new miſtreſs's brother.

" Be ſtout my heart, my hand be firm and ſteady;
" Strike, and ſtrike home,—the vaine worldes vaine is ready:
" Let ulcer'd limbes & goutie humors quake,
" Whilſt with my pen I doe *inciſion make.*" Steevens.

I believe that Steevens has explained this paſſage juſtly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely miſtaken the meaning of that which he has quoted from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, which plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who uſed to cut themſelves in ſuch a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to ſhow their paſſion for their miſtreſſes, by drinking their healths, or writing verſes to them in blood. For a more full explanation of this cuſtom, ſee a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. iii. M. Mason.

[6] ——*thou art* raw.] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced. So, in *Hamlet*: " —and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." Malone.

[7] ——*bawd to a* bell-wether;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the ſame meaning. Johnson.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. *From the eaſt to weſtern Ind,*
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,[8]
Are but black to Roſalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Roſalind.[9]

Touch. I'll rhyme you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.[1]

[8] ——*faireſt* lin'd,] i. e. moſt fairly *dellneated.* Modern editors read—*limn'd,* but without authority, from the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

[9] *But the* fair *of Roſalind.*] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a paſſage in *The Midſummer Night's Dream,* Act I. ſc. i. and *The Comedy of Errors,* Act II. ſc. i. The modern editors read—*the* face *of Roſalind.* Lodge's Novel will likewiſe ſupport the ancient reading:

" Then muſe not, nymphes, though I bemone
" The abſence of fair Roſalynde,
" Since for her *faire* there is fairer none," &c.

Again:

" And hers the *faire* which all men do reſpect."

STEEVENS.

Face was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[1] ——rank *to market,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—rate *to market.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plauſibly, propoſes to read—*rant.* " Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore,*" is a line in an ancient medley. The ſenſe deſigned, however, might have been—" it is ſuch wretched rhyme as the butter-woman ſings as ſhe is *riding to* market." So, in Churchyard's *Charge,* 1580, p. 7:

" And uſe a kinde of *ridynge rime*—,"

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taſte:——

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter-garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

Again, in his *Farewell from the Courte:*

"A man maie," ſays he
"——uſe a kinde of *ridyng rime*
"To ſutche as wooll not let me clime."

Ratt-ryme, however, in Scotch, ſignifies ſome verſe *repeated by rote.* See Ruddiman's Gloſſary to G. Douglas's *Virgil.*

STEEVENS.

The Clown is here ſpeaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a ſpecimen of, to prove his aſſertion, he affirms to be "the very falſe gallop of verſes."

HENLEY.

I am now perſuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of theſe verſes, (ſays Touchſtone,) is like the *ambling, ſhuffling* pace of a butter-woman's *horſe*, going to market. The ſame kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
"Nothing ſo much, as *mincing poetry*;
"*'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.*"

MALONE.

"The right butter-woman's *rank* to market" means the *jog-trot rate* (as it is vulgarly called) with which butter-women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market: in its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a *ſet* or *ſtring* of verſes in the *ſame coarſe cadence* and *vulgar uniformity of rythm.* WHITER.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes;[2] Why do you infect yourſelf with them.

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earlieſt fruit[3] in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

Enter Celia, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my ſiſter, reading; ſtand aſide.

[2] *This is the very* falſe gallop of verſes;] So, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 4to, 1593: "I would trot a *falſe gallop* through the reſt of his ragged *verſes*, but that if I ſhould retort the rime doggrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the ſtones, and obſerve no meaſure in their feet." Malone.

[3] ——*the* earlieſt *fruit*—] Shakſpeare ſeems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *lateſt* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. Steevens.

CEL. *Why ſhould this deſert ſilent be?*[4]
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.[5]
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend:
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence' end,

[4] *Why ſhould this deſert* ſilent *be?*] This is commonly printed:

Why ſhould this a *deſert be?*

But although the metre may be aſſiſted by this correction, the ſenſe ſtill is defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree,* make it leſs a deſert? I am perſuaded we ought to read:

Why ſhould this deſert ſilent *be?* TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deſerves, I have paid to it, by inſerting it in the text. STEEVENS.

[5] *That ſhall* civil *ſayings ſhow.*] *Civil* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay *civil* wiſdom or *civil* life, in oppoſition to a ſolitary ſtate, or to the ſtate of nature. This deſert ſhall not appear *unpeopled,* for every tree ſhall teach the maxims or incidents of ſocial life. JOHNSON.

Civil, I believe, is not deſignedly oppoſed to *ſolitary.* It means only *grave,* or *ſolemn.* So, in *Twelfth-Night,* Act III. ſc. iv:

" Where is Malvolio? he is *ſad* and *civil.*"

i. e. *grave* and *demure.*

Again, in *A Woman's Prize,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" That fourteen yards of ſatin give my woman;
" I do not like the colour; 'tis too *civil.*" STEEVENS.

Will I Roſalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quinteſſence of every ſprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.[6]
Therefore heaven nature charg'd[7]
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majeſty;
Atalanta's better part;[8]
Sad[9] *Lucretia's modeſty.*

[6] ——*in* little *ſhow.*] The alluſion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phraſe in our author's time was "painted in *little.*" MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet:* "—a hundred ducats a-piece, for his *picture in little.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Therefore heaven nature charg'd*—] From the picture of Apelles, or the accompliſhments of Pandora.

Πανδωρην οτι παντες Ολυμπια δωματ' εχοντες
Δωρον εδωρησαν.——

So, before:

"——But thou
"So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, art created
"Of every creature's beſt." *Tempeſt.*

Perhaps from this paſſage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd. JOHNSON.

[8] *Atalanta's* better part;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here aſcribed to Roſalind. Of the Atalanta moſt celebrated, and who therefore muſt be intended here where ſhe has no epithet of diſcrimination, the *better part* ſeems to have been her heels, and the worſe part was ſo bad that Roſalind would not thank her lover for the compariſon. There is a more obſcure Atalanta, a huntreſs and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakſpeare was no deſpicable mythologiſt, yet he ſeems here to have miſtaken ſome other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of ſhape, which he would prefer to her ſwiftneſs. Thus Ovid:

Thus Roſalind of many parts
By heavenly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[1] *deareſt priz'd.*

" —— *nec dicere poſſes,*
" *Laude pedum, formæne bono præſtantior eſſet.*
" *Ut faciem, et* poſito corpus velamine *vidit,*
" Obſtupuit ——."

But cannot Atalanta's *better part* mean her virtue or virgin chaſtity, with which nature had graced Roſalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdneſs, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modeſty, that ſcorned to ſurvive the loſs of honour? Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, B. XXXV. c. iii. mentions the portraits of Atalanta and Helen, *utraque excellentiſſima forma, ſed altera ut virgo*; that is, " both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may diſcerne the one [Atalanta] of them to be a *maiden*, for her modeſt and chaſte countenance," as Dr. P. Holland tranſlated the paſſage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for ſurely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe Atalanta's *better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *ſwiftneſs of her mind*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare might have taken part of this enumeration of diſtinguiſhed females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: " —who ſeemeſt in my ſight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atalanta* hir ſelfe in beauty to ſurpaſſe, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chaſteneſſe to deface."

Again, *ibid:*

" Polixene fayre, Caliop, and
" Penelop may give place;
" *Atlanta* and dame *Lucres* fayre
" She doth them both deface."

Again, *ibid:* "*Atalanta* who ſometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native ſoyle."

It may be obſerved, that Statius alſo, in his ſixth *Thebaid*, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Siconeus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of Œnomaus, and wife of Pelops. See v. 564. STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive ſome ſupport from a ſubſequent paſſage: " —as ſwift a *wit* as Atalanta's heels."

MALONE.

Heaven would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

I think this ſtanza was formed on an old tetraſtick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may poſſibly have read in a country church-yard:

"She who is dead and ſleepeth in this tomb,
"Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:
"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open *heart*,
"And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*."

WHALLEY.

The following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſſe*, 1613, might lead one to ſuppoſe that Atalanta's *better part* was her *lips*:

"——That eye was Juno's;
"Thoſe *lips* were her's that *won the golden ball*;
"That virgin bluſh Diana's."

Be this as it may, theſe lines ſhow that Atalanta was conſidered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may ſerve to ſupport Mr. Tollet's firſt interpretation.

It is obſervable that the ſtory of Atalanta in the tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis* is interwoven with that of *Venus and Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines moſt material to the preſent point run thus in Golding's tranſlation, 1567:

"She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
"Thee, whether ſhe did in footemanſhippe or *beautie* more excell."
"——he did condemne the young men's love. But when
"He ſaw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
"*Did ſtrip her to her naked ſkin,*) the which was like to mine,
"Or rather, if that thou waſt made a woman, like to thine,
"He was amaz'd."
"——And though that ſhe
"Did flie as ſwift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
"More wondered at her *beautie*, then at ſwiftneſſe of her pace;
"Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace." MALONE.

Ros. O moſt gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, ſirrah.

Touch. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage.

[*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear, without wondering

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Malone from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, has no reference to the *ball* of Atalanta, but to the *golden apple* which was adjudged to Venus by Paris, on Mount Ida.

After all, I believe, that "Atalanta's *better part*" means only—*the beſt part about her*, ſuch as was moſt commended. Steevens.

[9] *Sad*—] Is *grave, ſober*, not *light*. Johnson.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "She is never *ſad* but when ſhe ſleeps." Steevens.

[1] ——*the touches*—] The features; *les traits*. Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"Madam, I have a *touch* of your condition."

Steevens.

how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carved upon theſe trees?

Ros. I was ſeven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:[2] I was never ſo be-rhymed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an Iriſh rat,[3] which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends

[2] ——*a* palm-tree:] A *palm-tree*, in the foreſt of *Arden*, is as much out of its place, as the *lioneſs* in a ſubſequent ſcene. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*I was never ſo be-rhymed ſince Pythagoras' time, that I was an* Iriſh rat,] Roſalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that ſouls tranſmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time ſhe was an *Iriſh rat*, and by ſome metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatiſes*. Dr. Grey has produced a ſimilar paſſage from *Randolph*:

"——— My poets
"Shall with a ſatire, ſteep'd in gall and vinegar,
"Rhyme them to death as they do *rats in Ireland*."
JOHNSON.

So, in an addreſs to the reader at the concluſion of Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

"Rhime them to death, as they do *Iriſh rats*
"In drumming tunes." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Defence of Poeſie*, by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: "Though I will not wiſh unto you—to be driven by a poet's verſes, as Rubonax was, to hang yourſelf, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is ſaid to be done in *Ireland*—."
MALONE.

to meet;[4] but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.[5]

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping![6]

Ros. Good my complexion![7] doſt thou think,

[4] ——*friends to meet*;] Alluding ironically to the proverb: "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*but* mountains *may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo* encounter.] "Montes duo inter ſe concurrerunt," &c. ſays Pliny, *Hiſt. Nat.* Lib. II. c. lxxxiii. or in Holland's tranſlation: "Two *hills* (removed by an earthquake) *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence aſſaulting one another, and retyring again with a moſt mighty noiſe." TOLLET.

[6] ——*out of all* whooping!] i. e. out of all meaſure, or reckoning. So, in the old ballad of *Yorke, Yorke for my Money*, &c. 1584:

"And then was ſhooting, *out of cry*,
"The ſkantling at a handful nie."

Again, in the old bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

"I have beraed myſelf *out of cry*." STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a phraſe of the ſame import as another formerly in uſe, "out of all *cry*." The latter ſeems to allude to the cuſtom of giving notice by a crier of things to be ſold. So, in *A Chaſte Maide of Cheapſide*, a comedy, by T. Middleton, 1630: "I'll ſell all at an *outcry*." MALONE.

An *outcry* is ſtill a provincial term for an *auction*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Good my complexion!*] *This is* a *mode of expreſſion*, Mr. Theobald ſays, *which he cannot reconcile to common ſenſe*. Like enough: and ſo too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—*Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not bluſh. WARBURTON.

though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-ſea-off diſcovery.[8] I pr'ythee, tell

Good my complexion!] My native character, my female inquiſitive diſpoſition, canſt thou endure this!—For thus characterizing the moſt beautiful part of the creation, let our author anſwer. MALONE.

Good my complexion! is a little unmeaning exclamatory addreſs to her beauty; in the nature of a ſmall oath. RITSON.

[8] *One inch of delay more is a South-ſea-off diſcovery.*] The old copy reads—*is a South-ſea* of *diſcoverie*. STEEVENS.

This is ſtark nonſenſe; we muſt read—*off* diſcovery, i. e. *from* diſcovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I ſhall think this ſecret as far from diſcovery as the *South-ſea* is." WARBURTON.

This ſentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonſenſe, but not ſo happily reſtored to ſenſe. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-ſea. Diſcover, *I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!*—When the tranſcriber had once made *diſcovery* from *diſcover I*, he eaſily put an article after South-ſea. But it may be read with ſtill leſs change, and with equal probability—*Every inch of delay more is a* South-ſea diſcovery: *Every delay*, however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of *diſcovery* on the *South-ſea*. How much voyages to the South-ſea on which the Engliſh had then firſt ventured, engaged the converſation of that time, may be eaſily imagined. JOHNSON.

Of for *off*, is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-ſea of diſcovery* is a *diſcovery a South-ſea off*—as far as the South-ſea. FARMER.

Warburton's ſophiſtication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preſerve the ſenſe of Roſalind, reſtored. A *South-ſea* of *diſcovery*, is not a diſcovery, *as* FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the South-ſea; which, being the largeſt in the world, affords the wideſt ſcope for exerciſing curioſity. HENLEY.

On a further conſideration of this paſſage I am ſtrongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read *a South-ſea diſcovery*. "Delay, however ſhort, is to me tedious and irkſome as the longeſt voyage, as a voyage of diſcovery on the South-Sea." The word *of*, which had occurred juſt before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. MALONE.

me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.[9]

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe?—What did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſaid he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?[1] What makes he here? Did he aſk for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? Anſwer me in one word.

[9] ——*ſpeak ſad brow, and true maid.*] i. e. ſpeak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; ſpeak ſeriouſly and honeſtly. RITSON.

[1] *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dreſſed? HEATH.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth[2] firſt: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: To ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atomies,[3] as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover:—but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with a good obſervance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.[4]

[2] —— *Garagantua's mouth*—] Roſalind requires nine queſtions to be anſwered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of ſuch magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. Johnson.

Garagantua ſwallowed five pilgrims, their ſtaves and all, in a ſallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was publiſhed, "*Garagantua* his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The Hiſtory of *Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewiſe mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Caſtle, in* 1575. Some tranſlator of one of theſe pieces is cenſured by Hall, in his ſecond Book of *Satires*:

"But who conjur'd, &c.
"Or wicked *Rablais* dronken revellings
"To grace the miſrule of our tavernings?" Steevens.

[3] —— *to count* atomies,] *Atomies* are thoſe minute particles diſcernible in a ſtream of ſunſhine that breaks into a darkened room. Henley.

"An *atomie*, (ſays Bullokar, in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616,) is a *mote* flying in the ſunne. Any thing ſo ſmall that it cannot be made leſſe." Malone.

[4] —— *when it drops forth* ſuch *fruit*.] The old copy reads—*when it drops forth fruit*. The word *ſuch* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I once ſuſpected the phraſe, "when

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, ſtretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.[5]

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue,[6] I pr'ythee; it curvets very unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[7]

it drops *forth*," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:

" ——— woman's gentle brain
" Could not *drop forth ſuch* giant-rude invention."

This paſſage ſerves likewiſe to ſupport the emendation that has been made. Malone.

[5] ——*ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

" —— Such a ſight as this
" Becomes the field," —— Steevens.

[6] *Cry*, holla! *to thy tongue*,] The old copy has—*the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider reſtrained and *ſtopp'd* his horſe. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
" His flattering *holla*, or his *ſtand I ſay*?"

The word is again uſed in *Othello*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

" *Holla!* ſtand there." Malone.

Again, in Cotton's *Wonders of the Peak*:

" But I muſt give my muſe the *hola* here." Reed.

[7] —— *to* kill *my* heart.] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. Steevens.

Our author has the ſame expreſſion in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Why, that contempt will *kill* the ſpeaker's *heart*."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" —— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, ſhows that a quibble was here

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden: thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak. Sweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

[Celia *and* Rosalind *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orl. And ſo had I; but yet, for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Roſalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

intended between *heart* and *hart.* In our author's time the latter word was often written inſtead of *heart,* as it is in the preſent inſtance, in the old copy of this play. Malone.

Orl. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers: Have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not ſo; but I anſwer you right painted cloth,[8] from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

[8] ——*but I anſwer you right* painted cloth,] This alludes to the faſhion in old tapeſtry hangings, of mottos and moral ſentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this cuſtom, in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece:*

"Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,
"Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe." Theobald.

So, in Barnaby Riche's *Soldier's Wiſhe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill,* &c. 1604, p. 1: "It is enough for him that can but robbe a *painted cloth* of a hiſtorie, a booke of a diſcourſe, a fool of a faſhion, &c.

The ſame alluſion is common to many of our old plays. So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington,* 1599: "Now will I ſee if my memory will ſerve for ſome *proverbs.* O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a ſhilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight,* 1633:

"There's a witty poſy for you.
"—No, no; I'll have one ſhall ſavour of a ſaw.—
"Why then 'twill ſmell of the *painted cloth.*"

Again, in *The Muſes' Looking Glaſs,* by Randolph, 1638:

"——I have ſeen in *Mother Redcap's* hall
"In *painted cloth,* the ſtory of the prodigal."

From this laſt quotation we may ſuppoſe that the rooms in publick houſes were uſually hung with what Falſtaff calls *water-work.* On theſe hangings, perhaps, moral ſentences were depicted as iſſuing from the mouths of the different characters repreſented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *Engliſh Works,* printed by Raſtell, 1557: "Mayſter Thomas More in hys youth devyſed in hys father's houſe in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe,* with nine pageauntes, and verſes over every of thoſe pageauntes; which verſes expreſſed and declared what the ymages in thoſe pageauntes repreſented: and alſo in thoſe

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you ſit down with me? and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs the world, and all our miſery.

pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verſes over them dyd (in effecte) declare."

Of the preſent phraſeology there is an inſtance in *King John:*

"He *ſpeaks plain cannon-fire,* and bounce, and ſmoke."

STEEVENS.

I anſwer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth anſwer; as we ſay, ſhe talks *right Billingsgate:* that is, exactly ſuch language as is uſed at Billingſgate.

JOHNSON.

This ſingular phraſe may be juſtified by another of the ſame kind in *King Henry V:*

"I ſpeak to thee *plain ſoldier.*"

Again, in *Twelfth-Night:*

"He *ſpeaks* nothing but *madman.*"

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I anſwer you right *in the ſtyle of* painted cloth." We had before in this play, "It is the *right* butter-woman's rate to market." So, in Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid,* 1567:

"——the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

I ſuppoſe Orlando means to ſay, that Jaques's queſtions have no more of novelty or ſhrewdneſs in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines, which are found in a book with this fantaſtick title,—*No whipping nor tripping, but a kind of friendly ſnipping,* octavo, 1601, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of painted cloth language:

"Read what is written on the *painted cloth:*
"Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
"Beware the mouſe, the maggot and the moth,
"And ever have an eye unto the door;
"Truſt not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;
"Go neat, not gay, and ſpend but as you ſpare;
"And turn the colt to paſture with the mare;" &c.

That moral ſentences were wrought in theſe painted cloths, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pitifull,* &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, (ſign. H 5.) which has been already quoted: "This is a comelie parlour,—and faire *clothes,* with pleaſaunte borders aboute the ſame, with many *wiſe ſayings* painted upon them." MALONE.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world,[9] but myſelf; againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There ſhall I ſee mine own figure.

Orl. Which I'take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good ſignior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monſieur melancholy.

[*Exit* Jaques.—Celia *and* Rosalind *come forward.*

Ros. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, foreſter?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orl. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour,

[9] ——*no* breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81ſt Sonnet:

"When all the *breathers of this world* are dead."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She ſhows a body, rather than a life;

"A ſtatue, than a *breather*." Malone.

would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, ſir: Time travels in divers paces with divers perſons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage,[1] and the day it is ſolemnized: if the interim be but a ſe'nnight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a prieſt that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: Theſe time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtays it ſtill withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep

[1] *Marry, he* trots hard *with a young maid, between the contract* &c.] And yet, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, our author tells us, "*Time* goes on *crutches*, till love hath all his rites." In both paſſages, however, the interim is equally repreſented as tedious. MALONE.

between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed[2] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told ſo of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man;[3] one that knew courtſhip too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

[2] ——*removed*—] i. e. remote, ſequeſtered. Reed.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, folio, 1623:

"From Athens is her houſe *remov'd* ſeven leagues."

Steevens.

[3] ——in-land *man*;] Is uſed in this play for one *civiliſed*, in oppoſition to the *ruſtick* of the prieſt. So, Orlando, before: "Yet am I *inland* bred, and know ſome nurture." Johnson.

See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

"His preſence made the *rudeſt* peaſant melt,
"That in the vaſt *uplandiſh* countrie dwelt."

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poeſie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: "—or finally in any *uplandiſh* village or corner of a realm, where is no reſort but of poor ruſticall or uncivill people."

Malone.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 24th *Iliad*:

"——but lion-like, *uplandiſh*, and meere wilde."

Steevens.

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Ros. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving Roſalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of Roſalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo love-ſhaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,[4] and ſunken; which you have not: an unqueſtionable ſpirit;[5] which you have not: a beard neg-

[4] —— *a* blue *eye,*] i. e. a blueneſs about the eyes. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *an* unqueſtionable *ſpirit*;] That is, a ſpirit not *inquiſitive,* a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakſpeare has uſed a paſſive for an active mode of ſpeech: ſo, in a former ſcene, "The Duke is too *diſputable* for me," *that is, too* diſputatious. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be converſed with?* CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in ſuppoſing that it means a ſpirit averſe to converſation.

lected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, ſimply, your having[6] in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd,[7] your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbuttoned, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation. But you are no ſuch man; you are rather point-device[8] in your accoutrements; as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Demetrius ſays to Helena—

"I will not ſtay your *queſtion*."

And, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Antonio ſays—

"I pray you, think you *queſtion* with the Jew."

In the very next ſcene, Roſalind ſays—"I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." And in the laſt ſcene, Jaques de Bois ſays—"The Duke was converted after ſome *queſtion* with a religious man." In all which places, *queſtion* means *diſcourſe* or converſation. M. Mason.

[6] ——*your* having—] Having is poſſeſſion, eſtate. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "The gentleman is of no *having*." Steevens.

[7] ——*Then your hoſe ſhould be* ungarter'd, &c.] Theſe ſeem to have been the eſtabliſhed and characteriſtical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in *The fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I, that have jeſted at love's ſighs, now raiſe whirlwinds! Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practiſe *ah me's* every minute? *Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and ſhoe-ſtrings* under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I muſt; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all theſe informations in the book of his ſtatutes." Again, in *A pleaſant Comedy how to chuſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"——I was once like thee
"A ſigher, melancholy humoriſt,
"Croſſer of arms, a goer *without garters*,
"A *hat-band hater*, and a buſk-point wearer."

Malone.

[8] ——*point-device*—] i. e. exact, dreſt with finical nicety. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "I hate ſuch inſociable and *point-device* companions." Steevens.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does: that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein Roſalind is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Roſalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you ſo much in love as your rhymes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madneſs; and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſhed and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs; and I ſet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth,[9] grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now

[9] ——*a* mooniſh *youth,*] i. e. variable. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"O ſwear not by the *moon,* th' *inconſtant moon.*"

STEEVENS.

loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs;[1] which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart,[2] that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me

[1] ——*to a* living *humour of madneſs*;] If this be the true reading, we muſt by *living* underſtand *laſting*, or *permanent*, but I cannot forbear to think that ſome antitheſis was intended which is now loſt; perhaps the paſſage ſtood thus—*I drove my ſuitor from a* dying *humour of love to a living humour of madneſs*. Or rather thus—*From a mad humour of love to a* loving *humour of madneſs*, that is, "from a *madneſs* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madneſs*." This ſeems ſomewhat harſh and ſtrained, but ſuch modes of ſpeech are not unuſual in our poet; and this harſhneſs was probably the cauſe of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*to a humour of* loving *madneſs*. FARMER.

Both the emendations appear to me inconſiſtent with the tenour of Roſalind's argument. Roſalind by her fantaſtick tricks did not drive her ſuitor either into a *loving* humour of madneſs, or a humour of *loving* madneſs; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but ſhe drove him *from* love into a ſequeſter'd and melancholy retirement. *A living humour of madneſs* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madneſs*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, *a mad humour of life*;" "—to forſwear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monaſtick." MALONE.

[2] ——*as clean as a ſound ſheep's heart*,] This is no very delicate compariſon, though produced by Roſalind in her aſſumed character of a ſhepherd. A *ſheep's heart*, before it is dreſt, is always ſplit and waſhed, that the blood within it may be diſlodged. STEEVENS.

Roſalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll ſhow it you: and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you muſt call me Roſalind:—Come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey;[3] Jaques *at a diſtance, obſerving them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?[4]

[3] ——*Audrey*;] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The ſaint of that name is ſo ſtyled in ancient calendars. Steevens.

[4] *Doth my ſimple* feature *content you?*] Says the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features!* (replies the wench,) Lord warrant us! what *features?*" I doubt not, this ſhould be—your *feature!* Lord warrant us! *what's feature?* Farmer.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps, had anciently the ſame meaning. The Clown aſks, if the *features of his* face content her, ſhe takes the word in another ſenſe, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply ſeems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtſhip of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood ſays, than a little mouth-glue; but ſhe ſuppoſes him to be talking of ſomething which as yet he had not performed. Or the jeſt may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In ſome parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which ſignify *raſcals, low wretches*. Piſtol uſes the word in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* and Spenſer very frequently. Steevens.

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the Goths.[5]

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited![6] worſe than Jove in a thatch'd houſe! [*Aſide.*

Touch. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the for-

In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

" I ſee then, *artleſs feature can content*,
" And that true beauty needs no ornament."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

" It is my fault, not ſhe, that merits blame;
" My *feature* is not to *content* her ſight;
" My words are rude, and work her no delight."

Feature appears to have formerly ſignified the whole countenance. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

" Her peerleſs *feature*, joined with her birth,
" Approves her fit for none but for a king." Malone.

[5] —— *as the moſt* capricious *poet, honeſt Ovid, was among the* Goths.] *Capricious* is not here humourſome, fantaſtical, &c. but *laſcivious*. Hor. Epod. 10. Libidinoſus immolabitur *caper*. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Triſt. V. 7. The *thatch'd houſe* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. *Met.* VIII. 630. *Stipulis et canna tecta paluſtri*. Upton.

Mr. Upton is, perhaps, too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence choſe this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. Malone.

[6] —— *ill-inhabited!*] i. e. ill-lodged. An unuſual ſenſe of the word.

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, Book V. Hiſt. 21: " Pieria's heart is not ſo *ill lodged*, nor her extraction and quality ſo contemptible, but that ſhe is very ſenſible of her diſgrace." Again, in *The Golden Legend*, Wynkyn de Worde's edit. fol. 196: " I am ryghtwyſnes that am *enhabited* here, and this hous is myne, and thou art not ryghtwyſe." Steevens.

ward child, underſtanding, it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:[7]— Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honeſt in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.[8]

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou

[7] ——*it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reckoning *in a little room:*] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this ſimile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phraſe *of the quarter of an hour of Rabelais:* who ſaid, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life paſſed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into—*It ſtrikes a man more dead than a great* reeking *in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are diſpoſed to laugh. One of the company ſays a good thing: the jeſt is not taken; all are ſilent, and he who ſaid it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning.* Had not Shakſpeare reaſon now in this caſe to apply his ſimile to his own caſe, againſt his critical editor? Who, it is plain, taking the phraſe to *ſtrike dead,* in a literal ſenſe, concluded, from his knowledge in philoſophy, that it could not be ſo effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking.* WARBURTON.

[8] ——*and what they ſwear in poetry,* &c.] This ſentence ſeems perplexed and inconſequent: perhaps it were better read thus—*What they ſwear as lovers, they may be ſaid to feign as poets.* JOHNSON.

I would read—It *may be ſaid, as lovers they do feign.* M. MASON.

art honeſt; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Touch. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd: for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool![9] [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honeſt!

Touch. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[1]

[9] *A* material *fool!*] A fool with *matter* in him; a fool ſtocked with notions. Johnson.

So, in Chapman's verſion of the 24th *Iliad:*

" —— his ſpeech even charm'd his eares,
" So order'd, ſo *materiall.*—" Steevens.

[1] —— *I am* foul.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning.* Hanmer.

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the ruſtick pronunciation of *full.* Audrey, ſuppoſing the Clown to have ſpoken of her as *a foul ſlut,* ſays, naturally enough, *I am not a ſlut, though, I thank the gods, I am* foul, i. e. full. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning.* Tyrwhitt.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be obſerved, that in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt,* inſtead of—" and ways be *foul,*" we have in the firſt quarto, 1598, " —and ways be *full.*" In that and other of our author's plays many words ſeem to have been ſpelled by the ear Malone.

Audrey ſays, ſhe is not *fair,* i. e. *handſome,* and therefore prays the gods to make her *honeſt.* The Clown tells her that to caſt *honeſty* away upon a *foul ſlut,* (i. e. an ill *favoured dirty creature,*) is to put meat in an unclean diſh. She replies, ſhe

Touch. Well, praiſed be the gods for thy foulneſs! fluttiſhneſs may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promiſed to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting. [*Aſide.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what though?[2] Courage! As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even ſo:——Poor men alone?——No, no; the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal.[3] Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a

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is no *flut*, (no *dirty drab*,) though, in her great ſimplicity, ſhe thanks the gods for her *foulneſs*, (homelyneſs,) i. e. for being as ſhe is. "Well, (adds he,) praiſed be the gods for thy *foulneſs*, fluttiſhneſs may come hereafter." Ritson.

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither coy or ill-humoured; but ſhe thanks God for her homelineſs, as it rendered her leſs expoſed to temptation. So, in the next ſcene but one, Roſalind ſays to Phebe—

"*Foul* is moſt *foul*, being *foul*, to be a ſcoffer."
M. Mason.

[2] ——*what though?*] What then? Johnson.

[3] ——*the raſcal.*] Lean, poor deer, are called raſcal deer. Harris.

bachelor: and by how much defence[4] is better than no ſkill, by ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes ſir Oliver:[5]—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you deſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLI. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

[4] ——*defence*—] *Defence*, as here oppoſed to "no ſkill," ſignifies the *art of fencing*. Thus, in *Hamlet*: "—and gave you ſuch a maſterly report, for arts and exerciſe in your *defence*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſir Oliver*:] He that has taken his firſt degree at the univerſity, is in the academical ſtyle called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates aſſumed it in their own writings; ſo Treviſa the hiſtorian writes himſelf *Syr* John de Treviſa. JOHNSON.

We find the ſame title beſtowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

"—— *Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is ſo good a fellow, that I know he'll ſcarce leave their company, to ſay evening prayer."

Again: "We'll all go to church together, and ſo ſave *Sir John* a labour." See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. i. STEVENS.

Degrees were at this time conſidered as the higheſt dignities; and it may not be improper to obſerve, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Univerſities, is ſtill diſtinguiſhed in ſome parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakſpeare is not a Welſh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welſh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Univerſities. See Barrington's *Hiſtory of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good maſter *What ye call't:* How do you, ſir? You are very well met: God'ild you[5] for your laſt company: I am very glad to ſee you:—Even a toy in hand here, ſir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[6] ſir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, ſo man hath his deſires; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aſide.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

[5] ——*God'ild you*——] i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"And the *gods yield* you for't!"

See notes on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. Steevens

[6] ——*his* bow,] i. e. his *yoke*. The ancient *yoke* in form reſembled a *bow*. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. Vol. V. p. 212. Steevens.

Touch. Come, ſweet Audrey;
We muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry,
Farewell, good maſter Oliver!

Not—O ſweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,[7]
Leave me not behi' thee;
But—Wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

[7] *Not—O ſweet Oliver,*
O brave &c.] Some words of an old ballad. Warburton.

Of this ſpeech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the ſame breath he calls his miſtreſs to be married, and ſends away the man that ſhould marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily obſerved, that *O ſweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old ſong; I believe there are two quotations put in oppoſition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole paſſage may be regulated thus:

Clo. *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.—Come, ſweet Audrey; we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry.*

Jaq. *Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.*

[They whiſper.

Clo. *Farewell, good ſir Oliver, not* O ſweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,——*but*

Wend away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as ſhall appear neceſſary to the ſenſe, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The ſong ſeems to be complete without them. Johnson.

The Clown diſmiſſes Sir Oliver only becauſe Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raiſed his doubts, concerning the validity

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

of a marriage ſolemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourſe to ſome other of more dignity in the ſame profeſſion. Dr. Johnſon's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's ſpeech is only a repetition from ſome other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the ſame, is, I believe, juſt.

O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you, is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his *Packet*, &c. 1600. Steevens.

That Touchſtone is influenced by the counſel of Jaques, may be inferred from the ſubſequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. ſc. i:

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, *the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.* Malone.

O ſweet Oliver. The epithet of *ſweet* ſeems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which, perhaps, he was originally obliged to the old ſong before us. No more of it, however, than theſe two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonſon's *Underwood:*

" All the *mad* Rolands and *ſweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every Man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the ſame alluſion:

" Do not ſtink, *ſweet* Oliver." Tyrwhitt.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of,

" *O ſweete Olyver*
" Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, " The anſwere of *O ſweete Olyver.*"

Again, in 1586: " *O ſweete Olyver* altered to the Scriptures."

Steevens.

I often find a part of this ſong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, diſcovering a World of Knavery under the Sun,* " the *junCto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not ſuddenly to relieve them." The ſame alluſion is met with in *Cleveland. Wind away* and *wind off* are ſtill uſed *provincially:* and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:[8] marry, his kiſſes are Judas's own children.

Not—O ſweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behi' thee——
But—wind away,
Begone, I ſay,
I will not to wedding wi' thee. FARMER.

To produce the neceſſary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakſpeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

Wind is uſed for *wend* in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

"*Winde* we then, Antony, with this royal queen."

Again, in the MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 63:

"And we ſhalle to-morrowe as ſtil as ſtoon,
"The Sareſyns awake e'r ye *wynde*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Something browner than* Judas's:] See Mr. Tollet's note and mine, on a paſſage in the fourth ſcene of the firſt Act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, from both which it appears that

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.[9]

Cel. An excellent colour: your chefnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kiffing is as full of fanctity as the touch of holy bread.[1]

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caft lips of Diana:[2] a nun of winter's ſiſterhood[3] kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Judas was conſtantly repreſented in ancient painſing or tapeſtry, with *red hair* and *beard*.

So, in *The Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*." Steevens.

[9] *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.*] There is much of nature in this petty perverſeneſs of Roſalind: ſhe finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in ſportive malice too readily ſeconds her accuſations, ſhe contradicts herſelf rather than ſuffer her favourite to want a vindication. Johnson.

[1] ——*as the touch of holy* bread.] We ſhould read *beard*, that is, as the kiſs of an holy ſaint or hermit, called the *kiſs of charity*. This makes the compariſon juſt and decent; the other impious and abſurd. Warburton.

[2] ——*a pair of* caſt *lips of Diana*:] i. e. a pair left off by Diana. Theobald.

[3] ——*a nun of* winter's ſiſterhood—] This is finely expreſſed. But Mr. Theobald ſays, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he ſubſtitutes *Winifred's ſiſterhood*. And after ſo happy a thought, it was to no purpoſe to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakſpeare meant *an unfruitful ſiſterhood*, which had devoted itſelf to chaſtity. For as thoſe who were of the ſiſterhood of the ſpring, were the votaries of Venus; thoſe of ſummer, the votaries of Ceres; thoſe of autumn, of Pomona: ſo theſe of the *ſiſterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, becauſe that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increaſe. On this account it is, that when the poet ſpeaks of

Ros. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet,[4] or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

what is moſt *poor*, he inſtances it in *winter*, in theſe fine lines of *Othello*:

"But riches fineleſs is *as poor as winter*
"To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor."

The other property of winter, that made him term them of its ſiſterhood, is its coldneſs. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"To be a *barren ſiſter* all your life,
"Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitleſs* moon."

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has moſt effectually ſupported the old reading. In one circumſtance, however, he is miſtaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. cccl, &c. gives a full account of *St. Winifred* and her ſiſterhood. Edit. by *Wynkyn de Worde*, 1527. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*as concave as a* cover'd *goblet*,] Why a *cover'd*? Becauſe a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakſpeare never throws out his expreſſions at random.

WARBURTON.

Warburton aſks, "Why a cover'd goblet?"—and anſwers, "Becauſe a goblet is never covered but when empty." If that be the caſe, the cover is of little uſe; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowneſs, not that of emptineſs, that Shakſpeare wiſhes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. M. MASON.

CEL. *Was* is not *is:* beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings: He attends here in the foreſt on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion[5] with him: He aſked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverſe, athwart[6] the

[5] ——*much* queſtion—] i. e. converſation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"You may as well uſe *queſtion* with the wolf."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*quite traverſe, athwart* &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter,* to whom it was a diſgrace to have his lance broken acroſs, as it was a mark either of want of courage or addreſs. This happened when the horſe flew on one ſide, in the career: and hence, I ſuppoſe, aroſe the jocular proverbial phraſe *of ſpurring the horſe only on one ſide.* Now as breaking the lance againſt his adverſary's breaſt, in a direct line, was honourable, ſo the breaking it *acroſs* againſt his breaſt was, for the reaſon above, diſhonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia,* ſpeaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas, ſays: "*The wind took ſuch hold of his ſtaff that it* croſt quite over his breaſt," &c.—And to *break acroſs* was the uſual phraſe, as appears from ſome wretched verſes of the ſame author, ſpeaking of an unſkilful tilter:

"Methought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſs:

"For when he moſt did hit, he ever yet did miſs.

"One ſaid he *brake acroſs,* full well it ſo might be," &c.

This is the alluſion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the faſhion, (for *brave* is here uſed, as in other places, for faſhionable,) is repreſented either *unſkilful* in courtſhip, or *timorous.* The lover's meeting or appointment correſponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks ſtaves, the other breaks

heart of his lover;[7] as a puny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Miſtreſs, and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

oaths. The buſineſs is only meeting fairly, and doing both with addreſs: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his ſtaves ſoul* before his miſtreſs." STEEVENS.

A puny tilter, that breaks his ſtaff like a noble *gooſe:*] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *noſe-quill'd* gooſe, but no one ſeems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *noſe-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great meaſure be ſupported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie:* "Take with you a *ducke*, and ſlip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thruſt it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again, in *Philaſter*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"He ſhall for this time only be ſeel'd up
"With *a feather through his noſe*, that he may only
"See heaven," &c.

Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, and Fiſhing*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the haukes *nares* once or twice," &c. Again, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the tenth Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, 1601, p. 300: "It is good moreover to draw a little *quill* or feather *through their noſtrills acroſſe*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*of his* lover;] i. e. of his miſtreſs. See Vol. V. p. 222, note 7. MALONE.

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:—
Bring us unto this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Foreſt.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not ſcorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs: The common executioner,
Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon; Will you ſterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?*

* ——— *Will you ſterner be*
Than he that dies *and* lives *by bloody drops?*] This is ſpoken of the executioner. He *lives*, indeed, by bloody drops, if you will: but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet muſt certainly have wrote:
——— *that* deals *and lives*, &c.
i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:
Than he that lives *and* thrives *by bloody drops.*
WARBURTON.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *at a diſtance.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper conſtruction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may ſerve the purpoſe; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and ſhould rather read:

Than he that dies his lips *by bloody drops?*

Will you ſpeak with more ſternneſs than the executioner, whoſe *lips* are uſed to be *ſprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies ſome part that muſt be ſprinkled rather than dipped. JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means as well *to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this ſenſe, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be ſaid to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakſpeare is fond of oppoſing theſe terms to each other.

In *King John* is a play on words not unlike this:

" ————all with purple hands
" *Dy'd* in the *dying* ſlaughter of their foes."

Camden has preſerved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the ſame turn:

" He that *dyed* ſo oft in ſport,
" *Dyed* at laſt, no colour for't."

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

" Is thy huſband a *dyer*, woman? alack,
" Had he no colour to *die* thee on but black?
" *Dieth* he oft? yea too oft when cuſtomers call;
" But I would have him one day *die* once for all.
" Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,
" *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead."

Again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

" We once ſported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the beſt game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big ſwelling legs.

" He is but *coarſe* to run a *courſe*,
" Whoſe ſhanks are bigger than his thigh;
" Yet is his luck a little worſe
" That often *dyes* before he *die*."

Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,[9]
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhow the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

" Where ye ſee the words *courſe* and *die* uſed in divers ſenſes, one giving the *rebound* to the other." STEEVENS.

J. Davies, of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the ſame conceit, and uſes almoſt our author's words:

OF A PROUD LYING DYER.

" Turbine, the *dyer*, ſtalks before his dore,
" Like Cæſar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;
" And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
" Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live*."

Again, on the ſame:

" Who lives well, dies well:—not by and by;
" For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*."

MALONE.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who, to the very end of his life, continues a common executioner. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the fifth Act of this play: " *live* and *die* a ſhepherd."

TOLLET.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be conſtant to it, to perſevere in it to the end. *Lives*, therefore, does not ſignify *is maintained*, but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life converſant with bloody drops*. MUSGRAVE.

[9] *'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,*] *Sure* for *ſurely*.

DOUCE.

Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,[1]
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure[2]
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,[3]
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be your mother,[4]
That you inſult, exult, and all at once,[5]

[1] ——*lean* but *upon a ruſh,*] *But,* which is not in the old copy, was added, for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] *The cicatrice and capable impreſſure*—] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly uſed; it is the ſcar of a wound. *Capable impreſſure, hollow mark.* Johnson.

Capable, I believe, means here—*perceptible.* Our author often uſes the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet,*—

" His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
" Would make them *capable.*")

Hence, with his uſual licence, for *intelligible,* and then for *perceptible.* Malone.

[3] ——*power of* fancy,] *Fancy* is here uſed for *love,* as before, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream.* Johnson.

[4] —— *Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to expreſs cruelty by ſaying, of thoſe who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or ſuckled by tigreſſes. Johnson.

[5] *That you inſult, exult, and* all *at once,*] If the ſpeaker intended to accuſe the perſon ſpoken to only for *inſulting* and

Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,[6]

exulting; then, inſtead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But, by examining the crime of the perſon accuſed, we ſhall diſcover that the line is to be read thus:

That you inſult, exult, and rail *at once.*

For theſe three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer.*

WARBURTON.

I ſee no need of emendation. The ſpeaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you inſult, exult, and that too all in a breath?* Such is, perhaps, the meaning of *all at once.*

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *What though you have* more *beauty,*] The old copy reads:

—— *What though you have* no *beauty.* STEEVENS.

Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately obſerved to me, by an ingenious unknown correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out. THEOBALD.

That *no* is a miſprint, appears clearly from the paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, which Shakſpeare has here imitated: "Sometimes have I ſeen high diſdaine turned to hot deſires.—Becauſe *thou art beautiful*, be not ſo coy; as there is nothing more faire, ſo there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the ſubſequent editors; but omiſſion, (as I have often obſerved,) is, of all the modes of emendation, the moſt exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a miſprint for *mo*, a word often uſed by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former ſcene of this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verſes with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, ſing no *mo*." Again, in *The Tempeſt*: "*Mo* widows of this buſineſs making—" Many other inſtances might be added. The word is found in almoſt every book of that age. As *no* is here printed inſtead of *mo*, ſo in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter. This correction being leſs violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inſerted it in the text. "What though I ſhould allow you had *more* beauty than he, (ſays Roſalind,) *though* by my faith," &c. (for ſuch is the force of *As* in the next line) "muſt you therefore treat him with diſdain?"

(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work:[7]—Od's my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.[8]—
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?

In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a paſſage conſtructed nearly in the ſame manner:

"————Say, this becomes him,
"(*As* his compoſure muſt be rare indeed
"Whom theſe things *cannot* blemiſh,) yet," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"But ſay that he or we, (*as neither have,*)
"Receiv'd that ſum," &c.

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605: "I force not of ſuch fooleries; but if *I have any* ſkill in ſooth-ſaying, (*as* in ſooth I have *none,*) it doth prognoſticate that I ſhall change copie from a duke to a king." MALONE.

As *mo,* (unleſs rhyme demands it,) is but an indolent abbreviation of *more,* I have adopted Mr. Malone's conjecture, without his manner of ſpelling the word in queſtion. If *mo* were right, how happens it that *more* ſhould occur twice afterwards in the ſame ſpeech? STEEVENS.

[7] *Of nature's* ſale-work:] Thoſe works that nature makes up careleſsly and without exactneſs. The alluſion is to the practice of mechanicks, whoſe *work* beſpoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-cuſtomers, or to ſell in quantities to retailers, which is called *ſale-work.* WARBURTON.

[8] *That can* entame *my ſpirits to your worſhip.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand."

STEEVENS.

You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.—
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, faſting, for a good man's love:
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.[9]
So, take her to thee, ſhepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulneſs,[1] and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger: If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words.—Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer than vows made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, ſiſter?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, ſiſter:—Shepherdeſs, look on him better,

[9] *Foul is moſt foul, being* foul *to be a ſcoffer.*] The ſenſe is, *The ugly ſeem moſt ugly, when,* though *ugly, they are ſcoffers.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*with* her *foulneſs,*] So, Sir Tho. Hanmer; the other editions—*your* foulneſs. JOHNSON.

And be not proud: though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in fight as he.[2]
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHE. Dead ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?[3]

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever ſorrow is, relief would be;
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

[2] ——*though all the world could ſee,*
None could be ſo abus'd in fight as he.] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be ſo *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

[3] *Dead ſhepherd! now I find thy ſaw of might;*
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?] The ſecond of theſe lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, ſign. B b. where it ſtands thus:

"Where both deliberate, the love is ſlight:
"*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?*"

This line is likewiſe quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muſes*, 1610, p. 29, and in *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was ſo popular, (as appears from many of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it muſt have been known at once, at leaſt by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead ſhepherd," Marlowe, was killed in a brothel, in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe, had been publiſhed before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompenſe,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile,[4] and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was maſter of.[5]

Phe. Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;

[4] *To* glean *the broken ears after the man*
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe *now and then*
A ſcatter'd ſmile,] Perhaps Shakſpeare owed this image to the ſecond chapter of the book of *Ruth*:—"*Let fall* ſome handfuls of purpoſe for her, and leave them that ſhe may *glean* them." Steevens.

[5] *That the old* carlot *once was maſter of.*] i. e. *peaſant*, from *carl* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakſpeare's coinage. Douce.

'Tis but a peeviſh boy:[6]—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:[7]
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip;
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red, and mingled damaſk.[8]
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe[9] to hate him than to love him:

[6] ——*a* peeviſh *boy*:] *Peeviſh*, in ancient language, ſignifies *weak, ſilly*. So, in *King Richard III*:

"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy."

STEEVENS.

[7] *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall*:] The old copy reads:

He is not very *tall*, &c.

For the ſake of metre, I have omitted the uſeleſs adverb—*very*.

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the* conſtant *red, and* mingled *damaſk*.] "*Conſtant* red" is *uniform* red. "*Mingled* damaſk" is the ſilk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter ſhades of the ſame colour are exhibited. STEEVENS.

[9] I *have more cauſe*—] *I*, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better[1] acquainted with thee.

Ros. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

[1] ——*let me* be *better*—] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice;[2] nor the lover's, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a moſt humorous ſadneſs.[3]

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

[2] ——*which is* nice;] i. e. ſilly, trifling. So, in *King Richard III*:

"But the reſpects thereof are *nice* and trivial."

See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. ſc. ii. Steevens.

[3] ——my *often rumination wraps me*, is *a moſt humorous ſadneſs.*] The old copy reads—*in* a moſt, &c. Steevens.

The old copy has—*by* often. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps we ſhould rather read "*and* which, by often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs."

Malone.

As this ſpeech concludes with a ſentence at once ungrammatical and obſcure, I have changed a ſingle letter in it; and inſtead of "*in* a moſt humorous ſadneſs," have ventured to read, "*is* a moſt humorous ſadneſs." Jaques firſt informs Roſalind what his melancholy was *not*; and naturally concludes by telling her what the quality of it *is*. To obtain a clear meaning, a leſs degree of violence cannot be employed. Steevens.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad; and to travel for it too.

ORL. Good day, and happineſs, dear Roſalind!

JAQ. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monſieur traveller: Look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable[4] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a gondola.[5]—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

ORL. My fair Roſalind, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Ros. Break an hour's promiſe in love? He that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that

[4] ——*diſable*—] i. e. undervalue. So afterwards:—"he *diſabled* my judgment." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſwam in a gondola.*] That is *been at* Venice, the ſeat at that time of all licentiouſneſs, where the young Engliſh gentlemen waſted their fortunes, debaſed their morals, and ſometimes loſt their religion.

The faſhion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was conſidered by the wiſer men as one of the principal cauſes of corrupt manners. It was, therefore, gravely cenſured by Aſcham, in his *Schoolmaſter*, and by Biſhop Hall, in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other paſſages, ridiculed by Shakſpe are. JOHNSON.

Cupid hath clap'd him o' the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Roſalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orl. Of a ſnail?

Ros. Ay, of a ſnail; for though he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman:[6] Beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Roſalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Roſalind.

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a Roſalind of a better leer than you.[7]

[6] ——*than you* can *make a woman.*] Old copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[7] ——*a Roſalind of a better* leer *than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403: "In ſome places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duſkiſh, inſomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but alſo the corn on the ground," &c. The word ſeems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So it is uſed in *Titus Andronicus*, Act IV. ſc. ii:

"Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." Tollet.

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320, *lere* is ſuppoſed to mean ſkin. So, in *Iſumbras* MSS. *Cott.* Cal. II. fol. 129:

"His lady is white as whales bone,
"Here *lere* bryghte to ſe upon,
"So fair as bloſme on tre." Steevens.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent:—What would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very Roſalind?

Orl. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs.[8] Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us![9]) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orl. How if the kiſs be denied?

Ros. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Ros. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your Roſalind?

Orl. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

[8] ——*and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs.*] Thus alſo in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 511: "—and when he hath pumped his wittes dry, and can ſay no more, kiſſing and colling are never out of ſeaſon." Steevens.

[9] ——(*God* warn *us!*)] If this exclamation (which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*) is not a corruption of—"God *ward* us," i. e. *defend* us, it muſt mean, "*ſummon* us to himſelf." So, in *King Richard III*:

"And ſent to *warn* them to his royal preſence."

Steevens.

Ros. Well, in her perſon, I ſay—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own perſon, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe. Troilus had his brains daſhed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age[1] found it was—Hero of Seſtos. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Roſalind of this mind; for, I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

[1] ——chroniclers *of that age*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of ſome anonymous critick. Johnson.

Mr. Edwards propoſes the ſame emendation, and ſupports it by a paſſage in *Hamlet*: "The *coroner* hath ſat on her, and *finds it—Chriſtian burial.*" I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly uſed in its forenſick ſenſe. Malone.

I am ſurprized that Sir Thomas Hanmer's juſt and ingenious amendment ſhould not be adopted as ſoon as ſuggeſted. The alluſion is evidently to a coroner's inqueſt, which Roſalind ſuppoſes to have ſat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in croſſing the Helleſpont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Seſtos was the cauſe of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on ſuch occaſions. We ſay, that a jury *found it* lunacy, or *found* it manſlaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. Mason.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Roſalind in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Roſalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orl. What ſay'ſt thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Ros. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing?—Come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you ſay, ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Ros. You muſt begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Roſalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Ros. Then you muſt ſay,—*I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Roſalind, for wife.

Ros. I might aſk you for your commiſſion; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my huſband: There

a girl goes before the prieſt;[2] and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have poſſeſſed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,[3] and I will do that when you are diſpoſed to be merry; I will

[2] ——There *a girl goes before the prieſt;*] The old copy reads—"There's a girl," &c. The emendation in the text was propoſed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*I will weep for nothing, like* Diana *in the fountain,*] The alluſion is to the croſs in Cheapſide; the religious images, with which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe,) in 1596: "There was then ſet up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the ſame an alabaſter image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breaſt." Stowe, in *Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*, Act III. ſc. iii:

"——Now could I cry
"Like any image in a fountain, which
"Runs lamentations."

And again, in *Roſamond's Epiſtle to Henry II.* by Drayton:

"Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
"Naked *Diana* in the fountain ſtands." WHALLEY.

laugh like a hyen,[4] and that when thou art inclined to ſleep.

Orl. But will my Roſalind do ſo?

Ros. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orl. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Ros. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this: the wiſer, the waywarder: Make the doors[5] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, 'twill fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay,—*Wit, whither wilt?*[6]

[4] ——*I will laugh like a* hyen,] The bark of the hyena was anciently ſuppoſed to reſemble a loud laugh.

So, in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" ——Methinks I ſee her *laughing*,
" Excellent *Hyena!*"

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" You *laugh hyena*-like, weep like a crocodile."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——Make *the doors*—] This is an expreſſion uſed in ſeveral of the midland counties, inſtead of *bar the doors*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" The doors are *made* againſt you." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Wit, whither wilt?*] This muſt be ſome alluſion to a ſtory well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in uſe, when any one was either talking nonſenſe, or uſurping a greater ſhare in converſation than juſtly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: " My ſweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury," &c

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

" Wit:—is the word ſtrange to you? *Wit?*—
" *Whither wilt thou?*"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Ros. Marry, to ſay,—ſhe came to ſeek you there. You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,[7] unleſs you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion,[8] let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For theſe two hours Roſalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Again, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621:

"*Wit whither wilt thou?* woe is me,
"Thou haſt brought me to this miſerie."

The ſame expreſſion occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and ſeems to have been the title of ſome ludicrous performance. Steevens.

If I remember right, theſe are the firſt words of an old madrigal. Malone.

[7] *You ſhall never take her without her anſwer,*] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10,138—10,149:

"Ye, ſire, quod Proſerpine, and wol ye ſo?
"Now by my modre Ceres ſoule I ſwere,
"That I ſhall yeve hire ſuffiſant anſwere,
"And alle women after for hire ſake;
"That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
"With face bold they ſhul hemſelve excuſe,
"And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuſe.
"For lack of anſwere, non of us ſhall dien.
"Al had ye ſeen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
"Yet ſhul we ſo viſage it hardely,
"And wepe and ſwere and chiden ſubtilly,
"That ye ſhul ben as lewed as ben gees." Tyrwhitt.

[8] —— *make her fault her huſband's occaſion,*] That is, repreſent her fault as occaſioned by her huſband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her huſband's* accuſation. Johnson.

Orl. I muſt attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one caſt away, and ſo,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, ſweet Roſalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe,[9] and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call Roſalind, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my Roſalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try:[1] Adieu!

[*Exit* Orlando.

[9] ——*I will think you the moſt* pathetical *break-promiſe,*] The ſame epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and with as little apparent meaning:

" ——— moſt *pathetical* nit."

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1590: " —having no *pathetical* impreſſion in my head, I had flat fallen into a ſlumber." Steevens.

I believe, by *pathetical* break-promiſe, Roſalind means a lover whoſe falſehood would moſt *deeply affect* his miſtreſs. Malone.

[1] ——time *is the* old juſtice *that examines all ſuch offenders, and let* time *try:*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" And that *old common arbitrator, Time,*

" Will one day end it." Steevens.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe plucked over your head, and ſhow the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.[2]

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be ſounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of Venus, that was begot of thought,[3] conceived of ſpleen, and born of madneſs; that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the ſight of Orlando: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.[4]

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*to her own neſt.*] So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde:* And "I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what mettal are you made of, that you are ſo ſatyricall againſt women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne neſt?" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*begot of* thought,] i. e. of melancholy. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"——take *thought,* and die for Cæſar." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"Let us *ſeek out* ſome deſolate *ſhade,* and there
"Weep our ſad boſoms empty." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Foreſt.

Enter JAQUES *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foreſters.*

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *LORD.* Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's preſent him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

2 *LORD.* Yes, ſir.

JAQ. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

SONG.

1. *What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?*
2. *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*[5]

[5] *His leather ſkin, and horns to wear.*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have formed this ſong on a hint afforded by the novel which furniſhed him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forreſter? Haſt thou wounded ſome deere, and loſt him in the fall? Care not, man, for ſo ſmall a loſſe; thy fees was but the *skinne*, the ſhoulders, and the *horns*." Lodge's *Roſalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewiſe in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game:* "And as of fees, it is to

1. *Then ſing him home:*
Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;[6] } The reſt ſhall bear this burden.
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born. }
1. *Thy father's father wore it;* }
2. *And thy father bore it:*
All. *The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,*
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [Exeunt.

wite that what man that *ſmyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes ſtroke,* and he be recouered by ſonne going doune, he ſhall haue the *skyn,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Take thou no ſcorn, to wear the horn;*] In *King John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had, without doubt, attentively read, we find theſe lines:

" But let the fooliſh Frenchman *take no ſcorn,*
" If Philip front him with an Engliſh *horn.*" MALONE.

Thus alſo, in the old comedy of *Grim the Collier of Croydon,* (date unknown.)

" —— Unleſs your great infernal majeſty
" Do ſolemnly proclaim, no devil *ſhall ſcorn*
" Hereafter ſtill *to wear the goodly horn.*"

To *take ſcorn* is a phraſe that occurs again in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. iv:

" And *take* foul *ſcorn,* to fawn on him by ſending."

STEEVENS.

SCENE III.[7]

The Foreſt.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How ſay you now? Is it not paſt two o'clock? and here much Orlando![8]

[7] The foregoing noiſy ſcene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to repreſent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Roſalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando ſending his excuſe. I do not ſee that by any probable diviſion of the Acts this abſurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *and here much Orlando!*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without the leaſt authority:

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. STEEVENS.

The word *much* ſhould be explained. It is an expreſſion of latitude, and taken in various ſenſes. Here's *much* Orlando—i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have ſtill this uſe of it, as when we ſay, ſpeaking of a perſon who we ſuſpect will not keep his appointment, "Ay, you will be ſure to ſee him there *much!*" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet ſay, "I ſhall get *much* by that no doubt," meaning that they ſhall get nothing. MALONE.

Here much Orlando! is ſpoken ironically on Roſalind perceiving that Orlando had failed in his engagement.

HOLT WHITE.

Much, in our author's time, was an expreſſion denoting admiration. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv:

"What, with two points on your ſhoulder? *much!*"

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"'Tis *much!*—Servant, leave me and her alone."

MALONE.

Much! was more frequently uſed to indicate diſdain. See notes on the firſt of the two paſſages quoted by Mr. Malone.

STEEVENS.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to ſleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me[9] give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Ros. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer;[1] bear this, bear all:
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes ſhe ſo to me?—Well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,

[9] ——*bid me*—] The old copy redundantly reads—*did* bid me. Steevens.

[1] *Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,*
And play the ſwaggerer;] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"This would make mercy ſwear, *and play the tyrant.*"
Steevens.

A freeſtone-colour'd hand;[2] I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand: but that's no matter:
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and cruel ſtyle,
A ſtyle for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: woman's gentle brain[3]
Could not drop forth ſuch giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to ſhepherd turn'd, [Reads.
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

[2] *Phebe did write it.*
Roſ. *Come, come, you are a fool.*——
I ſaw her hand: ſhe has a leathern hand,
A freeſtone-colour'd hand;] As this paſſage now ſtands, the metre of the firſt line is imperfect, and the ſenſe of the whole; for why ſhould Roſalind dwell ſo much upon Phebe's hands, unleſs Silvius had ſaid ſomething about them?—I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus:
Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.
And then Roſalind's reply will naturally follow. M. Mason.

[3] ——woman's *gentle brain*—] Old copy—*women's*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear ſuch railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[4] *to me.*—

Meaning me a beaſt.—

If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[5]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;[6]
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

[4] ——*vengeance*—] is uſed for *miſchief.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*youth and* kind—] *Kind* is the old word for *nature.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his *kind.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*all that I can* make;] i. e. raiſe as profit from any thing. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:* "He's in for a commodity of brown paper; of which he *made* five marks ready money." STEEVENS.

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity.—Wilt thou love ſuch a woman?—What, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,[7]) and ſay this to her;—That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus[8] of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,

[7] ——*I ſee, love hath made thee a tame* ſnake,)] This term was, in our author's time, frequently uſed to expreſs a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600: "—and you, poor *ſnakes*, come ſeldom to a booty."

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"————the pooreſt *ſnake*,
"That feeds on lemons, pilchards——." MALONE.

[8] ——purlieus *of this foreſt*,] *Purlieu*, ſays Manwood's *Treatiſe on the Foreſt Laws*, c. xx. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the foreſt, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was alſo foreſt, and afterwards diſaforeſted againe by the perambulations made for the ſevering of the new foreſt from the old." REED.

Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, deſcribes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a foreſt, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can diſpend fortie ſhillings by the yeere, of freeland." MALONE.

Left on your right hand,[9] brings you to the place:
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I ſhould know you by deſcription;
Such garments, and ſuch years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe ſiſter:[1] *but the woman low,*[2]
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Roſalind,
He ſends this bloody napkin;[3] Are you he?

Ros. I am: What muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame; if you will know of me

[9] Left *on your right hand,*] i. e. paſſing by the rank of oziers, and *leaving* them on your right hand, you will reach the place. Malone.

[1] ——— beſtows *himſelf*

* *Like a ripe ſiſter:*] Of this quaint phraſeology there is an example in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "How might we ſee Falſtaff *beſtow* himſelf to-night in his true colours?" Steevens.

[2] —— but *the woman low,*] *But,* which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the metre. I ſuſpect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propoſe. Malone.

[3] —— *napkin*;] i. e. *handkerchief.* Ray ſays, that a pocket handkerchief is ſo called about Sheffield, in Yorkſhire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late,* 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery, indeed, ſignifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* 1635:

"——pr'ythee put me into wholeſome *napery.*"

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day,* 1611: "Beſides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia,* Ital. Steevens.

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When laſt the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour;[4] and, pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,[5]
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And, mark, what object did preſent itſelf!
Under an oak,[6] whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

[4] *Within an hour;*] We muſt read—*within two hours.* JOHNSON.

May not *within an hour* ſignify *within a certain time?* TYRWHITT.

[5] ——*of ſweet and bitter* fancy,] i. e. *love,* which is always thus deſcribed by our old poets, as compoſed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet,* Act I. ſc. ii.

So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde,* 1590: "I have noted the variable diſpoſition of *fancy,*——a *bitter* pleaſure wrapt in *ſweet* prejudice." MALONE.

[6] *Under an oak,* &c.] The ancient copy reads—Under an *old* oak; but as this epithet hurts the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe, (for we are told in the ſame line that its "boughs were moſs'd with *age,*" and afterwards, that its top was "bald with dry *antiquity,*") I have omitted *old,* as an unqueſtionable interpolation. STEEVENS.

Under an oak, &c.] The paſſage ſtands thus in Lodge's novel: "Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long faſting, finding a little cave by the ſide of a thicket, eating ſuch fruite as the forreſt did affoord, and contenting himſelf with ſuch drinke as nature had provided, and thirſt made delicate, after his repaſt he fell into a dead ſleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and eſpying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but ſeeing he lay ſtill without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaſſes: and yet deſirous to have ſome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh: under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,[7]
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt,
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother;

to ſee if he would ſtirre. While thus Saladyne ſlept ſecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to ſmile, and brought it ſo to paſſe, that Roſader (having ſtricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-ſpeare in his hande in great haſte, he ſpyed where a man lay aſleepe, and a lyon faſt by him: amazed at this ſight, as he ſtood gazing, his noſe on the ſodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might eaſily diſcerne his viſage, and perceived by his phiſnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Roſader into a deepe paſſion, as a man perplexed, &c.——But the preſent time craved no ſuch doubting ambages: for he muſt eyther reſolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or elſe ſteale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. Steevens.

[7] *A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" ——— the ſtarven *lioneſs*
" When ſhe is *dry-ſuckt* of her eager young."

Steevens.

And he did render him[8] the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battle to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling[9]
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By, and by.

[8] *And he did* render *him*—] i. e. deſcribe him. Malone.

So, in *Cymbeline:*

"May drive us to a *render* where we have liv'd."

Steevens.

[9] ——*in which* hurtling—] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuoſity and tumult. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"A noiſe of battle *hurtled* in the air."

Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1591: "—hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and buſtled thither," &c.

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. iv:

"All *hurtlen* forth, and ſhe with princely pace," &c.

Again, B. I. c. viii:

"Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire." Steevens.

When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that deſert place;[1]——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me freſh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Roſalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood;[2] unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his Roſalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? ſweet Ganymede? [Rosalind *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

[1] *As, how I came into that deſert place;*] I believe, a line following this has been loſt. Malone.

As, in this place, ſignifies—*as for inſtance.* So, in *Hamlet:* "*As,* ſtars with trains of fire," &c.
I ſuſpect no omiſſion. Steevens.

[2] *Dy'd in* this *blood;*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *this* blood unneceſſarily to—*his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he preſents it; and Roſalind could not doubt whoſe blood it was after the account that had been before given. Malone.

Perhaps the change of *this* into *his,* is imputable only to the compoſitor, who caſually omitted the *t.* Either reading may ſerve; and certainly that of the ſecond folio is not the worſt, becauſe it prevents the diſguſting repetition of the pronoun *this,* with which the preſent ſpeech is infeſted. Steevens.

Cel. There is more in it:—Couſin—Ganymede![3]

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, ſir,[4] a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Ros. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good ſir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, Roſalind.

Ros. I ſhall deviſe ſomething: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

[3] —— *Couſin—Ganymede!*] Celia, in her firſt fright, forgets Roſalind's character and diſguiſe, and calls out *couſin*, then recollects herſelf, and ſays, Ganymede. JOHNSON.

[4] *Ah*, ſir,] The old copy reads—Ah, *ſirra*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We ſhall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Touch. A moſt wicked ſir Oliver, Audrey, a moſt vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, ſir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, ſir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, ſir.

Touch. A fair name: Waſt born i' the foreſt here?

Will. Ay, ſir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good anſwer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, ſir, ſo, ſo.

Touch. *So, ſo*, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, ſir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou ſay'ſt well. I do now remember a ſaying; *The fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;[5] meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?[6]

Will. I do, ſir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, ſir.

[5] *The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape*, &c.] This was deſigned as a ſneer on the ſeveral trifling and inſignificant ſayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philoſophers, by the writers of their lives, ſuch as Diogenes Laertius, Philoſtratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wiſe ſayings*. Warburton.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philoſophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or ſome republication of it, Shakſpeare's knowledge of theſe philoſophical trifles might be derived. Steevens.

[6] —— *meaning thereby, that* grapes *were made to eat, and* lips *to open.* You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue ſeems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no latice for your *lips*, and her *grapes* hang ſo hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." Malone.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he; now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, ſir?

Touch. He, ſir, that muſt marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the ſociety,—which in the booriſh is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or, clown thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; to wit, I kill thee,[7] make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God reſt you merry, ſir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

[7] —— *to wit, I kill thee,*] The old copy reads—"*or*, to wit, I kill thee." I have omitted the impertinent conjunction *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't poſſible,[8] that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſéver to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting;[9] but

[8] *Is't poſſible,* &c.] Shakſpeare, by putting this queſtion into the mouth of Orlando, ſeems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deſerting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is inſtrumental in ſaving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to ſteal her away, and to give her to the king for a preſent, hoping, becauſe the king was a great leacher, by ſuch a gift to purchaſe all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumſtance, the paſſion of Aliena appears to be very haſty indeed.

Our author's acquaintance, however, with the manners of heroines in romances, perhaps rendered him occaſionally inattentive, as in the preſent inſtance, to probability. In *The Sowdon of Babyloyne,* an ancient MS. often quoted by me on other occaſions, I find the following very ſingular confeſſion from the mouth of a Princeſs:

"Be ye not the duke of Burgoyne ſir Gy,
"Nevewe unto king Charles ſo fre?
"Noe, certes lady, it is not I,
"It is yonder knight that ye may ſee.
"A, him have *I loved many a day,*
"*And yet know I him noght,*
"For his love I do all that I maye,
"To chere you with dede and thought." P. 47.

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*nor* her *ſudden conſenting*;] Old copy—nor ſudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

ſay with me, I love Aliena; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it ſhall be to your good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old ſir Rowland's, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

ORL. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Roſalind.

Ros. God ſave you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair ſiſter.[1]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

ORL. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhowed me your handkerchief?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight

[1] *And you, fair ſiſter.*] I know not why Oliver ſhould call Roſalind ſiſter. He takes her yet to be a man. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*And you,* and your *fair ſiſter.* JOHNSON.

Oliver ſpeak's to her in the character ſhe had aſſumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

of two rams,[2] and Cæſar's thraſonical brag of—*I came, ſaw,* and *overcame:* For your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they looked; no ſooner looked, but they loved; no ſooner loved, but they ſighed; no ſooner ſighed, but they aſked one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy: and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[3]

Orl. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! By ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

——*never any thing ſo ſudden, but* the fight of two rams,] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenneſworth Caſtle,* 1575: "—outrageous in their racez az *rams* at their rut." Steevens.

[3] ——clubs *cannot* part *them.*] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common cuſtom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—Clubs,*" to *part* the combatants.

So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"*Clubs, clubs*; theſe lovers will not *keep the peace.*"

The preceding words—"they are in the very *wrath* of love," ſhow that our author had this in contemplation. Malone.

So, in the Firſt Part of *King Henry VI.* when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a ſtop to the combat between the partiſans of Gloceſter and Wincheſter, he ſays,

"I'll call for *clubs,* if you will not away."

And in *Henry VIII.* the Porter ſays, "I miſſed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour."

M. Mason.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for Roſalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inſomuch, I ſay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you, to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I have, ſince I was three years old, converſed with a magician, moſt profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Roſalind ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, ſhall you marry her: I know into what ſtraits of fortune ſhe is driven; and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as ſhe is,[4] and without any danger.

Orl. Speakeſt thou in ſober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I ſay I am a magician: [5] Therefore, put you

[4] ——*human as ſhe is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Roſalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*which I tender dearly,* though I ſay I am a magician:] *Though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be ſuppoſed able to elude death. MALONE.

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever ſuppoſed to poſſeſs the art of *eluding death.* Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play "was written in King James's time, when there was a ſevere inquiſition after witches and magicians." It was natural therefore for one who called herſelf

in your beſt array, bid your friends;[6] for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to Roſalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhow the letter that I writ to you.

ROS. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy,
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

PHE. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SIL. It is to be all made of ſighs and tears;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Roſalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and ſervice;—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Roſalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

a magician, to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a ſerious one, would have involved her. STEEVENS.

[6] ——bid *your friends*;] i. e. *invite* your friends. REED.
So, in *Titus Andronicus*:
" I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride." STEEVENS.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes;
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;[7]—
And ſo am I for Phebe.

Phe. And ſo am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And ſo am I for Roſalind.

Ros. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Rosalind.

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phebe.

Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you ſpeak to,[8] *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.[9]—I will help you, [*To* Silvius] if I can:—I would love

[7] ——*all trial, all* obſervance;] I ſuſpect our author wrote—all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the compoſitor caught *obſervance* from the line above; and very unlikely that the ſame word ſhould have been ſet down twice by Shakſpeare ſo cloſe to each other. Malone.

Read—*obeiſance*. The word *obſervance* is evidently repeated by an error of the preſs. Ritson.

[8] Who *do you ſpeak* to,] Old copy—*Why* do you ſpeak *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[9] ——*'tis like the howling of Iriſh wolves againſt the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkeſt with the *wolves* of Syria, *againſt the moone*." Malone.

you, [*To* PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will ſatisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO] if ever I ſatisfied man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To* SILVIUS] if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To* ORLANDO] love Roſalind, meet;—as you, [*To* SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world.[1] Here comes two of the baniſhed duke's pages.

[1] ——*a woman of the world.*] To *go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Thus (ſays Beatrice) every one *goes to the world*, but I."

An anonymous writer ſuppoſes, that in this phraſe there is an alluſion to Saint *Luke's* Goſpel, xx. 34: "The children of this *world marry*, and are given in marriage." STEEVENS.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Page.* We are for you: ſit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

SONG.[2]

I.

It was a lover, and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring time, the only pretty rank time,[3]
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

[2] The ſtanzas of this ſong are in all the editions evidently tranſpoſed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the ſecond ſtanza is now the laſt.

The ſame tranſpoſition of theſe ſtanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing ſome notes on the margin, which I have peruſed by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. Johnson.

[3] ——*the only pretty* rank *time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the ſpring time, the onely pretty rang *time.*

I think we ſhould read:

In the ſpring time, the only pretty ring *time.*

i. e. the aptest ſeaſon for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the ſake of equality of metre, may be omitted. Steevens.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country folks would lie,
In ſpring time, &c.

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In ſpring time, &c.

IV.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In ſpring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.[4]

The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read—the pretty *ſpring* time. Mr. Steevens propoſes—"*ring* time, i. e. the apteſt ſeaſon for marriage." The paſſage does not deſerve much conſideration. Malone.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the ſpring was the ſeaſon of marriage. Douce.

[4] *Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very* untuneable.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident, from the ſequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reformed in my text,

1 *Page.* You are deceived, ſir; we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*

untimeable.—Time and *tune*, are frequently miſprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakſpeare. Theobald.

This emendation is received, I think, very undeſervedly, by Dr. Warburton. Johnson.

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any poſſibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, inſtead of *untuneable*, notwithſtanding Johnſon rejects the amendment as unneceſſary. A miſtake of a ſimilar nature occurs in *Twelfth-Night*.

M. Mason.

The ſenſe of the old reading ſeems to be—*Though the words of the ſong were trifling, the muſick was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compenſate their defect.*

Steevens.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Foreſt.

Enter Duke *ſenior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

ORL. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that fear they hope, and know they fear.[5]

[5] *As thoſe that fear* they hope, *and know* they *fear.*] This ſtrange nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

As thoſe that fear their hap, *and know* their *fear.*

i. e. As thoſe that fear the iſſue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As thoſe that fear with *hope, and hope* with *fear.*

Or thus, with leſs alteration:

As thoſe that fear, they *hope, and* now *they fear.*

JOHNSON.

The author of *The Reviſal* would read:

As thoſe that fear their *hope, and know* their *fear.*

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

As thoſe that feign *they hope, and know they fear.*

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

As thoſe that fear, then *hope; and know,* then *fear.*

MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it ſhould run thus:

As thoſe who fearing *hope, and* hoping *fear.*

This ſtrongly expreſſes the ſtate of mind which Orlando was in at that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were contracted in the original copy, and written thus:—*fearg—hopg*

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:——
You ſay, if I bring in your Roſalind,
[*To the* Duke.
You will beſtow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you ſay, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* ORLANDO.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
[*To* PHEBE.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You ſay, that you'll have Phebe, if ſhe will?
[*To* SILVIUS.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

(a practice not unuſual at this day) the *g* might eaſily have been miſtaken for *y*, a common abbreviation of *they*. M. MASON.

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a ſemi-colon:

As thoſe that fear; they hope, and know they fear.
HENLEY.

The meaning, I think, is, *As thoſe who fear,—they*, even thoſe very perſons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be realized; *and* yet at the ſame time they well *know* that there is reaſon for *their fears*. MALONE.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe,[6] that you'll marry me;
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me:—and from hence I go,
To make theſe doubts all even.[7]

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is foreſt-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues are called fools.[8]

[6] *Keep* your *word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads—Keep *you* your word; the compoſitor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[7] *To* make theſe *doubts* all even.] Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"——yet death we fear,
"That *makes theſe* odds *all even.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Here comes a pair of* very ſtrange *beaſts*, &c.] What *ſtrange beaſts?* and yet ſuch as have a name in all languages? Noah's

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome; This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier, he ſwears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure;[9] I have flattered a lady; I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.[1]

ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beaſts entered by *ſevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakſpeare wrote, *here come a pair of* unclean *beaſts*, which is highly humorous. Warburton.

Strange beaſts are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. Johnson.

A paſſage, ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "Here come two noble *beaſts* in, a moon and a lion." Steevens.

[9] ——*trod a meaſure*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"To *tread a meaſure* with you on this graſs."

See note on this paſſage. Reed.

Touchſtone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *meaſure*, becauſe it was a very ſtately ſolemn dance. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "—the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure* full of ſtate and ancientry." Malone.

[1] ——*and found the quarrel was upon the* ſeventh cauſe.] So all the copies; but it is apparent, from the ſequel, that we muſt read—*the quarrel was* not *upon the ſeventh cauſe*. Johnson.

By the *ſeventh cauſe*, Touchſtone, I apprehend, means the lie *ſeven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *re-*

Jaq. How ſeventh cauſe?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, ſir;[2] I deſire you of the like.[3] I preſs in here, ſir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:[4]—A

moved ſeven times (counted backwards) from the *lie direct*, the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie. See the ſubſequent note on the words "—a lie ſeven times removed." Malone.

[2] *God'ild you, ſir;*] i. e. *God yield* you, reward you. So, in the *Collection of Cheſter Myſteries*, Mercer's play, p. 74, b. MS. Harl. Brit. Muſ. 2013:

"The high father of heaven, I pray,
"To *yelde* you your good deed to day."

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vi. Steevens.

[3] ——*I deſire* you of *the like.*] We ſhould read—*I deſire* of you *the like*. On the Duke's ſaying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I deſire you will give me cauſe, that I may like you too. Warburton.

I have not admitted the alteration, becauſe there are other examples of this mode of expreſſion. Johnson.

See a note on the firſt ſcene of the third Act of *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraſeology are given.

So alſo, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

"If it be ſo, *of* pardon I pray you."

Again, B. IV. c. viii:

"She dear beſought the prince *of* remedy."

Again, in Heywood's *Play of the Wether*:

"Beſeechynge your grace *of* wynde continual."

Steevens.

[4] —— *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] *To ſwear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. Johnson.

—— *to* ſwear, *and to* forſwear; *according as* marriage binds, *and* blood breaks:] A man, by the marriage ceremony, SWEARS that *he will keep only to his wife*; when therefore, to *gratify his luſt*, he *leaves her for another*, BLOOD BREAKS his *matrimonial obligation*, and he is FORSWORN. Henley.

poor virgin, ſir, an ill-favoured thing, ſir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, ſir, in a poor-houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.[5]

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Touch. Upon a lie ſeven times removed;[6]—

[5] —— *dulcet diſeaſes.*] This I do not underſtand. For *diſeaſes* it is eaſy to read *diſcourſes*: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *diſeaſe*. Proverbial ſayings may appear to him the *ſurfeiting diſeaſes* of converſation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—*in* ſuch dulcet diſeaſes; i. e. in the ſweet uneaſineſs of love, a time when people uſually talk nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

Without ſtaying to examine how far the poſition laſt advanced is founded in truth, I ſhall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciouſly* uſed for *ſayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative ſenſe it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the ſame ſtyle, but more intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (*according* to the fates and deſtinies, and *ſuch* odd *ſayings*, the ſifters three, and *ſuch* branches of learning,) is indeed deceaſed." MALONE.

[6] *Upon a lie ſeven times* removed;] Touchſtone here enumerates ſeven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *ſeventh* and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's anſwer to his intended affront, he expreſsly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *firſt* ſpecies of lie. When therefore, he ſays, that they *found the quarrel* was *on the lie ſeven times* REMOVED, we muſt underſtand by the latter word, the lie removed ſeven times, counting backwards,

Bear your body more ſeeming,[7] Audrey:—as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; [8] he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was

(as the word *removed* ſeems to intimate,) from the laſt and moſt aggravated ſpecies of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" Who hath ſome four or five *removes* come ſhort
" To tender it herſelf."

Again, in the play before us: " Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo *removed* a dwelling," i. e. ſo *diſtant* from the haunts of men.

When Touchſtone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* on the *ſeventh cauſe*, i. e. on *the Retort courteous*, or the lie *ſeven times removed*. In the courſe of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchſtone did not dare to go farther than the ſixth ſpecies, (counting in regular progreſſion from the firſt to the laſt,) the *lie circumſtantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; ſo they parted. In a ſubſequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchſtone expreſsly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *firſt*; calling it therefore here " the *ſeventh* cauſe," and " the lie *ſeven* times removed," he muſt mean, *diſtant* ſeven times from the moſt offenſive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly, therefore, no need of reading with Dr. Johnſon in a former paſſage—" We found the quarrel was *not* on the ſeventh cauſe."

The miſapprehenſion of that moſt judicious critick relative to theſe paſſages muſt apologize for my having employed ſo many words in explaining them. MALONE.

[7] ——*ſeeming*,] i. e. ſeemly. *Seeming* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for becoming, or fairneſs of appearance. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ——— theſe keep
" *Seeming* and ſavour all the winter long." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*as thus, ſir. I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;*] This ſolly is touched upon, with high humour, by Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth:*

" ——— Has he familiarly
" Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch, or ſaid your doublet
" Was not exactly frenchified?——
" ——— or drawn your ſword,
" Cry'd, 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the *lie*
" In *circle*, or *oblique*, or *ſemicircle*,
" Or *direct parallel*" you muſt challenge him."
WARBURTON.

not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous.* If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf: This is called the *Quip modeſt.* If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churliſh.* If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelſome:* and ſo to the *Lie circumſtantial,* and the *Lie direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial,* nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct;* and ſo we meaſured ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book;[9]

[9] *O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the book;*] The poet has, in this ſcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then ſo prevalent, with the higheſt humour and addreſs: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown ſo knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatiſe of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels,* in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The firſt part of this tract he entitles, *A Diſcourſe moſt neceſſary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the* Duello *and the* Combat *in divers Forms doth enſue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the* right Underſtanding of Words, *which here is ſet down.* The contents of the ſeveral chapters are as follow:—I. *What the Reaſon is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies.* II. *Of the Manner and Diverſity of Lies.* III. *Of Lies certain,* [or direct.] IV. *Of conditional Lies,*

as you have books for good manners:[1] I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply

[or the lie circumſtantial.] V. *Of the Lie in general.* VI. *Of the Lie in particular.* VII. *Of fooliſh Lies.* VIII. *A Concluſion touching the wreſting or returning back of the Lie,* [or the countercheck quarrelſome.] In the chapter of *conditional Lies,* ſpeaking of the particle *if,* he ſays, "—Conditional lies be ſuch as are given conditionally, as if a man ſhould ſay or write theſe wordes:—*if* thou haſt ſaid that I have offered my lord abuſe, thou lieſt; or *if* thou ſayeſt ſo hereafter, thou ſhalt lie. Of theſe kind of lies, given in this manner, often ariſe much contention in wordes,—whereof no ſure concluſion can ariſe." By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reaſon of Shakſpeare making the Clown ſay, "I knew when ſeven juſtices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, *if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo,* and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*." Caranza was another of theſe authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his laſt Act of *Love's Pilgrimage,* ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton's. They have hitherto been printed in ſuch a manner as might lead the reader to ſuppoſe that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The paſſage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other reſpects, but has here been corrected by the original. MALONE.

[1] ——*books for good manners:*] One of theſe books I have. It is entitled, *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children,* with *ſtans puer ad menſam*; 12mo. black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or muſician, of the Chapel Royal; and was firſt publiſhed in 4to. in the reign of King Edward VI. STEEVENS.

Another is, *Galateo of Maiſter John Caſa, Archbiſhop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatiſe of the Manners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to uſe and eſchewe in his familiar Converſation. A Work very neceſſary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other*; tranſlated from the Italian, by Robert Peterſon, of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. REED.

churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo*; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe,[2] and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen,[3] *leading* Rosalind *in woman's clothes; and* Celia.

Still Muſick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within her boſom is.[4]

[2] ——*like a ſtalking-horſe,*] See my note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[3] *Enter* Hymen,] Roſalind is imagined by the reſt of the

Ros. To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* Duke S.

company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a ſuppoſed aerial being in the character of Hymen.
JOHNSON.

In all the allegorical ſhows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a conſtant perſonage. Ben Jonſon, in his *Hymenæi, or the Solemnities of Maſque and Barriers, at a Marriage*, has left inſtructions how to dreſs this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a *ſaffron-coloured* robe, his under veſtures white, his ſockes yellow, a yellow veile of ſilke on his left arme, his head crowned with roſes and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*."
STEEVENS.

4 *That thou might'ſt join* her *hand with his,*
Whoſe heart within her *boſom is.*] The old copy, inſtead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the firſt, and I once thought that emendation ſufficient, and that *whoſe* might have referred not to the laſt antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Roſalind. Our author frequently takes ſuch licences. But on further conſideration it appears to me probable, that the ſame abbreviation was uſed in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a miſprint in the firſt line for *her*, ſo it alſo was in the ſecond, the conſtruction being ſo much more eaſy in that way than the other. "That thou might'ſt join her hand with the hand of him whoſe heart is lodged in her boſom," i. e. whoſe affection ſhe already poſſeſſes. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, the King ſays to the Princeſs:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breaſt.*"

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her *heart*,
"The which, by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,
"He carried thence *incaged in his breaſt.*"

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Even ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Thy heart thou leav'ſt with her, when thou doſt hence depart,
"And in thy breaſt incloſed bear'ſt her tender friendly heart."

In the ſame play we meet with the error that has happened here. The Princeſs addreſſing the *ladies* who attend her, ſays:

"But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away *his* face."

Again, in a former ſcene of the play before us:

"Helen's cheek, but not *his* heart." MALONE.

To you I give myſelf, for I am yours.
[*To* ORLANDO.

DUKE S. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in ſight,[5] you are my Roſalind.

PHE. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To* Duke S.
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he:—
[*To* ORLANDO.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe.
[*To* PHEBE.

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[6]
You and you no croſs ſhall part:
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You [*To* PHEBE] to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—

[5] *If there be truth in ſight,*] The anſwer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando ſays:

If there be truth in ſhape:——

that is, *if a form may be truſted*; if one cannot uſurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

[6] *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unleſs truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

You and you are ſure together,
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning;[7]
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;[8]
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE S. O my dear nicce, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.[9]
[*To* SILVIUS.

[7] —— *with* queſtioning;] Though Shakſpeare frequently uſes *queſtion* for *converſation*, in the preſent inſtance *queſtioning* may have its common and obvious ſignification. STEEVENS.

[8] *Wedding is* &c.] Catullus, addreſſing himſelf to Hymen, has this ſtanza:

Quæ tuis careat ſacris,
Non queat dare præſides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Compararier auſit? JOHNSON.

[9] —— *combine.*] Shakſpeare is licentious in his uſe of this

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the ſecond ſon of old ſir Rowland,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly:—
Duke Frederick,[1] hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brothers, wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,

verb, which here, as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, only ſignifies to *bind*:

"I am *combined* by a ſacred vow,
"And ſhall be abſent." STEEVENS.

[1] *Duke Frederick*, &c.] In Lodge's novel the uſurping Duke is not diverted from his purpoſe by the pious counſel of a hermit, but is ſubdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Roſader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to aſſiſt him in the recovery of his right.
STEEVENS.

That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry :—
Play, muſick ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to the meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath ;
[*To* Duke S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deſerves it :—
You [*To* Orlando] to a love, that your true faith doth merit :—
You [*To* Oliver] to your land, and love, and great allies :—
You [*To* Silvius] to a long and well deſerved bed ;—
And you [*To* Touchstone] to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd :—So to your pleaſures ;
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I :—what you would have
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave.[2] [*Exit.*

[2] *To ſee no paſtime, I :—what you would have*
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidſt this general feſtivity, the reader may be ſorry to take his leave of

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin theſe rites,
And we do truſt they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh*,[3] 'tis true, that a good play

Jaques, who appears to have no ſhare in it, and remains behind unreconciled to ſociety. He has, however, filled with a gloomy ſenſibility the ſpace allotted to him in the play, and to the laſt preſerves that reſpect which is due to him as a conſiſtent character, and an amiable, though ſolitary moraliſt.

It may be obſerved, with ſcarce leſs concern, that Shakſpeare has, on this occaſion, forgot old Adam, the ſervant of Orlando, whoſe fidelity ſhould have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happineſs which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his maſter. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; ſince, at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.

[3] ——*no buſh*,] It appears formerly to have been the cuſtom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I ſuppoſe *ivy* was rather choſen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"Now a days the good wyne needeth none *ivye garland*."

Again, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

"'Tis like the *ivy-buſh* unto a tavern."

Again, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

"Green *ivy-buſhes* at the vintners' doors." STEEVENS.

The practice is ſtill obſerved in Warwickſhire and the adjoining counties, at ſtatute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who ſell ale at no other time. And hence, I ſuppoſe, the *Buſh* tavern at Briſtol, and other places. RITSON.

needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a caſe am I in then,[4] that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furniſhed like a beggar,[5] therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe them: and ſo I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may pleaſe.[6] If I were a woman,[7] I would kiſs as many

[4] *What a caſe am I in then*, &c.] Here ſeems to be a chaſm, or ſome other depravation, which deſtroys the ſentiment here intended. The reaſoning probably ſtood thus: *Good wine needs no buſh, good plays need no epilogue*; but bad wine requires a good buſh, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What caſe am I in then?* To reſtore the words is impoſſible; all that can be done, without copies, is to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this paſſage. Roſalind ſays, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a caſe then was ſhe in, who had neither preſented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. MASON.

[5] —— furniſhed *like a beggar*,] That is, *dreſſed*: ſo before, he was *furniſhed* like a huntſman. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe* them: *and* ſo *I charge you*, &c.] The old copy reads—*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſe* you: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,——that between you and the women*, &c. STEEVENS.

This paſſage ſhould be read thus: *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleaſes* them: *and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,*——to like as much as pleaſes them, *that between you and the women*, &c. Without the alteration of *you* into *them*, the invocation is nonſenſe; and without the addition of

of you as had beards that pleaſed me, complexions

the words, *to like as much as pleaſes them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may paſs*, would be unſupported by any precedent premiſes. The words ſeem to have been ſtruck out by ſome ſenſeleſs player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *ym*, written as was the cuſtom in that time, were in manuſcript ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted, [" to like as much, &c."] " the men are to like only juſt as much as pleaſed the women, and the women only juſt as much as pleaſed the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taſte: and if both of them diſliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet deſires of them. But Shakſpeare did not write ſo nonſenſically; he deſires the women to like as much as pleaſed the men, and the men to *ſet the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently implied in theſe words, " that between you and the women the play may pleaſe."

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated ſentence, admits by his interpretation the change of " —pleaſes *you*" to " —pleaſes *them*;" which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it neceſſary; nor is Mr. Heath's expoſition, in my opinion, correct. The text is ſufficiently clear, without any alteration. Roſalind's addreſs appears to me ſimply this: " I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *ſet an example to*, but] to *follow* or *agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be ſucceſsful." The words " to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies" are not, indeed, expreſſed, but plainly implied in thoſe ſubſequent; " that, between you and the women, the play may pleaſe." In the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* P. II. the addreſs to the audience proceeds in the ſame order: " All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly."

The old copy reads—as *pleaſe* you The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Like all my predeceſſors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr. Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the

that liked me,[8] and breaths that I defied not:[9] and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*[1]

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note; but the old copy is certainly right, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *K. Richard III:*

" Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
" And may direct his courſe, as *pleaſe* himſelf."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" ——a pipe for fortune's finger,
" To ſound what ſtop ſhe *pleaſe*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII:*

" All men's honours
" Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
" Into what pitch he *pleaſe*." MALONE.

I read—" and *ſo* I charge you, O men," &c. This trivial addition (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking) clears the whole paſſage. STEEVENS.

[7] *If I were a woman,*] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

[8] ——*complexions that* liked *me,*] i. e. that I liked. So again in *Hamlet:* " This *likes* me well." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*breaths that I defied not:*] This paſſage ſerves to manifeſt the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakſpeare were written. Such an idea, ſtarted by a modern dramatiſt, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignation from the ſtage. STEEVENS.

[1] Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Roſalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of Jaques is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of this work, Shakſpeare ſuppreſſed the dialogue between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers JOHNSON.

See p. 29. *Is but a* quintaine, *&c.*] Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been leſs exceptionable, had it been more ſimple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is ſeldom guilty—want of refinement. "This (ſays Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worſe) explanation of a beautiful paſſage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a ſtake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a ſhield and trophies of war, at which they ſhot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the ſhield and trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. Without this information, how could the reader underſtand the alluſion of—

——— *my better parts*
Are all thrown down.——

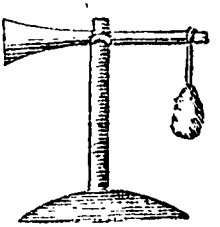
In the preſent edition I have avoided, as much as poſſible, all kind of controverſy; but in thoſe caſes where errors, by having been long adopted, are become inveterate, it becomes in ſome meaſure neceſſary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common, but a very dangerous miſtake, to ſuppoſe that the interpretation which gives moſt ſpirit to a paſſage is the true one. In conſequence of this notion, two paſſages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the moſt ſpirited interpretation that can be imagined happens to be inconſiſtent with his general manner, and the phraſeology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a cuſtom which did not exiſt in his age, moſt aſſuredly it is a falſe interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the paſſage before us.

The military exerciſe of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it ſubſiſted in England in the thirteenth century. *Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venuſtantur; terræ infixis, ſudibus ſcuta apponuntur, quibus in craſtinum* quintanæ *ludus, ſcilicet equeſtris, exerceretur.* M. Paris, *ad ann.* 1253. Theſe probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakſpeare's library; nor is it at all material to our preſent point what were the cuſtoms of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintaine* was not a military exerciſe of tilting, but a mere ruſtic ſport. So Minſhieu, in his Dict. 1617: "A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in requeſt at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will, ſtrive for the gay garland." So alſo, Randolph at ſomewhat a later period [Poems, 1642]:

" Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;
" As they at *tilts*, ſo we at *quintaine* runne;
" And thoſe old paſtimes reliſh beſt with me,
" That have leaſt art, and moſt ſimplicitie."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his *Survey of London*, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a quintaine, as repreſented in the margin.



" I have ſeen (ſays he) a *quinten* ſet up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry diſports have runne, and made greate paſtime; for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to ſcorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faſter, had a ſound blow in his necke with a bagge full of ſand hanged on the other end." Here we ſee were no ſhields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. " The great deſign of the ſport, (ſays Dr. Plott, in his *Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire*,) is to try both man and horſe, and to *break the board*; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*." Shakſpeare's ſimiles ſeldom correſpond on both ſides. " My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful ſpirit being ſubdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (ſays Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeleſs block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If, however, the words " better parts," are to be applied to the quintaine, as well as to the ſpeaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *ſhield* or *trophy*, muſt have been alluded to.

Our author has, in *Macbeth*, uſed " my better part of man" for *manly ſpirit*.

" Accurſed be the tongue that tells me ſo,
" For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

The explanations of this paſſage, as well as the accounts of the *quintain*, are by no means ſatisfactory; nor have the labours of the critick or the antiquary been exhauſted. The whole of Orlando's ſpeech ſhould ſeem to refer to the quintain, but not to ſuch a one as has been deſcribed in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accuſed of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already obſerved, Shakſpeare was undoubtedly not acquainted; but this charge is erroneous, for no ſuch paſſage as that above

cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed ſpeak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. *Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenſes ſtatuto pavone pro bravio ad ſtadium quod* quintena *vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias & equorum curſus ſunt experti.* He then proceeds to ſtate that ſome of the King's pages, and others belonging to the houſhold, being offended at theſe ſports, abuſed the Londoners with foul language, calling them ſcurvy clowns and greaſy raſcals, and ventured to diſpute the prize with them; the conſequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briſkly, and ſo belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horſes and moſt terribly bruiſed. They afterwards went before the King, the tears ſtill trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beſeeching that he would not ſuffer ſo great an offence to remain unpuniſhed; and the King, with his uſual ſpirit of revenge, extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through ſome miſtake cited Robertus Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Cruſades. He is deſcribing the arrival of ſome meſſengers from Babylon, who, upon entering the Chriſtian camp, find to their great aſtoniſhment (for they had heard that the Chriſtians were periſhing with fear and hunger) the tents curiouſly ornamented, and the young men practiſing themſelves and their horſes in tilting againſt ſhields hung upon poles. In the oldeſt edition of this writer, inſtead of "*quintanæ ludus,*" it is "*ludus equeſtris.*" However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has ſubſtituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but ſtill not illuſtrative of the paſſage in queſtion. I ſhall beg leave then to preſent the reader with ſome others, from which it will appear, that the quintain *was* a military exerciſe in Shakſpeare's time, and not a mere ruſtic ſport, as Mr. Malone imagines.

No. 1, is copied from an initial letter in an Italian book, printed in 1560. Here is the figure of a man placed upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a ſhield, in the other a bag of ſand. No. 2, is the *Saracen* quintain from *Pluvinel, inſtruction du Roi Louis XIII. dans l'exerciſe de monter à cheval.* This ſort of quintain, according to Meneſtrier, was invented by the Germans, who, from their frequent wars with the Turks, accuſtomed their ſoldiers to point their lances againſt the figure of their enemy. The ſkill conſiſted in ſhivering the lance to pieces, by ſtriking it againſt the head of the man, for if it touched the ſhield, the figure turned round and generally ſtruck the horſeman a violent blow with his ſword. No. 3, is the Flemiſh quintain, copied from a print after Wouvermans; it is called *La bague Flamande*, from the ring which the figure holds in his left hand; and here the object was to take away the ring with the point of the lance, for if it ſtruck any other part, the man turned round and hit the rider with his ſand-bag. This is a mixture of the quintain and running at the ring, which two ſports have been ſome how or other in like manner confounded by the Italians, who ſometimes expreſs the running at the ring by *correre alla quintana*. The principle of all theſe was the

ſame, viz. to avoid the blow of the ſword or ſand-bag, by ſtriking the quintain in a particular place.

It might have been expected that ſome inſtance had been given of the uſe of theſe quintains in England; and for want of it an objection may be taken to this method of illuſtrating the preſent ſubject: but let it be remembered, that Shakſpeare has indiſcriminately blended the uſages of all nations; that he has oftentimes availed himſelf of hearſay evidence; and again, that as our manners and cuſtoms have at all times been borrowed from the French and other nations, there is every reaſon to infer that this ſpecies of the quintain had found its way into England. It is hardly needful to add, that a knowledge of very many of our ancient ſports and domeſtic employments is not now to be attained. Hiſtorians have contented themſelves to record the vices of kings and princes, and the minutiæ of battles and ſieges; and, with very few exceptions, they have conſidered the diſcuſſion of private manners (a theme perhaps equally intereſting to poſterity) as beneath their notice, and of little or no importance.

As a military ſport or exerciſe, the uſe of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Juſtinian's *Code*, Lib. III. tit. 43; and its moſt probable etymology is from "*Quintus*," the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the ſubſtitute or rehearſal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongſt them a very favourite amuſement. Many inſtances occur of its uſe in ſeveral parts of France, particularly as a ſeignorial right exacted from millers, watermen, new-married men, and others; when the party was obliged, under ſome penalty, to run at the quintain upon Whitſunday and other particular times, at the lord's caſtle, for his diverſion. Sometimes it was practiſed upon the water, and then the quintain was either placed in a boat, or erected in the middle of the river. Something of this kind is deſcribed from Fitzſtephen by Stowe in his *Survey*, p. 143, edit. 1618, 4to. and ſtill continues to be practiſed upon the Seine at Paris. Froiſſart mentions, that the ſhield quintain was uſed in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. In Wales it is ſtill practiſed at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now ſtanding a quintain, reſembling that copied from Stowe, oppoſite the dwelling-houſe of a family that is obliged under ſome tenure to ſupport it; but I do not find that any uſe has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants.

Shakſpeare then has moſt probably alluded to that ſort of quintain which reſembled the human figure; and if this be the caſe, the ſpeech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to thank you; for, ſurprized and ſubdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I reſemble the quintain, whoſe human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeleſs trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do *not* refer to the quintain, "that which here ſtands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be alſo not unaptly called a lifeleſs block. Douce.

ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.*

* ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.] The ſtory of *All's well that ends well*, or, as I ſuppoſe it to have been ſometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakſpeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in the Firſt Vol. of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, 4to. 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakſpeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumſtances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic buſineſs appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.[1]

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu,[2] *an old Lord.*
Parolles,[3] *a Follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *War.*
Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
A Page.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *Mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Counteſs.*
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, *Daughter to the Widow.*
Violenta,[4]
Mariana, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; *Officers, Soldiers,* &c. French *and* Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

[1] The perſons were firſt enumerated by Mr. Rowe.

[2] *Lafeu,*] We ſhould read—*Leſeu.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Parolles,*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould write this name—*Paroles,* i. *e.* a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

[4] *Violenta* only enters once, and then ſhe neither ſpeaks, nor is ſpoken to. This name appears to be borrowed from an old metrical hiſtory, entitled *Didaco and Violenta,* 1576. STEEVENS.

ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

COUNT. In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

BER. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[1] evermore in ſubjection.

[1] ——*in* ward,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almoſt forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the King's *wards*. Whether the ſame practice prevailed in France, it is of no great uſe to enquire, for Shakſpeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was ſubject to wardſhips, and no other part of

Laf. You ſhall find of the king a huſband, madam;—you, ſir, a father: He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his phyſicians, madam; under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis![2]) whoſe ſkill

France beſides; but the ſuppoſition of the contrary furniſhed Shakſpeare with a reaſon why the King compelled Rouſillon to marry Helen. Tollet.

The prerogative of a *wardſhip* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be ſuppoſed to be incorporated with the conſtitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II. Sir J. Hawkins.

[2] —— *O, that* had! *how ſad a* paſſage *'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then tranſlated,) where Menedemus ſays:

"——Filium unicum adoleſcentulum
"*Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo
"—— *habui,* Chreme,
"Nunc *habeam* necne incertum eſt." Blackstone.

So, in Spenſer's *Shepheard's Calender:*

"Shee, while ſhe was, (that *was* a woeful word to ſaine,)
"For beauties praiſe and pleaſaunce had no peere."

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd,* 1606:

"She is not mine, I have no daughter now;
"That I ſhould ſay *I had,* thence comes my grief."
Malone.

Paſſage is *any thing that paſſes.* So we now ſay, a *paſſage* of an *author,* and we ſaid about a century ago, the *paſſages* of

was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretched ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

Laf. How called you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have lived ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

a *reign*. When the *Counteſs* mentions Helena's loſs of a father, ſhe recollects her own loſs of a huſband, and ſtops to obſerve how heavily the word *had* paſſes through her mind. Johnson.

Thus Shakſpeare himſelf. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

" Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day."

So, in *The Gameſter*, by Shirley, 1637: " I'll not be witneſs of your *paſſages* myſelf:" i. e. of what paſſes between you.

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" —— never lov'd theſe prying liſtening men
" That aſk of others' ſtates and *paſſages*."

Again:

" I knew the *paſſages* 'twixt her and Scudamore."

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" ——— have beheld
" Your vile and moſt laſcivious *paſſages*."

Again, in *The Engliſh Intelligencer*, a tragi-comedy, 1641: " —two philoſophers that jeer and weep at the *paſſages* of the world." Steevens.

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.[3]

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,[4] there com-

[3] *A fiſtula, my lord.*] The King of France's diſorder is ſpecified as follows in Painter's tranſlation from Boccaccio's *Novel*, on which this play was founded: "She heard by report that the French King had a ſwelling upon his breaſt, which by reaſon of ill cure, was growen into a *fiſtula*," &c. In Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, p. 251, we have alſo mention of this inelegant diſorder. Speaking of the neceſſity which princes occaſionally find to counterfeit maladies, our author has the following remark: "And in diſſembling of diſeaſes, which I pray you? for I have obſerued it in the *Court of Fraunce*, not a burning feuer, or a pluriſie, or a palſie, or the hydropick and ſwelling gowte, &c. But it muſt be either a dry dropſie, or a megrim or letarge, or a *fiſtule in ano*, or ſome ſuch other ſecret diſeaſe as the common conuerſant can hardly diſcouer, and the phyſitian either *not ſpeedily heale*, or not honeſtly bewray." Steevens.

[4] ——*virtuous qualities*,] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the ſame ſenſe that the Italians ſay, *qualità virtuoſa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, ſhe ſays, that, in *an ill mind*, theſe *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too*: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedneſs than it could have done without them. Warburton.

Virtue, and *virtuous*, as I am told, ſtill keep this ſignification in the north, and mean *ingenuity* and *ingenious*. Of this ſenſe, perhaps, an inſtance occurs in the Eighth Book of Chapman's verſion of the *Iliad*:

"Then will I to Olympus' top our *virtuous* engine bind,
"And by it every thing ſhall hang," &c.

mendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs;[5] ſhe derives her honeſty, and achieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in.[6] The remembrance of her father

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, p. 1, 1590:

" If theſe had made one poem's period,
" And all combin'd in beauties worthyneſſe,
" Yet ſhould there hover in their reſtleſſe heads
" One thought, one grace, one wonder at the leaſt,
" Which into words no *vertue* can digeſt." Steevens.

[5] —— *they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs;*] *Her virtues are the better for their ſimpleneſs*, that is, her excellencies are the better becauſe they are artleſs and open, without fraud, without deſign. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not ſhown the full extent of Shakſpeare's maſterly obſervation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with an evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. *The Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that a *young man who falls into their way, is* betrayed *as much by his judgment as his paſſions.* Johnson.

In *As you like it*, *virtues* are called *traitors* on a very different ground:

" ——— to ſome kind of men
" Their graces ſerve them but as enemies;
" No more do yours; your *virtues*, gentle maſter,
" Are ſanctified and holy *traitors* to you.
" O what a world is this, when what is comely
" Envenoms him that bears it!" Malone.

[6] —— *can* ſeaſon *her praiſe in.*] To *ſeaſon* has here a culinary ſenſe; *to preſerve by ſalting.* A paſſage in *Twelfth-Night* will beſt explain its meaning:

never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood[7] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have.[8]

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.[9]

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

" ——all this to *ſeaſon*
" A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep *freſh*,
" And *laſting* in her remembrance." Malone.

So, in Chapman's verſion of the third *Iliad*:
" *Seaſon'd* with tears her joys, to ſee," &c. Steevens.

[7] ——*all livelihood*—] i. e. all appearance of life. Steevens.

[8] ——*leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than* to have.] Our author ſometimes is guilty of ſuch ſlight inaccuracies; and concludes a ſentence as if the former part of it had been conſtructed differently. Thus, in the preſent inſtance, he ſeems to have meant—leſt *you* be rather thought *to* affect a ſorrow, than *to have*. Malone.

[9] *I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that ſhe does not wiſh ſhould be underſtood by the counteſs. Her *affected* ſorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowneſs of her ſituation, which ſhe feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully ſupport this interpretation:

" ——————I think not on my father;—
" ——————What was he like?
" I have forgot him; my imagination
" Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:
" I am undone." Malone.

The ſorrow that Helen affected, was for her father; that which ſhe really felt, was for Bertram's departure. The line ſhould be particularly attended to, as it tends to explain ſome ſubſequent paſſages which have hitherto been miſunderſtood. M. Mason.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.[1]

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, Bertram! and ſucceed thy father
In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh,[2] and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier; good my lord,
Adviſe him.

[1] *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] *Laſeu* ſays, *exceſſive grief is the enemy of the living:* the Counteſs replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the exceſs ſoon makes it mortal:* that is, *If the living do not indulge grief, grief deſtroys itſelf by its own exceſs.* By the word *mortal* I underſtand *that which dies*; and Dr. Warburton [who reads—*be* not *enemy*—] *that which deſtroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a ſentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. Johnson.

A paſſage in *The Winter's Tale*, in which our author again ſpeaks of grief deſtroying itſelf by its own exceſs, adds ſupport to Dr. Johnſon's interpretation:

"———— ſcarce any joy
"Did ever live ſo long; *no ſorrow*
"*But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.*"

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

"Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
"And *in their triumph die.*" Malone.

[2] *That thee may furniſh,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. Johnson.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bleſs him!—Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit* Counteſs.

Ber. The beſt wiſhes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*To* Helena] be ſervants to you![3] Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;[4]

[3] *The beſt* wiſhes, &c.] That is, may you be miſtreſs of your *wiſhes*, and have power to bring them to effect. Johnson.

[4] Laf. *Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt* hold *the credit of your father.*

Hel. *O, were that all!—I think not on my father*;] This paſſage has been paſſed over in ſilence by all the commentators, yet it is evidently defective. The only meaning that the ſpeech of Lafeu will bear, as it now ſtands, is this: "That Helena, who was a young girl, ought to keep up the credit which her father had eſtabliſhed, who was the beſt phyſician of the age; and ſhe, by her anſwer, *O, were that all!* ſeems to admit that it would be no difficult matter for her to do ſo." The abſurdity of this is evident; and the words will admit of no other interpretation. Some alteration therefore is neceſſary; and that which I propoſe is, to read *uphold*, inſtead of *muſt hold*, and then the meaning will be this: "Lafeu, obſerving that Helena had ſhed a torrent of tears, which he and the Counteſs both aſcribe to her grief for her father, ſays, that ſhe *upholds* the credit of her father, on this principle, that the ſureſt proof that can be given of the merit of a perſon deceaſed, are the lamentations of thoſe who ſurvive him. But Helena, who knows her own heart, wiſhes that ſhe had no other cauſe of grief, except the loſs of her father, whom ſhe thinks no more of." M. Mason.

O, were that all! &c.] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the

And theſe great tears[5] grace his remembrance more
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.[6]

daughter of ſuch a father,—for ſuch perhaps is the meaning,) were my only ſolicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram. MALONE.

[5] ——*theſe great tears*—] The tears which the King and Counteſs ſhed for him. JOHNSON.

And theſe great tears *grace his remembrance more*
Than thoſe I ſhed for him.] Johnſon ſuppoſes that, by *theſe great tears*, Helena means the tears which the King and the Counteſs ſhed for her father; but it does not appear that either of thoſe great perſons had ſhed tears for him, though they ſpoke of him with regret. By *theſe great tears*, Helena does not mean the tears of great people, but the big and copious tears ſhe then ſhed herſelf, which were cauſed in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Counteſs, to the loſs of her father; and from this miſapprehenſion of theirs, graced his remembrance more than thoſe ſhe actually ſhed for him. What ſhe calls *gracing his remembrance*, is what Lafeu had ſtyled before, *upholding his credit*, the two paſſages tending to explain each other.—It is ſcarcely neceſſary to make this grammatical obſervation—That if Helena had alluded to any tears ſuppoſed to have been ſhed by the King, ſhe would have ſaid *thoſe* tears, not *theſe*, as the latter pronoun muſt neceſſarily refer to ſomething preſent at the time. M. MASON.

[6] *In his bright* radiance *and* collateral *light* &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the ſame *ſphere*, but *muſt be comforted* at a diſtance by the *radiance* that ſhoots *on all ſides* from him. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. X:
" ——from his *radiant* ſeat he roſe
" Of high *collateral* glory." STEEVENS.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[7] heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour:[8]

[7] *'Twas pretty, though a plague,*
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;] So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:
"Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath ſteel'd
"Thy beauty's form in *table of my heart.*"
A *table* was in our author's time a term for a *picture*, in which ſenſe it is uſed here. *Tableau*, French. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the poſſeſſion of the Hon. Horace Walpole:
"The Queen to Walſingham this *table* ſent,
"Mark of her people's and her own content."
MALONE.

Table here only ſignifies the *board* on which any picture was painted. So, in Mr. Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, Vol. I. p. 58: "Item, one *table* with the *picture* of the Ducheſs of Milan." "Item, one *table* with the *pictures* of the King's Majeſty and Queen Jane:" &c. Helena would not have talked of drawing Bertram's *picture* in her *heart's picture*; but conſiders her heart as the *tablet* or ſurface on which his reſemblance was to be pourtrayed. STEEVENS.

[8] ——trick *of his ſweet favour:*] So, in *King John*: "he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* ſeems to be ſome peculiarity or feature. JOHNSON.

Trick is an expreſſion taken from *drawing*, and is ſo explained in *King John*, Act I. ſc. i. The preſent inſtance explains itſelf:
——*to ſit and* draw
His arched brows, &c.
——*and* trick *of his ſweet favour.*
Trick, however, on the preſent occaſion, may mean neither *tracing* nor *outline*, but *peculiarity*. STEEVENS.

Tricking is uſed by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.[9]

PAR. Save you, fair queen.

HEL. And you, monárch.[1]

PAR. No.

HEL. And no.[2]

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity?

HEL. Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier[3] in

[9] Cold *wiſdom waiting on* ſuperfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. WARBURTON.

[1] *And you,* monárch.] Perhaps here is ſome alluſion deſigned to *Monarcho,* a ridiculous fantaſtical character of the age of Shakſpeare. Concerning this perſon, ſee the notes on *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act IV. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[2] *And no.*] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho.* MALONE.

[3] ——ſtain *of ſoldier*——] *Stain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee.* WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of theſe expreſſions, that Parolles was entirely dreſt in red. Shakſpeare writes only *ſome ſtain of ſoldier,* meaning in one ſenſe, that he had *red breeches on,* (which is ſufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tail'd humble-bee,*) and in another, that he was *a diſgrace*

you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none; man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city.[4] It is not politick in the commonwealth

to *ſoldiery*. *Stain* is uſed in an adverſe ſenſe by Shakſpeare, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "—nor any man an attaint, but he carries *ſome ſtain* of it."

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves on this occaſion that "though a *red* coat is now the mark of a ſoldier in the Britiſh ſervice, it was not ſo in the days of Shakſpeare, when we had no ſtanding army, and the uſe of armour ſtill prevailed." To this I reply, that the colour *red* has always been annexed to ſoldierſhip. Chaucer, in his *Knight's Tale*, v. 1749, has "*Mars* the *rede*," and Boccace has given *Mars* the ſame epithet in the opening of his *Theſeida*: "O *rubicondo* Marte." Steevens.

I take the liberty of making one obſervation reſpecting Steevens's note on this paſſage, which is, that when Chaucer talks of *Mars the red*, and Boccace of the *rubicondo Marte*, they both allude to the countenance and complexion of the god, not to his clothes; but as Lafeu, in Act IV. ſc. v. calls Parolles the *red-tailed humble-bee*, it is probable that the colour of his dreſs was in Helena's contemplation. M. Mason.

Stain rather for what we now ſay *tincture*, ſome qualities, at leaſt ſuperficial, of a ſoldier. Johnson.

[4] —— *with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your* city.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe;[5] and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf;[6] and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin[7]

"And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
"Till thus he 'gan beſiege me."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"This makes in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
"To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*."

MALONE.

[5] *Loſs of virginity is* rational *increaſe*;] I believe we ſhould read, *national*. TYRWHITT.

Rational increaſe may mean the regular increaſe by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

[6] *He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf*;] i. e. he that hangs himſelf, and a virgin, are in this circumſtance alike; they are both *ſelf-deſtroyers*. MALONE.

[7] ——inhibited *ſin*—] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*:

"——a practiſer
"Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant." STEEVENS.

in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chooſe but looſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf ten,[8] which is a goodly increaſe; and

[8] ——*within ten years it will make itſelf* ten,] The old copy reads—"within ten years it will make itſelf *two*." The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was alſo ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, who likewiſe propoſed to read—"within *two* years it will make itſelf *two*." Mr. Tollet would read—"within ten years it will make itſelf *twelve*."

I formerly propoſed to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itſelf two." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itſelf; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture, (in which I once had ſome confidence,) only for the purpoſe of acknowledging my error. I had not ſufficiently attended to a former paſſage in this ſcene,—"Virginity, by being once loſt, may be *ten* times found," i. e. may produce *ten* virgins. Thoſe words likewiſe are ſpoken by Parolles, and add ſuch deciſive ſupport to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not heſitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been obſerved, that many paſſages in theſe plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly. Our author's ſixth Sonnet fully ſupports the emendation here made:

"That *uſe* is not forbidden uſury,
"Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
"That's for thyſelf, to breed another thee,
"Or *ten times* happier, be it *ten* for one.
"Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
"*If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee.*"

"*Out* with it," is uſed equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: conſidered in another light, it ſignifies, put it out to intereſt. In *The Tempeſt* we have—"Each *putter out* on five for one," &c. MALONE.

There is no reaſon for altering the text. A well-known obſervation of the noble earl, to whom the horſes of the preſent generation owe the length of their tails, contains the true explanation of this paſſage. HENLEY.

I cannot help repeating, on this occaſion, Juſtice Shallow's remark: "Give me pardon, ſir:—If you come with news, I take it there is but two ways;—*either to utter them, or to conceal them.*" With this noble earl's notorious remark I am quite unacquainted. STEEVENS.

the principal itſelf not much the worſe: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.[9] 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now:[1] Your date is better[2] in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.[3]

[9] —— *Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*] Parolles, in anſwer to the queſtion, "How one ſhall loſe virginity to her own liking?" plays upon the word *liking*, and ſays, *ſhe muſt do ill, for* virginity, to be ſo loſt, *muſt like him that likes not* virginity. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *which* wear *not now*:] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakſpeare often uſes the active for the paſſive. The modern editors read, "which *we* wea. not now." TYRWHITT.

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

[2] —— *Your* date *is better*——] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both age, and a candied *fruit* much uſed in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the paſtry."

The ſame quibble occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "——and then to be bak'd with no *date* in the pie, for then the man's *date* is out." STEEVENS.

[3] *Not my virginity yet.*] The whole ſpeech is abrupt, unconnected, and obſcure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of t

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,

ſuppoſititious. I would be glad to think ſo of the whole, for a commentator naturally wiſhes to reject what he cannot underſtand. Something, which ſhould connect Helena's words with thoſe of Parolles, ſeems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt, by reading:

Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court,
There ſhall your maſter, &c.

Some ſuch clauſe has, I think, dropped out, but ſtill the firſt words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away from his harangue, ſaid, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.——I know not what to do with the paſſage.

JOHNSON.

I do not perceive ſo great a want of connection as my predeceſſors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be ſought for, in ſo careleſs a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the ſpeaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableneſs of virginity, eſpecially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough, replies, that hers is not yet in that ſtate; but that in the enjoyment of her, his maſter ſhould find the gratification of all his moſt romantic wiſhes. What Dr. Warburton ſays afterwards is ſaid at random, as all poſitive declarations of the ſame kind muſt of neceſſity be. Were I to propoſe any change, I would read *ſhould* inſtead of *ſhall*. It does not, however, appear that this rapturous effuſion of Helena was deſigned to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obſcurity, therefore, may be its merit. It ſufficiently explains what is paſſing in the mind of the ſpeaker, to every one but him to whom ſhe does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read: "Will you any thing with *us*?" i. e. will you ſend any thing with us to court? to which Helena's anſwer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Twelfth-Night*, Act III. ſc. i:

"*You'll nothing*, madam, to my lord by me?"

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps ſomething has been omitted in Parolles's ſpeech. "*I am now bound for the court*; will you any thing with it [i. e. with the court?"] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Tell me what you have to the king."

A phœnix,[4] captain,[5] and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note; " —that in the enjoyment of her," &c. MALONE.

I am ſatisfied the paſſage is as Shakſpeare left it. Parolles, after having cried down, with all his eloquence, *old virginity*, in reference to what he had before ſaid, " That *virginity* is a commodity the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. ANSWER THE TIME of requeſt." aſks Helena,— " Will *you* any thing with IT?"—to which ſhe replies—" NOT MY *virginity* YET." HENLEY.

[4] *A phœnix*, &c.] The eight lines following *friend*, I am perſuaded, is the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's ſaying, as it ſhould be read for the future:

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves;
A mother, *and a* miſtreſs, *and a* friend,
I know not what he ſhall—God ſend him well.

Where the fellow, finding a *thouſand* loves ſpoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *miſtreſs's*, and a *friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention, for there are but three ſpecies of love in nature,) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonſenſe: and, becauſe they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole ſuch finiſhed nonſenſe, as is never heard out of Bedlam. WARBURTON.

[5] ——*captain*,] Our author often uſes this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:

" Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: " —the ats more *captain* than the lion."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Deſdemona:

" ——our great captain's *captain*."

We find ſome of theſe terms of endearment again uſed in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes ſays to the young Mamillius,

" Come, *captain*, we muſt be neat," &c.

Again, in the ſame ſcene, Polixenes, ſpeaking of his ſon, ſays:

" He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
" Now my ſworn *friend*, and then mine *enemy*;
" My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all." MALONE.

A counſellor a traitreſs,[6] and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms,[7]

[6] ——*a* traitreſs,] It ſeems that *traitreſs* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he ſays, "You are like a *traytor*, but ſuch *traytors* his majeſty does not much fear." JOHNSON.

I cannot conceive that *traitreſs* (ſpoken ſeriouſly) was in any age *a term of endearment*. From the preſent paſſage, we might as well ſuppoſe *enemy* (in the laſt line but one) to be *a term of endearment*. In the other paſſage quoted, Lafeu is plainly ſpeaking ironically. TYRWHITT.

Traditora, a traitreſs, in the Italian language, is generally uſed as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helena is, that ſhe ſhall prove *every thing* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

Falſtaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to ſay ſo." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to uſe the language of love.

Helena, however, I think, does not mean to ſay that ſhe ſhall prove every thing to Bertram, but to expreſs her apprehenſion that he will find at the court ſome lady or ladies who ſhall prove every thing to him; ("a phœnix, captain, and counſellor, traitreſs;" &c.) to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cupid goſſips." MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of thoſe times an authority for moſt, if not for every one, of theſe whimſical titles. At leaſt I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyrick poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. HEATH.

[7] —— *chriſtendoms*,] This word, which ſignifies the collective body of chriſtianity, every place where the chriſtian religion is embraced, is ſurely uſed with much licence on the preſent occaſion. It is alſo employed with a ſimilar ſenſe in an Epitaph "on an only Child," which the reader will find at the end of *Wit's Recreations*, 1640:

That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he——
I know not what he ſhall:—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhow what we alone muſt think;[8] which never
Returns us thanks.

" As here a name and *chriſtendome* to obtain,
" And to his Maker then return again." Steevens.

It is uſed by another ancient writer in the ſame ſenſe; ſo that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the ſignification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poeſie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

" She is baptiz'd in *Chriſtendom*,
[i. e. by a chriſtian name,]
" The Jew cries out he's undone—."

Theſe lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the ſtory of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that ſaves the Merchant's life by pleading his cauſe. There ſhould ſeem therefore to have been ſome novel on this ſubject that has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of the commentators. In the ſame book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *The Winter's Tale*. Malone.

[8] *And ſhow what we alone muſt think;*] And ſhow by realities what we now *muſt only think*. Johnson.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monſieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: But the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,? and I like the wear well.

? ——*is a virtue of a* good wing,] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleneſs or fleetneſs in running away. The phraſe, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Fawne*, 1606: "I love my horſe after a journeying eaſineſs, as he is eaſy in journeying; my hawk, for the *goodneſs of his wing*," &c. Or it may be taken from dreſs. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I would have mine ſuch a ſuit without a difference; ſuch ſtuff, ſuch a *wing*, ſuch a ſleeve," &c. Mr. Tollet obſerves, that a *good wing* ſignifies a *ſtrong wing* in Lord Bacon's *Natural Hiſtory*, experiment 866:—

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel,[1] and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

"Certainly many birds of a *good wing* (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly." The ſame phraſe, however, anciently belonged to archery. So Aſcham, in his *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 57: "—another ſhaft—becauſe it is lower feathered, or elſe becauſe it is of *a better wing*," &c. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *ming*) is ſupported by a paſſage in *King Henry V.* in which we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion: "Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the *like wing*."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"Yet let me wonder Harry,
"At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*,
"Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors." MALONE.

The meaning of this paſſage appears to be this: "If your valour will ſuffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the ſame reaſon will make you run away, the compoſition that your valour and fear make in you, muſt be a virtue that will fly far and ſwiftly."—A bird of a good wing, is a bird of ſwift and ſtrong flight.

Though the latter part of this ſentence is ſenſe as it ſtands, I cannot help thinking that there is an error in it, and that we ought to read—"And *is* like *to* wear well," inſtead of "*I* like *the* wear well." M. MASON.

[1] ——*ſo thou wilt be* capable *of a courtier's counſel,*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet* on the words—

"Whoſe form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?[2]
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.[3]
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been[4] cannot be: Who ever ſtrove
To ſhow her merit, that did miſs her love?

[2] *What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;*
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a perſon ſo much above me? why am I made to diſcern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? Johnson.

[3] —— *kiſs like native things.*] Things formed by nature for each other. M. Mason.

So, in Chapman's metrical "Addreſs to the Reader," prefixed to his tranſlation of Homer's *Iliad*, 1611:

"Our monoſyllables ſo kindly fall
"And meete, oppoſde in rime, as they did *kiſſe*."

Steevens.

[4] *The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been—] All theſe four lines are obſcure, and, I believe, corrupt; I ſhall propoſe an emendation, which thoſe who can explain the preſent reading, are at liberty to reject:

Through *mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
Likes to join likes, *and kiſs like native things.*

That is, *nature* brings *like qualities* and diſpoſitions *to meet* through any *diſtance* that *fortune* may ſet between them; ſhe *joins* them and makes them *kiſs like things born together*.

The next lines I read with Sir T. Hanmer:

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What hath't *been, cannot be.*

The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me.
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

New attempts ſeem impoſſible to thoſe who eſtimate their *labour* or *enterpriſes* by ſenſe, and believe that nothing can be but what they ſee before them. JOHNSON.

I underſtand the meaning to be this—*The affections given us by nature often unite perſons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greateſt diſtance or diſparity; and cauſe them to join, like likes* (inſtar parium) *like perſons in the ſame ſituation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) in *Timon of Athens:*

"Thou ſoldereſt cloſe *impoſſibilities*,
"And mak'ſt them *kiſs*."

This interpretation is ſtrongly confirmed by a ſubſequent ſpeech of the Counteſſes ſteward, who is ſuppoſed to have overheard this ſoliloquy of Helena: "*Fortune*, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch *difference* betwixt their two eſtates."

The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, for *perſons the moſt widely ſeparated by fortune*, is certainly a licentious expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as Shakſpeare often takes. Thus, in *Cymbeline*, *the diminution of ſpace* is uſed for the diminution, of which ſpace, or *diſtance*, is the cauſe.

If he had written *ſpaces*, (as in *Troilus and Creſſida*,

"——her whom we know well
"The world's large *ſpaces* cannot parallel,)"

the paſſage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—

The mightieſt ſpace in nature fortune brings
To join, &c.

i. e. accident ſometimes unites thoſe whom inequality of rank has ſeparated. But I believe the text is right. MALONE.

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters*; Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[5] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, ſir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve

[5] ——*Senoys*——] The *Saneſi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who tranſlates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a ſmall republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. Steevens.

A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rouſillon,[6] my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſciplied of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father:[7] In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.[8]

[6] ——*Rouſillon,*] The old copy reads *Roſignoll.* Steevens.

[7] ——*It much* repairs *me*
To talk of your good father.] To *repair*, in theſe plays, generally ſignifies, to *renovate*. So, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——O diſloyal thing,
" That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth." Malone.

[8] *He had the wit, which I can well obſerve*
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.] I believe *honour*

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them;[9] and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand:[1] who were below him

is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation*:—*Your father*, ſays the king, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical wit with the young lords of the preſent time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity*, in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit*.

This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies, and ſlight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

Point thus:

He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords: but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn returns to them, un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt, &c. BLACKSTONE.

The punctuation recommended by Sir William Blackſtone is, I believe, the true one, at leaſt it is ſuch as deſerves the reader's conſideration. STEEVENS.

[9] *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs*
Were in his *pride or ſharpneſs; if* they *were,*
His equal had awak'd them;] *Nor* was uſed without reduplication. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"More *nor* leſs to others paying,
"Than by ſelf-offences weighing."

The old text needs to be explained. He was ſo like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterneſs or contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal*. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and ſomewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero, Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

[1] *His tongue obey'd* his *hand:*] We ſhould read—*His tongue obey'd* the *hand*. That is, *the hand* of *his honour's clock*, ſhowing *the true minute when exceptions bad him ſpeak*. JOHNSON.

He us'd as creatures of another place;[2]
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled:[3] Such a man

His is put for *its*. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— her motion
" Bluſh'd at *herſelf*."—inſtead of *itſelf*. STEEVENS.

[2] *He us'd as creatures of another place*;] i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not underſtanding the ſenſe, has altered *another place* to a *brother-race*. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated thoſe below him with becoming condeſcenſion, as creatures not indeed in ſo *high* a plate as himſelf, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largeſt, of the great chain of ſociety.

In *The Winter's Tale*, *place* is again uſed for *rank* or ſituation in life:

" ——— O thou thing,
" Which I'll not call a *creature of thy place*."

MALONE.

[3] *Making them proud of his humility,*
In their poor praiſe he humbled:] But why were they proud of his humility? It ſhould be read and pointed thus:

Making them proud; and *his humility*,
In their poor praiſe, he humbled—

i. e. by condeſcending to ſtoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them *proud*; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor praiſe*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The ſentiment is fine. WARBURTON.

Every man has ſeen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may ſometimes be *humbled in the praiſes* of the mean, of thoſe who commend them without conviction or diſcernment: this, however, is not ſo common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving ſuch marks of condeſcenſion and affability from a perſon in ſo elevated a ſituation, and at the ſame time lowering or humbling himſelf, by ſtooping to accept of the encomiums of mean per-

Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, ſir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.[4]

ſons for that humility. The conſtruction ſeems to be, "he *being* humbled in their poor praiſe." Malone.

Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condeſcending manner of behaving to them. M. Mason.

[4] *So in approof lives not his* epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.] *Epitaph* for character.
Warburton.

I ſhould wiſh to read—
Approof ſo lives not *in his* epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.
Approof is *approbation*. If I ſhould allow Dr. Warburton's interpretation of *epitaph*, which is more than can be reaſonably expected. I can yet find no ſenſe in the preſent reading.
Johnson.

We might, by a ſlight tranſpoſition, read—
So his approof lives not in *epitaph.*
Approof certainly means *approbation*. So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*:

" A man ſo abſolute in my *approof*,
" That nature hath reſerv'd ſmall dignity
" That he enjoys not."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Either of commendation or *approof*." Steevens.

Perhaps the meaning is this:—*His epitaph or inſcription on his tomb is not ſo much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal ſpeech.* Tollet.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *approbation*, but this is not always the caſe; and in this place it ſignifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the paſſage appears to be this: "The truth of his epitaph is in no way ſo fully *proved*, as by your royal ſpeech." It is needleſs to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the character and praiſes of the deceaſed. *Approof* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Bertram, in the ſecond Act:

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*——
Thus[5] his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments;[6] *whoſe conſtancies*

" *Laf.* But I hope your lordſhip thinks him not a ſoldier.
" *Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof.*"
M. Mason.

Mr. Heath ſuppoſes the meaning to be this: " His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not ſo well eſtabliſhed by *the ſpecimens he exhibited of his worth,* as by your royal report in his favour." The paſſage above quoted from Act II. ſupports this interpretation. Malone.

[5] *Thus*—] Old copy—*This.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.
Malone.

[6] —— *whoſe judgments are*
Mere fathers *of their garments;*] Who have no other uſe of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dreſs.
Johnson.

I have a ſuſpicion that Shakſpeare wrote—*mere* feathers *of their garments;* i. e. whoſe judgments are merely *parts* (and inſignificant parts) *of their dreſs,* worn and laid aſide, as *feathers* are, from the mere love of novelty and change. He goes on to ſay, that they are even leſs conſtant in their judgments than in their dreſs:

——— *their conſtancies*
Expire before their faſhions. Tyrwhitt.

The reading of the old copy—*fathers,* is ſupported by a ſimilar paſſage in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— ſome jay of Italy
" Whoſe *mother* was her *painting*—

Expire before their faſhions:——This he wiſh'd:
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, ſir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications:—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count;
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majeſty.
[*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

Again, by another in the ſame play:

"——No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
"Who is thy *grandfather*; he made thoſe *clothes*,
"Which, as it ſeems, *make* thee."

There the garment is ſaid to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgment, being employed ſolely in forming or giving *birth* to new dreſſes, is called *the father of the garment*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"——every minute now
"Should be the *father* of ſome ſtratagem." Malone

"——*nature and ſickneſs*
Debate it—] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Death and nature do *contend* about them."
Steevens.

SCENE III.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, Steward, *and* Clown.[8]

Count. I will now hear: what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

[8] —— *Steward, and* Clown.] A *Clown* in Shakſpeare is commonly taken for a *licenſed jeſter*, or domeſtick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, ſince fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only ſervant repreſented is Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant, or a ruſtic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech, is likewiſe called a *clown*.

Johnson.

Cardinal Wolſey, after his diſgrace, wiſhing to ſhow King Henry VIII. a mark of his reſpect, ſent him his fool *Patch*, as a preſent; whom, ſays Stowe, "the King received very gladly."

Malone.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth-Night*, between Olivia and the *Clown*, ſeems to have been particularly cenſured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verſes prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Shakſpeare* to thee was dull, whoſe beſt jeſt lies
"I' th' *lady's* queſtions, and the *fool's* replies;
"Old faſhion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
"In trunk-hoſe, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*."

In the MS. Regiſter of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, treaſurer of the chamber to King James I. from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majeſty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem.—1615: Paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majeſty's *jeſter*, for 13 weeks, 10*l*. 18*s*. 6*d*.—1616." Steevens.

The following lines in *The Cuſtom of the Country*, a comedy, 1650, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,[9] I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.[1]

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, ſirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.[2]

"Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
"Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
"Untill I cry'd again, to ſee what faces
"The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
"*To ſee him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,*
"*And twirl his table.* There is ne'er a part
"About him but breaks jeſts.—
"I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
"Than hear the graveſt ſpeech in all the play.
"I never ſaw READE peeping through the curtain,
"But raviſhing joy enter'd into my heart." MALONE.

[9] —— *to even your content,*] To act up to your deſires. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *when of ourſelves we publiſh them.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"The worthineſs of praiſe diſdains his worth,
"If he that's prais'd, himſelf brings the praiſe forth."
MALONE.

[2] —— *you lack not folly to commit* them, *and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries* yours.] After premiſing that the accuſative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this, by a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe, ſtands for the freaks which occaſioned thoſe complaints, the ſenſe will be extremely clear: "You are fool enough to commit thoſe irregularities you are charged with, and yet not ſo much fool neither, as to diſcredit the accuſation by any defect in your ability." HEATH.

It appears to me that the accuſative *them* refers to *knaveries*,

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, ſir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned:[3] But, if I may have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world,[4] Iſbel the woman and I[5] will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In Iſbel's caſe, and mine own. Service is no heritage:[6] and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

and the natural ſenſe of the paſſage ſeems to be this: "You have folly enough to deſire to commit theſe knaveries, and ability enough to accompliſh them." M. Mason.

[3] —— *are damned:*] See *S. Mark*, x. 25; *S. Luke*, xviii. 25. Grey.

[4] —— *to go to the world,*] This phraſe has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and ſignifies to be *married*: and thus, in *As you like it*, Audrey ſays: "—it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be *a woman of the world*." Steevens.

[5] —— *and* I—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the firſt copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] *Service is no heritage.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. *Needs muſt when the devil drives*, is another. Reason.

Clo. Faith madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends;[7] for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.[8] He, that ears my land,[9]

[7] Clo. *You are ſhallow, madam*; e'en *great friends*;] The meaning [i. e. of the ancient reading mentioned in the ſubſequent note] ſeems to be, you are not deeply ſkilled in the character or offices of great friends. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*in* great friends; evidently a miſtake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The ſame miſtake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the preſent comedy, Act III. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:

"*Lady.* What have we here?

"*Clown.* *In* that you have there."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"No more but *in* a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"'Tis with him *in* ſtanding water, between boy and man."

The corruption of this paſſage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the emendation now made, I am anſwerable. MALONE.

[8] ——*the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.*] The ſame thought is more dilated in an old MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maid's Tragedy*:

ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyſam the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſevered in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

" *Soph.* I have a wife, would ſhe were ſo preferr'd!
" I could but be her ſubject; ſo I am now.
" I allow her her owne frend to ſtop her mowth,
" And keep her quiet; give him his table free,
" And the huge feeding of his great ſtone-horſe,
" On which he rides in pompe about the cittie
" Only to ſpeake to gallants in bay-windowes.
" Marry, his lodging he paies deerly for;
" He getts me all my children, there I ſave by't;
" Beſide, I drawe my life owte by the bargaine
" Some twelve yeres longer than the tymes appointed;
" When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
" At one and thirtie, and lies dead and rotten
" Some five and fortie yeares before I'm coffin'd.
" 'Tis the right waie to keep a woman honeſt:
" One friend is baracadoe to a hundred,
" And keepes 'em owte; nay more, a huſband's ſure
" To have his children all of one man's gettinge;
" And he that performes beſt, can have no better:
" I'm e'en as happie then that ſave a labour."

STEEVENS.

* ——*that* cars *my land.*] To *ear* is to *plough*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Make the ſea ſerve them, which they *ear* and wound
" With keels of every kind." STEEVENS.

See 1 *Sam.* viii. 12. *Iſaiah*, xxx. 24. *Deut* xxi. 4. *Gen.* xlv. 6. *Exod.* xxxiv. 21. for the uſe of this verb. HENLEY.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:[1]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
Your cuckoo ſings by kind.[2]

Count. Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

[1] *A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:*] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. On which account they were eſteemed ſacred: Travellers tell us in what eſteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they leſs honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bénet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in *Rabelais*, adviſed Panurge to go and conſult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occaſion to a ſatirical ſtroke upon the privy council of Francis the Firſt—*Par l'avis, conſeil*, prediction *des fols vos ſçavez quants princes, &c. ont eſté conſervez*, &c. The phraſe—*ſpeak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the inſtruments or *canals* of others; ſuch as inſpired perſons were ſuppoſed to be.
WARBURTON.
See the popular ſtory of *Nixon the Idiot's Cheſhire Prophecy*.
DOUCE.
Next way, is *neareſt way*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I:
"'Tis the *next way* to turn tailor," &c. STEEVENS.
Next way is a phraſe ſtill uſed in Warwickſhire, and ſignifies *without circumlocution*, or *going about*. HENLEY.

[2] ——*ſings by kind.*] I find ſomething like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:
"Content yourſelf as well as I, let reaſon rule your minde.
"As cuckoldes come by deſtinie, ſo cuckowes ſing by kinde." STEEVENS.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cauſe,*[3] *quoth ſhe,*
[Singing.
Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
Fond done,[4] *done fond,*
Was this king Priam's joy.

[3] *Was this fair face the cauſe,* &c.] The name of *Helen,* whom the Counteſs has juſt called for, brings an old ballad on the ſacking of Troy to the Clown's mind. Malone.

This is a ſtanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to ſtake the ſenſe and alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was King Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line, therefore, ſhould be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he—. Warburton.

If this be a ſtanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the reſtoration may be made with authority. Stevens.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted, from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill,* the following ſtanza of another old ballad.

"And here fair *Paris* comes,
"The hopeful youth of *Troy,*
"Queen Hecuba's darling ſon,
"King *Priam's* only *joy.*"

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the perſon deſcribed as "king Priam's joy" in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved, that Dr. Warburton, though he has ſupplied the words ſuppoſed to be loſt, has not explained them; nor, indeed, do they ſeem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning. In 1585 was entered on the Stationers' books, by Edward White, *The Lamentation of Hecuba, and the Ladyes of Troye;* which probably contained the ſtanza here quoted. Malone.

I am told that this work is little more than a dull amplification of the latter part of the twenty-fourth Book of Homer's

With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,[5]
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.[6]

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the ſong: 'Would God would ſerve

Iliad. I alſo learn, from a memorandum by Dr Farmer, that *The Life and Death of St. George*, a ballad, begins as follows:

"Of Hector's deeds did Homer ſing,
"And of the ſack of ſtately Troy;
"What grief fair Helen did them bring
"Which was Sir Paris' only joy." Steevens.

[4] Fond *done*,] Is fooliſhly done. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. iii:

"——Sorrow and grief of heart,
"Makes him ſpeak *fondly*." Steevens.

[5] *With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood*,] At the end of the line of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italick characters the word *his*, denoting, I ſuppoſe, the neceſſity of its being repeated. The correſponding line was twice printed, as it is here inſerted, from the oldeſt copy. Steevens.

[6] *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten.] This ſecond ſtanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeſſion, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Counteſs obſerved, that he corrupted the ſong; which ſhows the ſong ſaid—*nine good in ten*.

If one be bad amongſt nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten ſons of Priam, who all behaved themſelves well but Paris. For, though he once had fifty, yet, at this unfortunate period of his reign, he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hirtius, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris*, and *Polites*. Warburton.

the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parſon: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar,[7] or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well;[8] a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, ſir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[9]—I am going, forſooth: the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit* Clown.

[7] ——*but every blazing ſtar,*] The old copy reads—*but ore every blazing ſtar.* Steevens.

I ſuppoſe *o'er* was a miſprint for *or*, which was uſed by our old writers for before. Malone.

[8] ——*'twould* mend *the lottery* well;] This ſurely is a ſtrange kind of phraſeology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I ſhould be inclined to read—lottery *wheel*. Malone.

[9] Clo. *That man* &c.] The Clown's anſwer is obſcure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He anſwers, with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiſs*; that he does not amiſs, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodneſs, but of his own *honeſty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt*; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of ſuperiors, and wear the *ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleaſed with a ſtate of ſubjection.

Here is an allufion, violently enough forced in, to ſatirize the obſtinacy with which the *puritans* refuſed the uſe of the eccleſiaſtical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cauſe of

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she

the breach of the union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.

Johnson.

The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"——She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason that your sincere *puritans* cannot abide a *surplice*, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland."

Again, in *The Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a *puritan's* at the sight of a *surplice*."

Again, in *The Hollander*, 1640:

"——A *puritan*, who, because he saw a *surplice* in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes."

Steevens.

I cannot help thinking we should read—*Though honesty be* a *puritan*—. Tyrwhitt.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to say—though *honesty be* no *puritan*,—why should he add—*that it would wear the surplice*, &c. or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, should be free from the scruples and prejudices of one?

The Clown, I think, means to say, "Though honesty be rigid and conscientious as a puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while, at the same time, its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them." I suspect, however, a still farther corruption; and that the compositor caught the words "*no hurt*" from the preceding line. Our author, perhaps, wrote—"Though honesty be *a* puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined*; it will wear the surplice of humility, over the black gown of a big heart." I will, therefore, obey my mistress, however reluctantly, and go for Helena. Malone.

ſinds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſhed me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe loved your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level;[1] Diana, no queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed, without reſcue, in the firſt aſſault, or ranſome afterward:[2] This ſhe delivered in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, ſpeedily to ac-

[1] ——*only where qualities were level*;] The meaning may be, where qualities only, *and not fortunes* or *conditions*, were level. Or, perhaps, *only* is uſed for *except*: "—that would not extend his might, *except* where two perſons were of equal rank." Malone.

[2] ——*Love, no god*, &c. Diana, no *queen of virgins*, &c.] This paſſage ſtands thus in the old copies:

Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every ſenſible reader that ſomething muſt have ſlipt out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The ſteward is ſpeaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady; fortune was no goddeſs, ſhe ſaid, for one reaſon; love, no god, for another;—what could ſhe then more naturally ſubjoin, than as I have amended in the text.

Diana, no *queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed without reſcue*, &c.

For, in poetical hiſtory, Diana was as well known to preſide over *chaſtity*, as Cupid over *love*, or Fortune over the *change* or *regulation* of our *circumſtances*. Theobald.

quaint you withal; ſithence,[3] in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharged this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor miſdoubt: Pray you, leave me: ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

Enter Helena.

Count. Even ſo it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's,[4] theſe are ours; this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſs'd in youth:
By our remembrances[5] of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.[6]
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.

[3] ——*ſithence,*] i. e. ſince. So, in Spenſer's *State of Ireland*: "—the beginning of all other evils which *ſithence* have afflicted that land." Chaucer frequently uſes *ſith*, and *ſithen*, in the ſame ſenſe. Steevens.

[4] *If we are nature's,*] The old copy reads—*If* ever *we are nature's* Steevens.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] *By our remembrances*—] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we ſay, he is old *by* my reckoning. Johnson.

[6] *Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.*] We ſhould read: —— *O! then we thought them none.*
A motive for pity and pardon, agreeable to fact, and the in-

Hel. What is your pleaſure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I ſaid, a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent: What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds:[7]
You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?[8]
Why?——that you are my daughter?

dulgent character of the ſpeaker. This was ſent to the Oxford *editor*, and he altered *O*, to *though*. Warburton.

Such were the faulty weakneſſes of which I was guilty in my youth, or ſuch at leaſt were then my *feelings*, though, perhaps, at that period of my life, I did not think they deſerved the name of *faults*. Dr. Warburton, without neceſſity, as it ſeems to me, reads—"*O!* then we thought them none;"—and the ſubſequent editors adopted the alteration. Malone.

[7] ——— *and choice breeds*
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds:] And our choice furniſhes us with a ſlip propagated to us from foreign ſeeds, which we educate and treat, as if it were native to us, and ſprung from ourſelves. Heath.

[8] ——— *What's the matter,*
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?] There is ſomething exquiſitely beautiful in this repreſentation of that

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I ſay, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his ſiſter:[9] Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?[1]

ſuffuſion of colours which glimmers around the ſight when the eye-laſhes are wet with tears. The poet hath deſcribed the ſame appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And round about her tear-diſtained eye
"Blue circles ſtream'd like rainbows in the ſky."

HENLEY.

[9] ——*or were you both our mothers,*
I care no more for, *than I do for heaven,*
So I were not his ſiſter:] There is a deſigned ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*. I wiſh it equally.

FARMER.

In *Troilus and Creſſida* we find—"I *care not* to be the louſe of a lazar, *ſo I were not* Menelaus." There the words certainly mean, I ſhould not be ſorry or unwilling to be, &c. According to this, then, the meaning of the paſſage before us ſhould be, "If you were mother to us both, it would not give me more ſolicitude than heaven gives me,—ſo I were not his ſiſter." But Helena certainly would not confeſs an indifference about her future ſtate. However, ſhe may mean, as Dr. Farmer has ſuggeſted, "I ſhould not care *more* than, but *equally as*, I care

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So ſtrive[2] upon your pulſe: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs: Now I ſee
The myſtery of your loneline ſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head.[3] Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,

for future happineſs; I ſhould be as content, and ſolicit it as much, as I pray for the bliſs of heaven." Malone.

[1] ——*Can't no other,*
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?] The meaning is obſcured by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but* if *I* be *your daughter, he muſt be my brother?*
Johnson.

[2] ——*ſtrive*—] To *ſtrive* is to contend. So, in *Cymbeline*: "That it did *ſtrive* in workmanſhip and value."
Steevens.

[3] ——*Now I ſee*
The myſtery of your loneline ſs, *and find*
Your ſalt tears' head.] The old copy reads—*lovelineſs.*
Steevens.

The myſtery of her *lovelineſs* is beyond my comprehenſion: the old Counteſs is ſaying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word ſhould find a place here; which it could not, unleſs ſarcaſtically employed, and with ſome ſpleen. I dare warrant the poet meant his old lady ſhould ſay no more than this: "I now find the myſtery of your creeping into corners, and weeping, and pining in ſecret." For this reaſon I have amended the text, *loneline ſs*. The Steward, in the foregoing ſcene, where he gives the Counteſs intelligence of Helena's behaviour, ſays—
"*Alone ſhe* was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears." Theobald.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your *lowline ſs*. Tyrwhitt.

I think Theobald's correction as plauſible. To chooſe ſolitude is a mark of love. Steevens.

Your ſalt tears' head.] The ſource, the fountain of your tears, the cauſe of your grief. Johnson.

To ſay, thou doſt not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſsly ſhown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind[4] they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: Speak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs!

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your ſon:—
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be.

[4] ——*in their* kind—] i. e. in their language, according to their *nature*. Steevens.

I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,[5]
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill: [6] thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourſelf,

[5] ——captious *and* intenible *ſieve,*] The word *captious* I never found in this ſenſe; yet I cannot tell what to ſubſtitute, unleſs *carious* for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been miſtaken by the copiers than uſed by the author. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers, and eſpecially in Churchyard's *Poems*, with which Shakſpeare was not unacquainted. STEEVENS.

By *captious*, I believe Shakſpeare only meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by *intenible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and paſſive adjectives, has been already more than once obſerved.

The original copy reads —*intemible*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] *And lack not to* loſe *ſtill:*] Perhaps we ſhould read—
And lack not to love *ſtill.* TYRWHITT.

I believe *loſe* is right. So afterwards, in this ſpeech:

" ——whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
" But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to *loſe*."

Helena means, I think, to ſay that, like a perſon who pours water into a veſſel full of holes, and ſtill continues his employment, though he finds the water all loſt, and the veſſel empty, ſo, though ſhe finds that *the waters of her love* are ſtill *loſt*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom ſhe thinks ſhe never can deſerve, ſhe yet is not diſcouraged, but perſeveres in her hopeleſs endeavour to accompliſh her wiſhes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite ſtory of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,[7]
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and love; [8] O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that her ſearch implies,
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.[9]

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading,
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For general ſovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulleſt reſervation to beſtow them,

[7] *Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,*] i. e. whoſe reſpectable conduct in age *ſhows*, or *proves*, that you were no leſs virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witneſſes, or examples from books, our author, with his uſual licence, uſes to *cite*, in the ſame ſenſe of to *prove*. Malone.

[8] *Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian*
Was both herſelf and love;] i. e. Venus. Helena means to ſay—"If ever you wiſhed that the deity who preſides over chaſtity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the ſame perſon; or, in other words, if ever you wiſhed for the honeſt and lawful completion of your chaſte deſires." I believe, however, the words were accidentally tranſpoſed at the preſs, and would read—

Love dearly, and wiſh chaſtly, that your Dian &c.
Malone.

[9] ——*tell true.*] This is an evident interpolation. It is needleſs, becauſe it repeats what the Counteſs had already ſaid: it is injurious, becauſe it ſpoils the meaſure. Steevens.

As notes, whoſe faculties inclufive[1] were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhes, whereof
The king is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? ſpeak.

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[2] have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints,
More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt[3]

[1] ——*notes, whoſe faculties* inclufive—] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were incloſed than appeared to obſervation.
JOHNSON.

[2] Embowell'd *of their doctrine,*] i. e. exhauſted of their ſkill. So, in the old ſpurious play of *K. John*:
"Back war-men, back; *embowel* not the clime."
STEEVENS.

[3] *There's ſomething* hints
More than my father's ſkill,——
——that *his good receipt,* &c.] The old copy reads—*ſomething* in't. STEEVENS.

Here is an inference, [*that*] without any thing preceding, to which it refers which makes the ſentence vicious, and ſhows that we ſhould read—

Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctified
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:[4]
Be gone to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.

[*Exeunt.*

There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill,——
——*that his good receipt*——

i. e. I have a ſecret premonition, or preſage. Warburton.

. This neceſſary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Malone.

[4] ——into *thy attempt.*] So in the old copy. We might more intelligibly read, according to the third folio,—unto *thy attempt.* Steevens.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, *with young Lords taking leave for the* Florentine *war*; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

KING. Farewell,[5] young lord, theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:[6]—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

[5] *Farewell,* &c.] In all the latter copies theſe lines ſtood thus:

Farewell, young lords; *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, *farewell;*
Share the advice betwixt you; if both again,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd.

The third line in that ſtate was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus:

Farewell, young lord; *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you; you, my lord, *farewell;*
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain, well!
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

The firſt edition, from which the paſſage is reſtored, was ſufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that the latter editors preferred A reading which they did not underſtand. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*and you, my* lord, *farewell:*] The old copy, both in this and the following inſtance, reads—*lords.* STEEVENS.

It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (beſides Bertram) went to ſerve in Italy; and therefore, I think, the King's ſpeech ſhould be corrected thus:

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege.[7] Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it;[8] when

Farewell, young lord; *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you; *and you, my* lord, *farewell*; what follows, ſhows this correction to be neceſſary:
Share the advice betwixt you; *if both gain all*, &c.
TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's emendation is clearly right. Advice is the only thing that may be ſhared between two, and yet both gain all.
M. MASON.

[7] ——*and yet my heart*
Will not confeſs he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege.] i. e. as the common phraſe runs, *I am ſtill heart-whole*; my ſpirits, by not ſinking under my diſtemper, do not acknowledge its influence. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*let higher Italy*
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the ſide next the Adriatic was denominated the higher Italy, and the other ſide the lower: and the two ſeas followed the ſame terms of diſtinction, the Adriatic being called the upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan the lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatic. HANMER.

Italy, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as ſucceſſor of the Roman emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Conſtantine, another; and the third was compoſed of free ſtates.

The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,

Now by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates: now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premiſed, let us now conſider ſenſe. The King ſays *higher* Italy;—giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himſelf, and ſays, I except thoſe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates; for inſtance, Florence, to whom theſe volunteers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free ſtates. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Thoſe baſtards *that inherit*, &c.

with this note:

"Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities and ſtates which aroſe out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the laſt of the four great monarchies of the world."

Dr. Warburton's obſervation is learned, but rather too ſubtle; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. The paſſage is confeſſedly obſcure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be underſtood of ſituation rather than of dignity. The ſenſe may then be this: *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exerciſe your valour, *ſee that you come to gain honour, to the* abatement, *that is, to the diſgrace and depreſſion of thoſe* that have now loſt their antient military fame, and *inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy*. To *abate* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the original ſenſe of *abatre*, to *depreſs*, to *ſink*, to *deject*, to *ſubdue*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——till ignorance deliver you,
"As moſt *abated* captives to ſome nation
"That won you without blows."

And *bated* is uſed in a kindred ſenſe in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"——in a bondman's key,
"With *bated* breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs."

The word has ſtill the ſame meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

In confirmation of Johnſon's opinion, that *higher* relates to ſituation, not to dignity, we find, in the third ſcene of the fourth Act, that one of the Lords ſays: "What will Count Rouſſillon do then? will he travel *higher*, or return again to France?" M. MASON.

That fame may cry you loud:[9] I ſay, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, ſerve your majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They ſay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.[1]

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The* King *retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* O my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,

Thoſe 'bated may here ſignify "thoſe being *taken away* or *excepted:*" *Bate*, thus contracted, is in colloquial language ſtill uſed with this meaning. This parenthetical ſentence implies no more than *they excepted who poſſeſs modern Italy, the remains of the Roman empire.* Holt White.

[9] *That fame may cry you loud:*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"——*fame* with her *loud'ſt* O yes,
"*Cries*, This is he." Steevens.

[1] ——*beware of being captives,*
Before you ſerve.] The word *ſerve* is equivocal; the ſenſe is, *Be not captives before* you ſerve in the war. *Be not captives before you are ſoldiers.* Johnson.

Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn,
But one to dance with![2] By heaven, I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.[3]

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary; and ſo farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.[4]

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monſieur Parolles!

——*and no ſword worn,*
But one to dance *with!*] It ſhould be remembered that, in Shakſpeare's time, it was uſual for gentlemen to dance with ſwords on. Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient cuſtom in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. ix:

" ——He, at Philippi kept
" His ſword, even like a *dancer*."

See Mr. Steevens's note there. Malone.

[3] ——I'll *ſteal* away——
There's honour *in the theft.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" There's *warrant* in that theft,
" Which *ſteals* itſelf——." Steevens.

[4] *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] I read thus—*Our parting is* the parting of *a tortured body.* Our parting is as the diſruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cauſe of miſtakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the ſentence is omitted. Johnson.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. iii:

" ——it is a ſufferance, panging
" As ſoul and body's ſevering." Steevens.

As they grow together, the tearing them aſunder was torturing a body. Johnſon's amendment is unneceſſary. M. Mason.

We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, (" like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,") our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a diſruption of limbs which are now common to both. Malone.

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals:— You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,[5] an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrenched it: ſay to him, I live; and obſerve his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him riſe.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrained yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there, do muſter true gait, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt received ſtar;[6] and

[5] ——with *his cicatrice,*] The old copy reads—*his cicatrice* with. Steevens.

It is ſurprizing, none of the editors could ſee that a ſlight tranſpoſition was abſolutely neceſſary here, when there is not common ſenſe in the paſſage, as it ſtands without ſuch tranſpoſition. Parolles only means, "You ſhall find one captain Spurio in the camp, with a ſcar on his left cheek, a mark of war that my ſword gave him." Theobald.

[6] ——*they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there,* do *muſter true gait,* &c.] The main obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from the miſtake of a ſingle letter. We ſhould read, inſtead of *do muſter,* to *muſter. To wear themſelves in the cap of the time,* ſignifies to be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps.—*There to muſter true gait,* ſignifies to aſſemble together in the high road of the faſhion. All the reſt is intelligible and eaſy. Warburton.

I think this emendation cannot be ſaid to give much light to the obſcurity of the paſſage. Perhaps it might be read thus:—They *do muſter* with the *true gait,* that is, they have the true

though the devil lead the meaſure,[7] ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men.

[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Parolles.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

military ſtep. Every man has obſerved ſomething peculiar in the ſtrut of a ſoldier. Johnson.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*maſter* true gait. To *maſter* any thing, is to learn it perfectly. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"As if he *maſter'd* there a double ſpirit
"Of teaching and of learning——."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"Between the promiſe of his greener days,
"And thoſe he *maſters* now."

In this laſt inſtance, however, both the quartos, viz. 1600 and 1608, read *muſters.* Steevens.

The obſcurity of the paſſage ariſes only from the fantaſtical language of a character like Parolles, whoſe affectation of wit urges his imagination from one alluſion to another, without allowing time for his judgment to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the firſt image that occurs, *true gait,* manner of *eating, ſpeaking,* &c. are the ſeveral ornaments which they *muſter,* place, or arrange in *time's cap.* This is done *under the influence of the moſt received ſtar;* that is, the perſon in the higheſt repute for ſetting the faſhions:—and though the devil were to lead the meaſure or *dance* of faſhion, ſuch is their implicit ſubmiſſion, that even he muſt be followed. Henley.

[7] ——*lead the* meaſure,] i. e. the dance. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing,* Beatrice ſays: "Tell him there is *meaſure* in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer." Steevens.

King. I'll ſee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought[8] his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to aſk me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:[9]
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them:[1] I have ſeen a medicine,[2]

[8] ——*brought*—] Some modern editions read—*bought*. Malone.

[9] ——*acroſs*.] This word, as has been already obſerved, is uſed when any paſs of wit miſcarries. Johnson.

While chivalry was in vogue, breaking ſpears againſt a quintain was a favourite exerciſe. He who ſhivered the greateſt number was eſteemed the moſt adroit; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if achieved by a ſide-ſtroke, or *acroſs*, it ſhowed unſkilfulneſs, and diſgraced the practiſer. Here, therefore, Lafeu reflects on the King's wit, as awkward and ineffectual, and, in the terms of play, good for nothing. Holt White.

See *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. iv. p. 124. Steevens.

[1] ——*yes, but you will,*
My noble grapes, &c.] The words—*My noble grapes*, ſeem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer to ſtand ſo much in the way, that they have ſilently omitted them. They may be, indeed, rejected without great loſs, but I believe they are Shakſpeare's words. *You will eat*, ſays Lafeu, *no grapes. Yes, but you will eat ſuch noble grapes*, as I bring you, *if you could reach them*. Johnson.

[2] ——*medicine*,] is here put for a *ſhe-phyſician*. Hanmer.

That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[3]
With ſpritely fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch[4]
Is powerful to araiſe king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write[5] to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor ſhe: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,[6]
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs:[7] Will you ſee her

[3] ——*and make you dance* canary,] Mr. Rich. Brome, in his comedy, entitled, *The City Wit, or the Woman wears the Breeches*, Act IV. ſc. i. mentions this among other dances: "As for corantoes, lavoltos, jigs, meaſures, pavins, brawls, galliards, or *canaries*; I ſpeak it not ſwellingly, but I ſubſcribe to no man." Dr. Grey.

[4] ——*whoſe ſimple* touch &c.] Thus, *Ovid*, Amor. III. vii. 41:

Illius ad tactum *Pylius juveneſcere poſſit,*
Tithonoſque annis fortior eſſe ſuis. Steevens.

[5] *And write*—] I believe a line preceding this has been loſt. Malone.

[6] ——*her years*, profeſſion,] By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming. Warburton.

[7] *Than I dare blame my weakneſs:*] This is one of Shakſpeare's perplexed expreſſions. "To acknowledge how much ſhe has aſtoniſhed me, would be to acknowledge a weakneſs; and this I am unwilling to do." Steevens.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this:—"That the amazement ſhe excited in him was ſo great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakneſs, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occaſioned it." M. Mason.

(For that is her demand,) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Laſeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.[8]

Re-enter Lafeu, *with* Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;[9]
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His majeſty ſeldom fears: I am Creſſid's uncle,[1]
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profeſs, well found.[2]

King. I knew him.

[8] *Thus he his ſpecial nothing* ever prologues.] So, in *Othello*: "'Tis *evermore* the *prologue* to his ſleep." Steevens.

[9] ——*come your ways*;] This vulgariſm is alſo put into the mouth of *Polonius*. See *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[1] ——Creſſid's *uncle*,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Creſſida*. Johnson.

[2] ——*well found*.] i. e. of known, acknowledged, excellence. Steevens.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,[3]
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have ſo:
And, hearing your high majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,[4]
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,—
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ranſome nature
From her inaidable eſtate,—I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empiricks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;

[3] ——*a* triple *eye*,] i. e. a *third* eye. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The *triple* pillar of the world, transform'd
"Into a ſtrumpet's fool." Steevens.

[4] ——*wherein the honour*
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,] Perhaps we may better read:

——*wherein the* power
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in honour.
Johnson.

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd
grateful:
Thou thought'ſt to help me; and ſuch thanks I
give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes.[5] Great floods have
flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dried,
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.[6]

[5] *So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,*
When judges have been babes.] The alluſion is to St. *Matthew's* Goſpel, xi. 25: "O father, lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, becauſe *thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.*" See alſo 1 *Cor.* i. 27: "But God hath choſen the fooliſh things of the world to confound the wiſe; and God hath choſen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty."
MALONE.

[6] *When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.*] I do not ſee the import or connection of this line. As the next line ſtands without a correſpondent rhyme, I ſuſpect that ſomething has been loſt. JOHNSON.

I point the paſſage thus; and then I ſee no reaſon to complain of want of connection:

When judges have been babes. Great floods, &c.
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.

Shakſpeare, after alluding to *the production of water from a rock*, and *the drying up of the Red Sea*, ſays, that *miracles had been denied by the* GREATEST; or, in other words, that

Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.[7]

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;[8]
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

the Elders of Israel (who juſt before, in reference to another text, were ſtyled *judges*) had, notwithſtanding theſe miracles, wrought for their own preſervation, refuſed that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the Book of *Exodus*, particularly ch. xvii. 5, 6, &c. Henley.

So holy writ, &c. alludes to Daniel's judging, when, "a young youth," the two Elders in the ſtory of *Suſannah*. *Great floods*, i. e. when Moſes ſmote the rock in Horeb, *Exod.* xvii.

——*great ſeas have dried*
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied

Dr. Johnſon did *not ſee the import or connection of this line*: it certainly refers to the children of Iſrael paſſing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied, or *not hearkened to*, by Pharaoh. Holt White.

[7] ——*and deſpair moſt* fits.] The old copy reads—*hitſts*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[8] *Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim*;] i. e. pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition. Warburton.

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,[9]
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;[1]
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.[2]

I rather think that ſhe means to ſay,—*I am not an impoſtor that proclaim* one thing and deſign another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I ſpeak. Johnson.

[9] *The greateſt* grace *lending* grace.] I ſhould have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been ſuperfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the ſpeech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. Steevens.

The former *grace* in this paſſage, and the latter in *Macbeth*, evidently ſignify *divine grace*. Henley.

[1] ——his *ſleepy lamp*;] Old copy—her *ſleepy lamp*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[2] ——— *a divulged ſhame,—*
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.] *I would bear* (ſays ſhe) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a ſtrumpet; would endure a ſhame reſulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the ſubject of odious*

King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak: [3]

ballads; *let my maiden reputation be otherwiſe branded*; and, no worſe of worſt extended, i. e. *provided nothing worſe is offered to me*, (meaning violation,) *let my life be ended with the worſt of tortures*. The poet, for the ſake of rhyme, has obſcured the ſenſe of the paſſage. *The worſt that can befal a woman, being extended to me*, ſeems to be the meaning of the laſt line. Steevens.

Tax of impudence, that is, to be charged with having the boldneſs of a ſtrumpet:—*a divulged ſhame*; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads:—*my maiden name's ſcared otherwiſe*; i. e. to be ſtigmatized as a proſtitute:—*no worſe of worſt extended*; i. e. to be ſo defamed that nothing ſeverer can be ſaid againſt thoſe who are moſt publickly reported to be infamous. Shakſpeare has uſed the word *fear* and *extended* in *The Winter's Tale*, both in the ſame ſenſe as above:

"——for calumny will *fear*
"Virtue itſelf!"——

And "The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought."
Henley.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *nay*, or *the*. I would wiſh to read and point the latter part of the paſſage thus:

——*my maiden's name*
Scar'd otherwiſe; nay, worſt *of worſt, extended*
With vileſt torture, let my life be ended.

i. e. Let me be otherwiſe branded;—and (what is *the worſt of worſt*, the conſummation of miſery,) my body being extended on the rack by the moſt cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my preſumption.

So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"——the *worſt of worſt* of ills."

No was introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio.

Again, in *The Remedie of Love*, 4to. 1600:

"If ſhe be fat, then ſhe is ſwollen, ſay,
"If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore,
"If ſlender, leane, meagre and worne away,
"If courtly, wanton, *worſt of worſt* before."

Malone.

And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.[4]
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate;[5]
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all[6]
That happineſs and prime[7] can happy call:

[3] *Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;*
His powerful ſound, *within an organ weak:*] The verb, *doth ſpeak*, in the firſt line, ſhould be underſtood to be repeated in the conſtruction of the ſecond, thus:
His powerful ſound ſpeaks *within a weak organ.*
HEATH.
This, in my opinion, is a very juſt and happy explanation.
STEEVENS.

[4] *And what impoſſibility would ſlay*
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.] i. e. and that which, if I truſted to my reaſon, I ſhould think impoſſible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by ſome bleſſed ſpirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.

[5] ——*in thee hath* eſtimate;] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

[6] *Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage,* virtue, *all*—] The old copy omits *virtue*. It was ſupplied by Dr. Warburton, to remedy a defect in the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*prime*—] Youth; the ſpring or morning of life.
JOHNSON.
Should we not read—*pride*? Dr. Johnſon explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not ſee any other plauſible interpretation that can be given of it. But how does that ſuit with the context? "You have all that is worth the name of life; *youth*, beauty, &c. all, That happineſs and *youth* can happy call."—*Happineſs and pride* may ſignify, I think, *the pride of happineſs*; the proudeſt ſtate of happineſs. So, in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Act III. ſc. i. *the voice and echo*, is put for *the voice of echo*, or *the echoing voice*. TYRWHITT.
I think, with Dr. Johnſon, that *prime* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive, but that it means, that *ſprightly vigour* which uſually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. 6: "Many things ſeeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have paſſed over a good part of my age in ſound and perfect health. I ſay, not

Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property [8]
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deſerv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promiſe me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. . But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[9]

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of France;

only found, but blithe and wantonly-luſtful. That ſtate, full of luſt, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the conſideration of ſickneſſes ſo yrkſome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." MALONE.

[8] ——*in* property—] In *property* ſeems to be here uſed, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance*. In a ſubſequent paſſage it ſeems to mean either a thing poſſeſſed, or a ſubject diſcriminated by peculiar qualities:

"The *property* by what it is ſhould go,
"Not by the title." MALONE.

[9] *Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of* heaven.] The old copy reads:

——— *my hopes of* help. STEEVENS.

The King could have but a very ſlight hope of *help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore Helen might ſuſpect he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt part of the ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme: and there is no ſhadow of reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote:

Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven. THIRLBY.

My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:[1]
But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand; the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
Though, more to know, could not be more to truſt;
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—But reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.—
Give me ſome help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

[1] *With any* branch *or* image *of thy ſtate:*] Shakſpeare unqueſtionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe*, a graff, or ſlip, or ſucker: by which ſhe means one of the ſons of France. Caxton calls our Prince Arthur, *that noble* impe *of fame*.

Warburton.

Image is ſurely the true reading, and may mean any repreſentative of thine; i. e. any one who reſembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your ſtate and majeſty. There is no ſuch word as *impage*; and, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, were ſuch a one coined, it would mean nothing but the art of grafting. Mr. Henley adds, that *branch* refers to the *collateral* deſcendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the *direct* and *immediate line*. Steevens.

Our author again uſes the word *image* in the ſame ſenſe as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou haſt torn."

Malone.

SCENE II.

Rouſſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, ſir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhow myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court; but, for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;[a] the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

[a] *It is like a* barber's chair, &c.] This expreſſion is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, and Burton's *Anat of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 666.

Again, in *More Fools Yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams, 4to. 1610:

"Moreover ſattin ſuits he doth compare
"Unto the ſervice of a *barber's chayre*;
"As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
"As for a knight or worthy gentleman." Steevens

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger,[3] as a

[3] ——Tib's ruſh *for* Tom's fore-finger,] *Tom* is the man, and by *Tib* we are to underſtand the woman, and therefore, more properly, we might read—Tom's *ruſh for*, &c. The alluſion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a ruſh ring, as well in other countries as in England. Breval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of eſpouſal uſed in France, by ſuch perſons as meant to live together in a ſtate of concubinage: but in England it was ſcarce ever practiſed except by deſigning men, for the purpoſe of corrupting thoſe young women to whom they pretended love.

Richard Poore, biſhop of Saliſbury, in his *Conſtitutions, anni*, 1217, forbids the putting of *ruſh rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he inſinuates, as the reaſon for the prohibition, that there were ſome people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jeſt, was a real marriage.

But, notwithſtanding this cenſure on it, the practice was not aboliſhed; for it is alluded to in a ſong in a play written by Sir William D'Avenant, called *The Rivals*:

" I'll crown thee with a garland of ſtraw then,
" And I'll marry thee with a *ruſh ring*."

which ſong, by the way, was firſt ſung by Mrs Davis; ſhe acted the part of Celania in the play; and King Charles II. upon hearing it, was ſo pleaſed with her voice and action, that he took her from the ſtage, and made her his miſtreſs.

Again, in the ſong called *The Wincheſter Wedding*, in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, Vol. I. p. 276:

" Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,
" And blithe as a bird in the ſpring,
" And Tommy was ſo to Katy,
" And wedded her with a *ruſh ring*."

Sir J. Hawkins.

Til and *Tom*, in plain Engliſh, I believe, ſtand for *wanton* and *rogue*. So, in *Churchyard's Choiſe*:

" Tuſhe, that's a toye; let *Tomkin* talke of *Till*."

Again, in the *Queenes Majeſties Entertainment in Suffolk and Norfolk*, &c. by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. no date

pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Cupid.

"And doth not *Jove* and *Mars* bear sway? Tush, that is true."

Philosopher.

"Then put in *Tom* and *Tib*, and all bears sway as much as you." STEEVENS.

An anonymous writer, [Mr. Ritson,] with some probability, supposes that this is one of those covert allusions in which Shakspeare frequently indulges himself. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* seem to countenance the supposition:

"Nay, those which modesty can mean,
"But dare not speak, are Epicene.
"That gamester needs must overcome,
"That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*."

Sir John Hawkins would read—"as *Tom's* rush for *Tib's* fore-finger." But if this were the author's meaning, it would be necessary to alter still farther, and to read—As *Tom's* rush for Tib's *fourth* finger. MALONE.

At the game of Gleek, the ace was called *Tib*, and the knave *Tom*; and this is the proper explanation of the lines cited from Cleiveland. The practice of marrying with a *rush ring*, mentioned by Sir John Hawkins, is very questionable, and it might be difficult to find any authority in support of this opinion.

DOUCE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unnecessary. It was the practice, in former times, for the woman to give the man a ring, as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the last scene of *Twelfth-Night*, the priest, giving an account of Olivia's marriage, says, it was

"Attested by the holy close of lips,
"Strengthen'd by *interchangement of your rings*."

M. MASON.

I believe what some of us have asserted respecting the exchange of rings in the *marriage ceremony*, is only true of the *marriage contract*, in which such a practice undoubtedly prevailed. STEEVENS.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Aſk me, if I am a courtier; it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again,[3] if we could: I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, ſir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, ſir,[4]——There's a ſimple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, ſir, as I think.

[3] *To be young again.*] The lady cenſures her own levity in trifling with her jeſter, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

[4] *O Lord, ſir,*] A ridicule on that fooliſh expletive of ſpeech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:
"You conceive me, ſir?——*O Lord, ſir!*"
Cleiveland, in one of his ſongs, makes his Gentleman—
"Anſwer, O *Lord, ſir!* and talk *play-book* oaths."
FARMER.

Clo. O Lord, ſir;—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, ſir,* at your whipping, and *ſpare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, ſir,* is very ſequent to your whipping; you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, ſir:* I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble houſewife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, ſir, to your buſineſs: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back:
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You underſtand me?

Clo. Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern[5] and familiar things, ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconcing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge,[6] when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.[7]

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts,——

Par. So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,[8]—

[5] ——*modern*—] i. e. common, ordinary. So, in *As you like it*:

"Full of wiſe ſaws, and *modern* inſtances."

Again, in another play: [*All's well that ends well*, Act V. ſc. iii.] "—with her *modern* grace—." MALONE.

[6] ——enſconcing *ourſelves* into *ſeeming knowledge*,] To *enſconce* literally ſignifies to ſecure as in a fort. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I will *enſconce* me behind the arras." *Into* (a frequent practice with old writers) is uſed for *in*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*unknown* fear.] *Fear* is here an object of fear. JOHNSON.

[8] Par. *So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus.*

Laf. *Of all the* learned *and* authentick *fellows*,] Shakſpeare, as I have often obſerved, never throws out his words at random. Paracelſus, though no better than an ignorant and knaviſh enthuſiaſt, was at this time in ſuch vogue, even amongſt

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man aſſured of an—

the learned, that he had almoſt juſtled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen, and *authentick* or faſhionable to Paracelſus. Sancy, in his *Confeſſion Catholique*, p. 301, Ed. Col. 1720, is made to ſay: "*Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens-la. Il eſt bon* Galeniſte, *& tres bon* Paracelſiſte. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galien *eſt honorable, & non meſpriſable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce ſoit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelſe, *eſt* bonne à ſuivre pour la verité, pour la ſubtilité, pour l'eſpargne; en ſomme pour la Therapeutique." Warburton.

As the whole merriment of this ſcene conſiſts in the pretenſions of Parolles to knowledge and ſentiments which he has not, I believe here are two paſſages in which the words and ſenſe are beſtowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts* ——

Par. *So I ſay.*

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelſus, of all the learned and authentick fellows* ——

Par. *Right, ſo I ſay.* Johnson.

——authentick *fellows,*] The phraſe of the diploma is, *authentici* licentiatus. Musgrave.

The epithet *authentick* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. So, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

"For which thoſe grave and ſtill *authentick* ſages,
"Which fought for knowledge in thoſe golden ages,
"From whom we hold the ſcience that we have," &c.
Malone.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"As truth's *authentick* author to be cited."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the eighth *Iliad*:

"——Neſtor cut the yeres
"With his new drawne *authentique* ſword;—"
Steevens.

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in ſhowing, you ſhall read it in,——What do you call there?[9]—

Laf. A ſhowing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.[1]

Par. That's it I would have ſaid; the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier;[2] 'fore me I ſpeak in reſpect——

[9] Par. *It is, indeed: if you will have it* in *ſhowing*, &c.] We ſhould read, I think: *It is, indeed, if you will have it* a *ſhowing—you ſhall read it in what do you call there.*— TYRWHITT.

Does not, *if you will have it* IN *ſhowing*, ſignify IN a demonſtration or ſtatement of the caſe? HENLEY.

[1] *A ſhowing of a heavenly effect* &c.] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

[2] *Why, your* dolphin is not *luſtier:*] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France His title is ſo tranſlated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

What Mr. Steevens obſerves is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think that by *dolphin* in the paſſage before us the fiſh ſo called was meant. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— His delights
" Were *dolphin*-like; they ſhow'd his back above
" The element he liv'd in."

Lafeu, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's ſon, would ſurely have ſaid—" *the* dolphin." I uſe the old ſpelling. MALONE.

In the colloquial language of Shakſpeare's time *your* was frequently employed as it is in this paſſage. So, in *Hamlet*, the Grave-digger obſerves, that " *your* water is a ſore decayer of *your* whorſon dead body." Again, in *As you like it:* " *Your* if is the only peace-maker." STEEVENS

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a moſt facinorous ſpirit,[3] that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made, than alone the recovery of the king,[4] as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

[3] ——facinorous *ſpirit,*] This word is uſed in Heywood's *Engliſh Traveller,* 1633:

"And magnified for high *facinorous* deeds."

Facinorous is wicked. The old copy ſpells the word *facinerious*; but as Parolles is not deſigned for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered to the common ſpelling. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made,* &c.] I believe Parolles has again uſurped words and ſenſe to which he has no right; and I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *In a moſt weak and debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

Par. *As to be——*

Laf. *Generally thankful.* JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to repreſent are never ſet down; but only the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech which belongs to their partner in the ſcene. If the plays of Shakſpeare were printed (as there is reaſon to ſuſpect) from theſe piece-meal tranſcripts, how eaſily may the miſtake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnſon has judiciouſly ſtrove to remedy? STEEVENS.

Enter King, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

PAR. I would have ſaid it; you ſay well: Here comes the king.

LAF. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays:[5] I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

PAR. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

LAF. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

KING. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter ſeveral Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,

[5] Luſtick, *as the Dutchman ſays:*] *Luſtigh* is the Dutch word for luſty, chearful, pleaſant. It is uſed in *Hans Beer-pot's invisible Comedy*, 1618:

"————can walk a mile or two
"A *luſtique* as a boor—."

Again, in *The Witches of Lancaſhire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634:

"What all *luſtick*, all frolickſome!"

The burden alſo of one of our ancient *Medleys* is—

"Hey *Luſticke*." STEEVENS.

In the narrative of the cruelties committed by the Dutch at Amboyna, in 1622, it is ſaid, that after a night ſpent in prayer, &c. by ſome of the priſoners, "the Dutch that guarded them offered them wine, bidding them drink *luſtick*, and drive away the ſorrow, according to the cuſtom of their own nation."

REED.

O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice[6]
I have to uſe: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe!—marry, to each, but one![7]

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,[8] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken[9] than theſe boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd the king to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

[6] *O'er whom both ſovereign power and* father's *voice*—] They were his *wards* as well as his ſubjects. Henley.

[7] —— *marry, to each,* but one!] I cannot underſtand this paſſage in any other ſenſe, than as a ludicrous exclamation, in conſequence of Helena's wiſh of *one* fair and virtuous miſtreſs *to each* of the lords. If that be ſo, it cannot belong to Helena; and might, properly enough, be given to Parolles. Tyrwhitt.

Tyrwhitt's obſervations on this paſſage are not conceived with his uſual ſagacity. He miſtakes the import of the words *but one*, which does not mean *only one*, but *except one*.

Helena wiſhes a fair and virtuous miſtreſs to each of the young lords who were preſent, one only excepted; and the perſon excepted is Bertram, whoſe miſtreſs ſhe hoped ſhe herſelf ſhould be; and ſhe makes the exception out of modeſty: for otherwiſe the deſcription of a fair and virtuous miſtreſs would have extended to herſelf. M. Mason.

[8] —— *bay Curtal,*] i. e. a bay, docked horſe. Stevens.

[9] *My mouth no more were* broken—] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has loſt part of its teeth. Johnson.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid; and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid:——
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.[1]

King. Make choice; and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream.—Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, ſir; all the reſt is mute.[2]

[1] *We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but, be refus'd,*
Let the white death *&c.*] In the original copy, theſe lines are pointed thus:

We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe, but be refus'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever, &c.

This punctuation has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. The preſent regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer ſenſe. "My bluſhes, (ſays Helen,) thus whiſper me. We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt have the nomination of thy huſband. However, chooſe him at thy peril. But, if thou be refuſed, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never reviſit them again."

The bluſhes, which are here perſonified, could not be ſuppoſed to know that Helena would be refuſed, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would ſurely have written "—*and* be refuſed," not "—*but* be refuſed."

Be refus'd means the ſame as—"thou being refuſed,"—or, "be thou refuſed." Malone.

The *white death* is the *chlorоſis*. Johnson.

The peſtilence that ravaged England in the reign of Edward III. was called "the *black death*." Steevens.

[2] ——*all* the reſt is mute.] i. e. I have no more to ſay to you. So, *Hamlet*: "—*the reſt is ſilence.*" Steevens.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace[3] for my life.

Hel. The honour, ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her?[4] An they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would ſend them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a* Lord] that I your hand ſhould take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: ſure, they are baſtards to the Engliſh; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

[3] ——*ames-ace*—] i. e. the loweſt chance of the dice. So, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: "——may I at my laſt ſtake, &c. throw *ames-aces* thrice together." Steevens.

[4] Laf. *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards, but Bertram. The ſcene muſt be ſo regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a diſtance, where they may ſee what paſſes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, ſo that they know not by whom the refuſal is made. Johnson.

Laf. There's one grape yet,[5]—I am ſure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; [*To* Bertram] but I give
Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

[5] *There's one grape yet,*] This ſpeech the three laſt editors [Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton,] have perplexed themſelves, by dividing between Lafeu and Parolles, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of ſenſe. I have reſtored the old reading, and ſhould have thought no explanation neceſſary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently miſunderſtood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the ſuppoſition that the lady was refuſed, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood——but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an aſs.* Johnson.

King. 'Tis only title[6] thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat,[7] pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty: If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,[8]
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions ſwell,[9] and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:[1]
The property by what it is ſhould go,

[6] *'Tis only title*—] i. e. the want of title. Malone.

[7] *Of colour, weight, and heat,*] That is, which are of *the ſame* colour, weight, &c. Malone.

[8] *From loweſt place* when *virtuous things proceed,*] The old copy has—*whence.* This eaſy correction [*when*] was preſcribed by Dr. Thirlby. Theobald.

[9] *Where great* additions *ſwell,*] *Additions* are the titles and deſcriptions by which men are diſtinguiſhed from each other. Malone.

[1] ——— *good alone*
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:] Shakſpeare may mean, that external circumſtances have no power over the real nature of things. *Good alone* (i. e. by itſelf) *without a name* (i. e. without the addition of titles) *is good. Vileneſs is ſo* (i. e. is itſelf.) Either of them is what its name implies:

"The property by what it is ſhould go,
"Not by the title——."
"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
"'Tis not the devil's creſt." *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

Steevens.

Steevens's laſt interpretation of this paſſage is very near being right; but I think it ſhould be pointed thus:

——*good alone*
Is good;—without a name, vileneſs is ſo.

Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir;[2]
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire:[3] Honours beſt thrive,[4]
When rather from our acts we them derive

Meaning that good is good without any addition, and vileneſs would ſtill be vileneſs, though we had no ſuch name to diſtinguiſh it by. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Macbeth:*

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
"Yet grace muſt ſtill look *ſo*."

That is, grace would ſtill be grace, as vileneſs would ſtill be vileneſs. M. MASON.

The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly diſtinction or title: ſo vileneſs is vile, in whatever ſtate it may appear. MALONE.

[2] *In theſe to nature ſhe's* immediate heir;] To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening tranſmitter: thus ſhe inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is tranſmitted by anceſtors. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *that is honour's ſcorn,*
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire:] Perhaps we might read, more elegantly—as *honour-born*,—honourably deſcended: the child of honour. MALONE.

Honour's born, is the *child* of honour. *Born* is here uſed, as *bairn* ſtill is in the North. HENLEY.

[4] *And is not like the ſire: Honours* beſt *thrive*, &c.] The firſt folio omits—*beſt*; but the ſecond folio ſupplies it, as it is neceſſary to enforce the ſenſe of the paſſage, and complete its meaſure. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*Honours* beſt *thrive*; in which they have followed the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced the word *beſt* unneceſſarily; not obſerving that *ſire* was uſed by our author, like *ſire*, *hour*, &c. as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Where is an example of *ſire*, uſed as a diſſyllable, to be found? *Fire* and *hour* were anciently written *fier* and *hower*; and conſequently the concurring vowels could be ſeparated in pronunciation. STEEVENS.

Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the reſt go.

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat,
I muſt produce my power:[5] Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift;

[5] *My honour's at the ſtake; which to* defeat,
I muſt produce my power:] The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham, by our unmerciful editors. For he is not to make uſe of his authority to *defeat*, but to *defend*, his honour. THEOBALD.

Had Mr. Theobald been aware that the *implication* or *clauſe* of the ſentence (as the grammarians ſay) ſerved for the antecedent "Which *danger* to *defeat*," there had been no need of his wit or his alteration. FARMER.

Notwithſtanding Mr. Theobald's pert cenſure of former editors for retaining the word *defeat*, I ſhould be glad to ſee it reſtored again, as I am perſuaded it is the true reading. The French verb *défaire* (from whence our *defeat*) ſignifies *to free, to diſembarraſs*, as well as *to deſtroy*. *Défaire un nœud*, is *to untie a knot*; and in this ſenſe, I apprehend, *defeat* is here uſed. It may be obſerved, that our verb *undo* has the ſame varieties of ſignification; and I ſuppoſe even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the ſenſe of this paſſage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the ſtake, which to* undo *I muſt produce my power*. TYRWHITT.

That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam:[6] that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the ſtaggers,[7] and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes: When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the king; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

[6] ——— *that canſt not dream,*
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam;] That canſt not underſtand, that if you and this maiden ſhould be weighed together, and our royal favours ſhould be thrown into her ſcale, (which you eſteem ſo light,) we ſhould make that in which you ſhould be placed, to ſtrike the beam. Malone.

[7] *Into the* ſtaggers,] One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, or the *horſe's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal daſh himſelf with a deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls. To this the alluſion, I ſuppoſe, is made. Johnson.

Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Cymbeline*, where Poſthumus ſays:

"Whence come theſe *ſtaggers* on me?" Steevens.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not to thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: [8] the ſolemn feaſt

[8] ——*whoſe ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient *on the* now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night:] Several of the modern editors read—new-born brief. Steevens.

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at leaſt obſcure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus:

——what *ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
Shall *be perform'd to-night*; *the ſolemn feaſt*
Shall more attend——.

The *brief* is the *contract of eſpouſal*, or the *licence* of the church. The King means, What *ceremony* is neceſſary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, ſhall be immediately *performed*; the reſt may be delayed. Johnson.

The only authentick copy reads—*now*-born. I do not perceive that any change is neceſſary. Malone.

The whole ſpeech is unnaturally expreſſed; yet I think it intelligible as it ſtands, and ſhould therefore reject Johnſon's amendment and explanation.

The word *brief* does not here denote either a contract or a licence, but is an adjective, and means *ſhort* or *contracted*. and the words *on the now-born*, ſignify *for the preſent*, in oppoſition to *upon the coming ſpace*, which means *hereafter*. The ſenſe of the whole paſſage ſeems to be this:—"The king and fortune ſmile on this contract; the ceremony of which it ſeems expedient to abridge for the preſent; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be performed at a future time, when we ſhall be able to aſſemble friends." M. Mason.

Though I have inſerted the foregoing note, I do not profeſs to comprehend its meaning fully. Shakſpeare uſed the words

Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and Attendants.*[9]

LAF. Do you hear, monſieur? a word with you.

PAR. Your pleaſure, ſir?

expedience, expedient, and *expediently,* in the ſenſe of *haſte, quick, expeditiouſly.* A *brief,* in ancient language, means any ſhort and ſummary writing or proceeding. The *now-born brief* is only another phraſe for *the contract recently and ſuddenly made. The ceremony of it* (ſays the king) *ſhall ſeem to haſten after its ſhort preliminary, and be performed to-night,* &c.

STEEVENS.

Now-*born,* the epithet in the old copy, prefixed to *brief,* unqueſtionably ought to be reſtored. The NOW-*born brief,* is the *breve originale* of the feudal times, which, in this inſtance, formally notified the king's conſent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward. HENLEY.

Our author often uſes *brief* in the ſenſe of a ſhort note, or intimation concerning any buſineſs; and ſometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the laſt Act of this play:

" —— ſhe told me
" In a ſweet verbal *brief,*" &c.

Again, in the Prologue to *Sir John Oldcaſtle,* 1600:

" To ſtop which ſcruple, let this *brief* ſuffice:—
" It is no pamper'd glutton we preſent," &c.

The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I believe, is: Good fortune, and the king's favour, ſmile on this ſhort contract; the ceremonial part of which ſhall *immediately* paſs,—*ſhall follow cloſe on the troth now plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be delayed to a future time. MALONE.

[9] The old copy has the following ſingular continuation: *Parolles and Laſeu ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.* This could have been only the marginal note of a prompter, and was never deſigned to appear in print. STEEVENS.

To *comment* means, I believe, to aſſume the appearance of perſons deeply engaged in thought. MALONE.

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my maſter?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtyle.

Par. You are too old, ſir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[1] to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;[2] and that thou art ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy

[1] ——*for two ordinaries,*] While I ſat twice with thee at table. Johnson.

[2] ——*taking up.*] To *take up* is to *contradict*, to *call to account*; as well as to *pick off the ground*. Johnson.

on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deſerved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf, and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may ſay, in the default,[3] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.[4] [*Exit.*

[3] ——*in the default,*] That is, *at a need.* Johnson.

[4] ——*for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] The conceit, which is ſo thin that it might well eſcape a haſty reader, is in the word *paſt*—*I am* paſt, *as I will be* paſt *by thee.* Johnson.

Lafeu means to ſay, "for doing I am paſt, as I will *paſs* by thee, in what motion age will permit." Lafeu ſays, that he will *paſs* by Parolles, not that he will be *paſſed* by him; and Lafeu is actually the perſon who goes out. M. Mason.

Dr. Johnſon is, I believe, miſtaken. Mr. Edwards has, I

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me;[5] ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!—Well, I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, ſir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou

think, given the true meaning of Lafeu's words. "*I cannot do much*, ſays Lafeu; *doing I am* paſt, as I will by thee *in what motion age will give me leave*; i. e. *as I will* paſs *by thee as faſt as I am able*:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *paſt*: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakſpeare plainly meant it." Malone.

Doing is here uſed obſcenely. So, in Ben Jonſon's tranſlation of a paſſage in an Epigram of Petronius:

"*Brevis eſt*, &c. *et fœda voluptas*."

"*Doing* a filthy pleaſure is, and ſhort." Collins.

[5] *Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me*;] This the poet makes Parolles ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward ſhould try to hide his poltroonery even from himſelf. An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to confeſſion. Warburton.

wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, ſir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords, and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion.[6] You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is ſo then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

[6] ——*than the heraldry of your birth* &c.] In former copies:—*than the commiſſion of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry* Sir Thomas Hanmer reſtored it. Johnson.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;[7]
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak: His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike: War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.[8]

[7] *That hugs his* kickſy-wickſy &c.] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Gloſſary, obſerves, that *kickſy-wickſy* is a made word in ridicule and diſdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in diſdain of his *deſtors*, entitled, *A kickſy-winſy*, or a *Lerry come-twang*. Grey.

[8] *To the* dark houſe, &c.] The *dark houſe* is a houſe made gloomy by diſcontent. Milton ſays of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew *darker* at their frown." Johnson.

Perhaps this is the ſame thought we meet with in *King Henry IV.* only more ſolemnly expreſſed:

"——he's as tedious
"As is a tired horſe, a *railing wife*,
"Worſe than a *ſmoaky houſe*."

The proverb originated before chimneys were in general uſe, which was not till the middle of Elizabeth's reign. See *Piers Plowman*, paſſus 17:

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow[9]
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound; there's noiſe in it.—'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, huſh! 'tis ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

"Thre thinges there be that doe a man by ſtrength
"For to flye his owne houſe, as holy wryte ſheweth:
"That one is a wycked wife, that wyll not be chaſtyſed;
"Her fere flyeth from her, for feare of her tonge:—
"And when *ſmolke* and *ſmoulder ſmight in his ſyghte,*
"It doth him worſe than his *wyfe,* or wete to ſlepe;
"*For ſmolke or ſmoulder, ſmiteth in his eyen*
"*Til he be blear'd or blind,*" &c.

The old copy reads—*detected* wife. Mr. Rowe made the correction. STEEVENS.

The emendation is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage:
"'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
"Of a *deteſting* lord." MALONE.

[9] *I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow*—] As this line wants a foot, I ſuppoſe our author wrote—"*Betimes* to-morrow." So, in *Macbeth*:
"——I will to morrow,
"*Betimes* I will," &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry; but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.[1]

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay

[1] ——*fortunes.*] Old copy—*fortune* Corrected by Mr Steevens. MALONE.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, ſir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, ſir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.[2]—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint;[3]

[2] ——*and* well fed.] An alluſion, perhaps, to the old ſaying—"Better fed than taught;" to which the Clown has himſelf alluded in a preceding ſcene:—"I will ſhow myſelf *highly fed* and lowly taught." Ritson.

[3] *But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint;*] The old copy reads—*to* a compell'd reſtraint. Steevens.

The editor of the third folio reads—*by* a compell'd reſtraint; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without neceſſity. Our poet might have meant, in his uſual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wiſhes *to* a future day, *till* which he is *compelled* to *reſtrain* his deſires. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is very harſh;

Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrewed with ſweets,
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,[4]
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o' the king,

but our author is often ſo licentious in his phraſeology, that change on that ground alone is very dangerous. In *King Henry VIII.* we have a phraſeology not very different:

" ——All-ſouls day,,
" Is the *determin'd reſpite* of my wrongs."

i. e. the day to which my wrongs are reſpited. Malone.

[4] *Whoſe want, and whoſe delay,* &c.] The *ſweets* with which that *want* are *ſtrewed*, I ſuppoſe, are compliments and profeſſions of kindneſs. Johnson.

Johnſon ſeems not to have underſtood this paſſage; the meaning of which is merely this:—"That the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come." The *curbed time*, means the time of reſtraint. *Whoſe want*, means *the want of which*. So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, Theſeus ſays:

" ——A day or two
" Let us look ſadly,—*in whoſe end*,
" The viſages of bridegrooms we'll put on."

M. Mason.

The *ſweets* which are diſtilled, by the reſtraint ſaid to be impoſed on Bertram, from "the want and delay of the great prerogative of love," are the ſweets of *expectation*. Parolles is here ſpeaking of Bertram's feelings during this "curbed time," not, as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought, of thoſe of Helena. The following lines, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, may prove the beſt comment on the preſent paſſage:

" I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.
" The *imaginary* reliſh is ſo *ſweet*
" That it enchants my ſenſe. What will it be,
" When that the watery palate *taſtes indeed*
" Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,
" Swooning deſtruction;" &c. Malone.

And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[5]

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ſirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.[6]

[5] ——*probable need.*] A ſpecious appearance of neceſſity. Johnson.

[6] ——*a* bunting.] This bird is mentioned in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoſis*, 1601: "—but foreſters think all birds to be *buntings*." Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terranecla et rubetra, avis alaudæ ſimilis, &c. Dicta terranecla quod non in arboribus, ſed in terra verſetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's *Collection*: "A goſhawk beats not a *bunting*." Stevens.

I took this lark *for a* bunting.] This is a fine diſcrimination

Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſſed againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, ſir.
[*To* Bertram.

Laf. Pray you, ſir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, ſir; he, ſir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king?
[*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure,
Given order for our horſes; and to-night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter

between the poſſeſſor of courage, and him that only has the appearance of it.

The *bunting* is, in feather, ſize, and form, ſo like the *ſky-lark*, as to require nice attention to diſcover the one from the other; it alſo aſcends and ſinks in the air nearly in the ſame manner: but it has little or no ſong, which gives eſtimation to the ſky-lark. J. Johnson

end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds,[7] and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leaped into the cuſtard;[8] and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my lord.

[7] *A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds,* &c.] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

"*Gav.* What art thou?
"2 *Poor Man.* A *traveller.*
"*Gav.* Let me ſee; thou would'ſt well
"To wait on my trencher, and *tell me lies at dinner-time.*" Malone.

[8] *You have made ſhift to run into't,* boots *and* ſpurs *and all, like him that* leaped *into the* cuſtard;] This odd alluſion is not introduced without a view to ſatire. It was a foolery practiſed at city entertainments, whilſt the jeſter or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep cuſtard, ſet for the purpoſe, *to ſet on a quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh,* as our poet ſays in his *Hamlet.* I do not advance this without ſome authority; and a quotation from Ben Jonſon will very well explain it:

"He may perchance, in tail of a ſheriff's dinner,
"Skip with a rhime o' the table, from New-nothing,
"And take his *Almain-leap* into a *cuſtard,*
"Shall make my lady mayoreſs, and her ſiſters,
"Laugh all their hoods over their ſhoulders."
Devil's an Aſs, Act I. ſc. i. Theobald.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his clothes: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monſieur: I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve[9] at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found

[9] ——*than you have or will deſerve*—] The oldeſt copy erroneouſly reads—have or will *to* deſerve. Steevens.

Something ſeems to have been omitted; but I know not how to rectify the paſſage. Perhaps we ſhould read—than you have *qualities* or will to deſerve. The editor of the ſecond folio reads—than you have or will deſerve— Malone

So much unſettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home;
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I entreat you:[1]
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than ſhows itſelf, at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, ſir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;[2]
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and ſcarce ſo much:—nothing, indeed.—

[1] *And rather* muſe, &c.] To *muſe* is to *wonder*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Do not *muſe* at me, my moſt noble friends."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the wealth I* owe;] i. e. *I own, poſſeſs*. STEEVENS.

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monſieur?—Farewell.[3] [*Exit* Helena.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Where are my other men,* monſieur?—Farewell.] In former copies:

Hel. Where are my other men? *Monſieur, farewell.*

What other men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is ſhe ſuppoſed to aſk for them? The old Counteſs, 'tis certain, did not ſend her to the court without ſome attendants: but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the ſtage: Bertram, obſerving Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to ſhift her off, puts on a ſhow of haſte, aſks Parolles for his ſervants, and then gives his wife an abrupt diſmiſſion. Theobald.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *attended; two* French *Lords, and others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war;
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,[4]
But like a common and an outward man,[5]

[4] ——*I cannot* yield,] I cannot inform you of the reaſons. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" If you ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
" But well and free,
" If thou ſo *yield* him, there is gold—." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*an* outward *man,*] i. e. one not in the ſecret of affairs. WARBURTON.

So, *inward* is familiar, admitted to ſecrets. " I was an *inward* of his." *Meaſure for Meaſure.* JOHNSON.

That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion:[6] therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; ſince I have found
Myſelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nature,[7]
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will, day by day,
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

[6] *By ſelf-unable* motion:] We ſhould read *notion.* WARBURTON.
This emendation has alſo been recommended by Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the younger of our* nature,] i. e. as we ſay at preſent, *our young fellows.* The modern editors read—*nation.* I have reſtored the old reading. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the ruff, and ſing;[8] aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.[9]

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

[8] Clo. *Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the* ruff, *and ſing;*] The tops of the boots, in our author's time, turned down, and hung looſely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonſon calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps it ſhould be ſo here. "Not having leiſure to put off my ſilver ſpurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act IV. ſc. vi.
WHALLEY.

To this faſhion Biſhop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1638, ſign. E 10: "He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his *boote*; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his ſpurs gingle."
MALONE.

[9] ——ſold *a goodly manor for a ſong.*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—hold *a goodly* &c. The emendation, however, which was made in the third folio, ſeems neceſſary. STEEVENS.

Clo. I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at court: our old ling and our Iſbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Iſbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that[1] you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [Reads.] *I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the* not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be killed ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

[1] *Clo.* E'en *that*—] Old copy—*In* that. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Helena *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me[2] unto't:—Where is my ſon, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after ſome deſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my paſſport.

[Reads.] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger,*[3] *which never ſhall come off, and ſhow*

[2] *Can* woman *me*—] i. e. affect me ſuddenly and deeply, as my ſex are uſually affected. Steevens.

[3] *When thou canſt get the ring* upon my *finger,*] i. e. When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. The Oxford editor, who took it the other way, to ſignify, when

me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety:[4] He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

thou canst get it on upon my finger, very sagaciously alters it to—*When thou canst get the ring* from *my finger.*

Warburton.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation sufficient; but I once read it thus: *When thou canst get the ring upon* thy *finger, which never shall come off* mine. Johnson.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestibly by these lines in the fifth Act, in which Helena again repeats the substance of this letter:

" ——— there is your ring;
" And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring,*" &c.

Malone.

[4] *If thou engrossest all the griefs* are *thine,*
Thou robb'st me of a moiety:] We should certainly read.
——*all the griefs* as *thine,*
instead of—are *thine.* M. Mason.

This sentiment is elliptically expressed, but, I believe, means no more than—*If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself*; i. e. " all the griefs *that* are thine," &c. Stevens.

Count. Return you thithe

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs.
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.[5]

[5] ——*a deal of that, too much,*
Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty of expreſſion:

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loſes: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.[6]
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt* Counteſs *and* Gentlemen.

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſillon, none in France,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piecing air,

" ——I know him a notorious liar;
" Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
" Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
" That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
" Look bleak in the cold wind—." Warburton.

Mr. Heath thinks that the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e. folly and ignorance. Malone.

[6] *Not ſo*, &c.] The gentlemen declare that they are ſervants to the Counteſs; ſhe replies,—No otherwiſe than as ſhe returns the ſame offices of civility. Johnson.

That ſings with piercing,[7] do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion[8] when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,

[7] ——move *the* ſtill-piecing *air*,
That ſings with piercing,] The words are here oddly ſhuffled into nonſenſe. We ſhould read:
——pierce *the* ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing.
i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and ſuffers no injury by piercing. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*the* ſtill-*peering* air.
Perhaps we might better read:
——*the* ſtill-piecing *air*,
i. e. the air that cloſes immediately. This has been propoſed already, but I forget by whom. STEEVENS.

Piece was formerly ſpelt—*peece*: ſo that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth-Night*, firſt folio, p. 262:
" Now, good Ceſario, but that *peece* of ſong—."
MALONE.

I have no doubt that *ſtill-piecing* was Shakſpeare's word. But the paſſage is not yet quite found. We ſhould read, I believe,
——*rove the ſtill piecing air.*
i. e. *fly at random through*. The alluſion is to *ſhooting at rovers* in archery, which was ſhooting without any particular aim. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading deſtroys the deſigned antitheſis between *move* and *ſtill*; nor is he correct in his definition of roving, which is not ſhooting without a *particular aim*, but at *marks* of *uncertain* lengths. DOUCE.

[8] ——*the* ravin *lion*—] i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to ſwallow voraciouſly. MALONE.

See *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rouſſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,[9]
As oft it loſes all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away.
[*Exit.*

[9] *Whence honour but of danger* &c.] The ſenſe is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour uſually reaps from the danger it ruſhes upon, is only a ſcar in teſtimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cauſe of loſing all, even life itſelf. HEATH.

SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, *Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

DUKE. The general of our horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence,
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

BER. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.[1]

DUKE. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,[2]
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!

BER. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *We'll ſtrive to* bear *it for your worthy ſake,*
To the extreme edge *of hazard.*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:
"But *bears* it out even to the *edge* of doom." MALONE.
Milton has borrowed this expreſſion; *Par. Reg.* B. I:
"You ſee our danger on the utmoſt *edge*
"Of hazard." STEEVENS.

[2] *And* fortune play *upon thy proſperous* helm,] So, in *King Richard III:*
"*Fortune* and victory ſit on thy *helm!*"
Again, in *King John:*
"And victory with little loſs doth *play*
"Upon the dancing banners of the French." STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,*[3] *thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody courſe of war,
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno,[4] *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

[3] —— *Saint* Jaques' *pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages conſecrated in Italy to St James, but it is common to viſit St. James of Compoſtella, in Spain. Another ſaint might eaſily have been found, Florence being ſomewhat out of the road from Rouſillon to Compoſtella. Johnson.

From Dr. Heylin's *France painted to the Life*, 8vo. 1656, p. 270, 276, we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to *St. Jacques*, to which Pilgrims formerly uſed to reſort, to adore a part of the croſs pretended to be found there. Reed.

[4] —— *Juno,*] Alluding to the ſtory of Hercules. Johnson.

Count. Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,[5]
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be in vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light:[6] my greateſt grief,
Though little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Deſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:—
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearеſt to me, I have no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction:—Provide this meſſenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] —— *lack* advice *ſo much,*] *Advice*, is *diſcretion* or *thought*. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry V:*

"And, on his more *advice* we pardon him." Steevens.

[6] *That he does* weigh *too light:*] To *weigh* here means to *value*, or *eſteem*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"You *weigh* me not, O, that's you care not for me." Malone.

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

WID. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the fight.

DIA. They ſay, the French count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

WID. It is reported that he has taken their greateſt commander: and that with his own hand he ſlew the duke's brother. We have loſt our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MAR. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

WID. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

MAR. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young earl.[7]—Beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe

[7] ——*thoſe* ſuggeſtions *for the young earl.*] *Suggeſtions* are temptations. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"*Suggeſtions* are to others as to me." STEEVENS.

engines of luſt, are not the things they go under:[8] many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dreſs of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.——Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—
God ſave you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers[9] lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beſide the port.

[8] ——*are* not *the things they go under:*] They are not really ſo true and ſincere, as in appearance they ſeem to be. THEOBALD.

To go under the name of any thing is a known expreſſion. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them paſs. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*palmers*—] Pilgrims that viſited holy places; ſo called from a ſtaff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, eſpecially ſuch as had viſited the holy places at Jeruſalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had ſome dwelling-place, the *palmer* none; the *pilgrim* travelled to ſome certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* might go at his own charge, the *palmer* muſt profeſs wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profeſſion, the *palmer* muſt be conſtant, till he had the *palm*; that is, victory over his ghoſtly enemies, and life by death." Blount's *Glaſſography*, voce *Pilgrim*. REED.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,[1]
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon; Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king[2] had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

[1] ——holy *pilgrim,*] The interpolated epithet *holy,* which adds nothing to our author's sense, and is injurious to his metre, may be safely omitted. STEEVENS.

[2] ——for *the king* &c.] *For,* in the present instance, signifies *because.* So, in *Othello:*

"—— and great business scant,
"*For* the is with me." STEEVENS.

Hel. Ay, ſurely, mere the truth;[3] I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that ſerves the count,
Reports but coarſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.[4]

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.

Wid. A right good creature:[5] whereſoe'er ſhe is,

[3] ——mere *the truth*;] The exact, the *entire* truth. Malone.

[4] ——*examin'd.*] That is, *queſtioned, doubted.* Johnson.

[5] *A* right *good creature:*] There is great reaſon to believe, that when theſe plays were copied for the preſs, the tranſcriber truſted to the ear, and not to the eye; one perſon dictating, and another tranſcribing. Hence, probably, the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write* good creature. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. The ſame expreſſion is found in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

"A *right good creature* more to me deſerving," &c.
Malone.

Perhaps, Shakſpeare wrote—

I weet, good creature, whereſo'er ſhe is,—

i. e. I know, I am well aſſured. He uſes the word in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Thus alſo, Prior:

"But well I *weet*, thy cruel wrong
"Adorns a nobler poet's ſong." Steevens.

I ſhould prefer the old reading to this amendment. *I write good creature*, may well mean, I ſet her down as a good creature. The widow could not well aſſert, that a woman was a right good creature, that ſhe had never ſeen before. M. Mason.

Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes[6] with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence...

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* Bertram, *and* Parolles.

Mar. The gods forbid elſe!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, Eſcalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt: Yond's that ſame knave,

[6] ——*brokes*—] Deals as a *broker*. Johnson.

To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker*, in our author's time, meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I, ſc. iii. Malone.

That leads him to theſe places;[7] were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vexed at ſomething: Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is paſt: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you ſhall hoſt: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,

[7] ——*lond's that ſame knave,*
That leads him to theſe places;] What *places*? Have they been talking of brothels; or, indeed, of any particular locality? I make no queſtion but our author wrote:
That leads him to theſe paces.
i. e. ſuch irregular ſteps, to courſes of debauchery, to not loving his wife. Theobald.

The *places* are, apparently, where he
" ——*broke* with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
" Corrupt the tender honour of a maid." Steevens.

I will beſtow ſome precepts on this[8] virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding,[9] hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might,

[8] ——on *this*—] Old copy—*of* this. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] ——*a* hilding,] A *hilding* is a paltry, cowardly fellow. So, in *King Henry IV.*:

"To purge the field from ſuch a *hilding* foe."

STEVENS.

See note on *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* Act I. ſc. i.

REED.

at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries,[9] when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not, for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't: when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his[1] ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore[2]

[9] ——*he's carried into the* leaguer *of the adverſaries,*] i. e. *camp.* "They will not vouchſafe in their ſpeaches or writings to uſe our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar*; nor will not afforrd to ſay, that ſuch a towne or ſuch a fort is beſieged, but that it is *Velegard.*" Sir John Smythe's *Diſcourſes,* &c. 1590, ſo. 2. Douce.

[1] ——*of* his—] Old copy—of *this.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[2] ——*of* ore—] Old copy—*of ours.* Malone.

Lump of *ours* has been the reading of all the editions. *Ore,* according to my emendation, bears a conſonancy with the

will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[3] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

other terms accompanying, (viz. *metal, lump,* and *melted,*) and helps the propriety of the poet's thought: for so one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and suitable to it.

THEOBALD.

[3] ——*if you give him not* John Drum's entertainment,] But, what is the meaning of *John Drum's entertainment?* Lafeu several times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Christian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old morley interlude, (printed in 1601,) called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*; or, *The Comedy of Pasquil and Catharine.* In this, Jack Drum is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled, and given the drop. And there is another old piece, (published in 1627,) called, *Apollo Shroving,* in which I find these expressions:

"*Thuriger.* Thou lozel, hath Slug infected you?

"Why do you give such kind *entertainment* to that cobweb?

"*Scopas.* It shall have *Tom Drum's entertainment:* a flap with a fox-tail."

Both these pieces are, perhaps, too late in time, to come to the assistance of our author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to Bertram is to this effect: My lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed." I will now subjoin a quotation from Holinshed, (of whose books Shakspeare was a most diligent reader,) which will pretty well ascertain Drum's history. This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarsefield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that *his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is,* to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders.

THEOBALD.

A contemporary writer has used this expression in the same manner that our author has done; so that there is no reason to suspect the word *John* in the text to be a misprint: "In faith good gentlemen, I think we shall be forced to give you right *John* Drum's entertainment, [i. e. to treat you very ill,] for he

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.[4]

Ber. How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo loſt!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

that compoſed the book we ſhould preſent, hath—ſnatched it from us at the very inſtant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601. MALONE.

Again, in Taylor's *Laugh and be fat*, 78:

"And whither now is Mons' Odcome come
"Who on his owne backe-ſide receiv'd his pay?
"Not like the *Entertainmt of Jacke Drum*,
"Who was but welcome when he went away."

Again, in *Manners and Cuſtoms of all Nations*, by Ed. Aſton, 1611, 4to. p. 280: "—ſome others on the contrarie part, give them *John Drum's intertainmt* reviling and beating them away from their houſes," &c. REED.

[4] ——*in any hand.*] The uſual phraſe is—*at any hand*, but *in any hand* will do. It is uſed in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456: "he muſt be a free citizen of Rome *in any hand*." Again, 1 509, 553, 543. STEEVENS.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[5]

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, monſieur, if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will preſently pen down my dilemmas,[6] encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal prepa-

[5] —— *I would have that drum or another, or* hic jacet.] i. e. *Here lies*;—the uſual beginning of epitaphs. I would (ſays Parolles) recover either the drum I have loſt, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt.* Malone.

[6] —— *I will preſently pen down my* dilemmas,] By this word, Parolles is made to inſinuate that he had ſeveral ways, all equally certain, of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. Warburton.

Shakſpeare might have found the word thus uſed in Holinſhed. Steevens.

I think, that by penning down his *dilemmas*, Parolles means, that he will pen down his plans on the one ſide, and the probable obſtructions he was to meet with, on the other. M. Mason.

ration, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip,[7] will ſubſcribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.[8]—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord? that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and, for a week, eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

[7] ——poſſibility *of* thy *ſoldierſhip.*] *I will ſubſcribe* (ſays Bertram) *to the* poſſibility *of* your *ſoldierſhip.* His doubts being now raiſed, he ſuppreſſes that he ſhould not be ſo willing to vouch for its *probability.* Steevens

I believe Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that ſoldierſhip can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding." Malone.

[8] Par. *I love not many* words.

1 Lord. *No more than a fiſh loves water.*] Here we have the origin of this boaſter's name; which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) ought in ſtrict propriety, to be written—*Paroles.* But our author certainly intended it otherwiſe, having made it a trifyllable:

"Ruſt ſword, cool bluſhes, and *Parolles* live."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. Malone.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt embоſſed him,[9] you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him.[1] He was firſt ſmoked by the old lord Laſeu: when, his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

1 *Lord.* I muſt go look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip: I'll leave you.[2] [*Exit.*

[9] ——*we have almoſt* embоſſed *him,*] To *emboſs* a deer is to incloſe him in a wood. Milton uſes the ſame word:

"Like that ſelf-begotten bird
"In the Arabian woods *imboſt,*
"Which no ſecond knows or third." Johnson.

It is probable that Shakſpeare was unacquainted with this word, in the ſenſe which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *emboſcare,* Ital. to encloſe a thicket.

When a deer is run hard, and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is ſaid to be *embоſſed.* Steevens.

"To know when a flag is *weary* (as Markham's *Country Contentments* ſay) you ſhall ſee him *imboſt,* that is, *foaming* and *flavering* about the mouth with a thick white froth," &c. Tollet.

[1] —— *ere we* caſe *him.*] That is, before we ſtrip him naked. Johnson.

[2] —— *I'll leave you.*] This line is given in the old copy to the *ſecond* lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the *firſt* lord, there called Captain F, remains with Bertram

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhow you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

2 *Lord.* But; you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'the wind,[3]
Tokens and letters which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.[4]

Wid. Though my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;

The whole courſe of the dialogue ſhows this to have been a miſtake. See p. 326.

"1 *Lord* [i.e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines," &c. Malone.

[3] —— *we have i' the wind,*] To have *one in the wind*, is enumerated as a proverbial ſaying by Ray, p. 261. Reed.

[4] *But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.*] i.e. by diſcovering herſelf to the count. Warburton.

And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my huſband;
And, what to your ſworn counſel[5] I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you;
For you have ſhow'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny[6]
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county wears,[7]
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe,
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents
Since the firſt father wore it: this ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

[5] ——*to your* ſworn counſel—] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of ſecrecy. JOHNSON.

[6] *Now his* important *blood will nought deny*—] *Important* here, and elſewhere, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.

So, Spenſer, in *The Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vi. ſt. 29:
"And with *important* outrage him aſſailed."
Important, from the French *Important*. TYRWHITT.

[7] ——*the* county *wears*.] i. e. the count. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, we have "the *county* Paris." STEEVENS.

To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee
The bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtely abſent: after this,[8]
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſicks of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: It nothing ſteads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;[9]
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*after* this,] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*
And lawful meaning in a lawful *act*;] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we ſhould read the ſecond line thus:
And lawful meaning in a wicked *act*;
The ſenſe of the two lines is this: It is a *wicked meaning* becauſe the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, becauſe the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine *Camp.*

Enter firſt Lord, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

1 LORD. He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter: for we muſt not

meaning becauſe done by her to gain her huſband's eſtranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* becauſe he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus: *Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact*, i. e. Where neither of them ſin, and yet it is a ſinful fact on both ſides; which concluſion, we ſee, requires the emendation here made. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the ſame ſenſe:

Unlawful *meaning in a lawful act.* JOHNSON.

Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them ſin: yet on his part it was a ſinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The firſt line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the huſband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, becauſe he intended to commit adultery. The ſecond line relates to Helena; whoſe *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as ſhe intended to reclaim her huſband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reaſon already given. The ſubſequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *ſinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, becauſe he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* ſinned: not the wife, becauſe both her intention and action were innocent, not the huſband, becauſe he did not *accompliſh* his intention, he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's MALONE.

ſeem to underſtand him; unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linſy-woolſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

1 *Lord.* He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment.[1] Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe:[2] chough's language,[3] gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

[1] ——*ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* Johnson.

[2] ——*ſo we ſeem to know, is to know* &c.] I think the meaning is,—Our ſeeming to know what we ſpeak one to another, is *to make him* to know our purpoſe immediately; to diſcover our deſign to him. *To know*, in the laſt inſtance, ſignifies *to make known.* Sir Thomas Hanmer very plauſibly reads—to *ſhow* ſtraight our purpoſe. Malone.

The ſenſe of this paſſage with the context I take to be this—We muſt each fancy a jargon for himſelf, without aiming to be underſtood by one another, for provided we appear to underſtand, that will be ſufficient for the ſucceſs of our project. Henley.

[3] ——*chough's language,*] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——I myſelf could make
"A *chough* of as deep chat." Steevens.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Ten o'clock: within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it: They begin to ſmoke me; and diſgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *LORD.* This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

PAR. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit: Yet ſlight ones will not carry it: They will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the inſtance?[4] Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule,[5] if you prattle me into theſe perils.

[4] —— *the* inſtance?] The *proof.* JOHNSON.

[5] —— *of Bajazet's* mule,] Dr. Warburton would read—*mute.* MALONE.

As a *mule* is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may ſtand. In one of our old Turkiſh hiſtories, there is a pompous deſcription of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan. STEEVENS.

Perhaps there may be here a reference to the following apologue mentioned by Maitland, in one of his deſpatches to Secretary Cecil: "I think you have hard the apologue off the Philoſopher who for th' emperor's pleſure tooke upon him to make a *Moyle* ſpeak. In many yeares the lyke may yet be, eyther th' the *Moyle*, the Philoſopher, or Emperor may dye

1 *Lord.* Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn; or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leaped from the window of the citadel———

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear, I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 Lord. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ranſome, ranſome:—Do not hide mine eyes. [*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

1 Sold. *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

before the tyme be fully ronne out." *Haynes's Collection*, 369. Parolles probably means, he muſt buy a tongue which has ſtill to learn the uſe of ſpeech, that he may run himſelf into no more difficulties by his loquacity. Reed.

Par. I know you are the Muſkos' regiment.
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I will diſcover that which ſhall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boſkos vauvado:*——
I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:——
Kerelybonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards
Are at thy boſom!

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.——
Manka revania dulche.

1 Lord. *Oſcorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhow,
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*——
Come on, thou art granted ſpace.
[*Exit, with* Parolles *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Roufillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourſelves;—
Inform 'em [5] that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, ſir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and ſafely
lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddeſs;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;[6]

[5] *Inform* 'em—] Old copy—Inform *on*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[6] *You are no maiden, but a* monument:
——*for you are* cold *and* ſtern;] Our author had here, probably, in his thoughts ſome of the *ſtern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furniſhed by the rude ſculptors of his own time. He has again the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline*:

"And be her ſenſe but as a *monument*,
"Thus *in a chapel lying*." Malone.

I believe the epithet *ſtern* refers only to the ſeverity often impreſſed by death on features which, in their animated ſtate, were of a placid turn. Steevens.

And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her;[7] but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,[8]

[7] *No more of that!*
I pr'ythee, do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her;] *Againſt his vows*, I believe, means—*againſt his determined reſolution never to cohabit with Helena*; and this *vow*, or *reſolution*, he had very ſtrongly expreſſed in his letter to the Counteſs. Steevens.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webſter, 1612:
"Henceforth *I'll never lie with thee*,—
"My *vow* is fix'd." Malone.

[8] *What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,*] The ſenſe is—We never ſwear by what is not holy, but ſwear by, or take to witneſs, the Higheſt, the Divinity. The tenor of the reaſoning contained in the following lines perfectly correſponds with this: If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes, that I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit

But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes,[9]
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him:[1] Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not ſo holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Who then recover: ſay, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſéver.

with you in order to ſeduce you to your ruin? No, ſurely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of courſe. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we ſwear by him we profeſs to love and honour, when at the ſame time we give the ſtrongeſt proof of our diſbelief in him, by purſuing a courſe which we know will offend and diſhonour him. Heath.

[9] *If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes,*] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not diſtinguiſhable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be ſomething leſs difficult. I am ſtill at a loſs. Johnson.

[1] *To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,* &c.] This paſſage likewiſe appears to me corrupt. She ſwears not *by* him whom the *loves*, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To ſwear to him*. There is, ſays ſhe, no *holding*, no conſiſtency, in ſwearing to one that *I love him*, when I ſwear it only to *injure* him. Johnson.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom I proteſt to love," to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge. Malone.

May we not read—
To ſwear by him whom I *profeſs* to love. Harris.

Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes, in ſuch affairs,[2]
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

[2] *I ſee, that men* make hopes, *in ſuch* affairs,] The four folio editions read:

——*make* rope's *in ſuch a* ſcarre.

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find the word *ſcarre* in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631; but do not readily perceive how it can ſuit the purpoſe of the preſent ſpeaker:

"I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye,
"Look'd never but aſcance, through a ſmall crecke,
"Or little cranny of the frotted *ſcarre*:
"There have I ſometimes liv'd," &c.

Again:

"Where is the villain's body?——
"Marry, even heaved over the *ſcarr*, and ſent a ſwimming," &c.

Again:

"Run up to the top of the dreadful *ſcarre*."

Again:

"I ſtood upon the top of the high *ſcarre*."

Ray ſays, that a *ſcarre* is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon *carre*, cautes. He adds, that this word gave denomination to the town of *Scarborough*.

But as ſome Latin commentator, (whoſe name I have forgot,) obſerves on a ſimilar occaſion, *veritate deſperatâ, nihil amplius curæ de hac re ſuſcipere volui*. STEEVENS.

I ſee, that men make hopes, in ſuch a ſcene,
That we'll forſake ourſelves.] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making profeſſions of love, and *acting* their aſſumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we ſhall be betrayed by our paſſions to yield to their deſires. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "The ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter,—that's the *ſcene* that I would ſee," &c. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——It ſhall be ſo my care
"To have you royally appointed, as if
"The *ſcene* you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

I ſee, that men make ropes *in ſuch* a ſcarre, &c.

which Mr. Rowe altered to—*make* hopes *in ſuch* affairs; and all the ſubſequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe.

arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the ſame time an eaſy ſenſe, is better entitled to a place in the text.

A corrupted paſſage in the firſt ſketch of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſuggeſted to me [ſcene,] the emendation now introduced. In the fifth Act, Fenton deſcribes to the Hoſt his ſcheme for marrying Anne Page:

"And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed
"Wherein fat Falſtaff had [r. hath] a mighty *ſcare*,
"Muſt Slender take her," &c.

It is manifeſt, from the correſponding lines in the folio, that *ſcare* was printed by miſtake for *ſcene*; for in the folio the paſſage runs—

"——fat Falſtaff
"Hath a great *ſcene*." Malone.

Mr. Rowe's emendation is not only liable to objection from its diſſimilarity to the reading of the four folios, but alſo from the awkwardneſs of his language, where the *literal* reſemblance is moſt, like the words, rejected. *In ſuch affairs*, is a phraſe too vague for Shakſpeare, when a determined point, to which the preceding converſation had been gradually narrowing, was in queſtion: and to MAKE *hopes*, is as uncouth an expreſſion as can well be imagined.

Nor is Mr. Malone's ſuppoſition, of *ſcene* for *ſcarre*, a whit more in point: for, firſt, *ſcarre*, in every part of England where rocks abound, is well known to ſignify *the detached protruſion of a large rock*; whereas *ſcare* is *terror* or *affright*. Nor was *ſcare*, in the firſt ſketch of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, a miſtake for *ſcene*, but an intentional change of ideas; *ſcare* implying only *Falſtaff's terror*, but *ſcene* including the ſpectator's entertainment. On the ſuppoſal that *make hopes* is the true reading, *in ſuch a ſcarre*, may be taken figuratively for *in ſuch an extremity*, i. e. in ſo deſperate a ſituation. Henley.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe: Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong; and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may ſo in the end.——
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:[3]
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

[3] —— *Since Frenchmen are ſo* braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:] *Braid* ſignifies *crafty* or *deceitful*. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616:

"Dian roſe with all her maids,
"Bluſhing thus at love his *braids*."

Chaucer uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe; but as the paſſage where it occurs in his *Troilus and Creſſida* is conteſted, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that Bra:d is an Anglo-Saxon word, ſignifying *fraus, aſtus*. Again, in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of *Horace's Epiſtles*, where its import is not very clear:

"Profeſſing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde at a *brade*."

In *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 1336, *braid* ſeems to mean *forthwith*, or, *at a jerk*. There is nothing to anſwer it in the French, except *tantoſt*.

In the ancient ſong of *Lytyl Thanke*, (MS. Cotton, Titus A. xxvi.) "at a *brayd*" undoubtedly ſignifies—*at once, on a ſudden, in the inſtant*:

"But in come ſſrankelyn at a *brayd*." STEVENS.

SCENE III.

The Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour ſince: there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.*[4] He has much worthy blame laid upon

[4] 1 *Lord.*] The latter editors have with great liberality beſtowed lordſhip upon theſe interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt.* E. and *capt.* G. It is true that *captain* E. in a former ſcene is called *lord* E. but the ſubordination in which they ſeem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converſe, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of Shakſpeare have been uſed to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin. JOHNSON.

Theſe two perſonages may be ſuppoſed to be two young French Lords ſerving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the firſt ſcene, where the two French lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E. and Lord G.

G. and E were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed theſe characters. In the liſt of actors prefixed to the firſt folio, I find the names of Cilburne and Eccleſtone, to whom theſe inſignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, theſe performers firſt repreſented the French Lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confuſion of the old copy. In the firſt ſcene of this Act, one of theſe captains is called throughout, 1. *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.

him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorred ends;[5] ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.[6]

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us,[7] to be

[5] —— till *they attain to their abhorred ends*;] This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the miſchief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. Steevens.

[6] —— *in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.*] That is, *betrays his own ſecrets in his own talk.* The reply ſhows that this is the meaning. Johnson.

[7] *Is it not* meant damnable *in us,*] I once thought that we ought to read—*Is it not* moſt *damnable*; but no change is neceſſary. Adjectives are often uſed as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company[8] anatomized; that he might take a meaſure of his own judgments,[9] wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.[1]

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

"That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
"And *damnable* ungrateful."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—and as thou draweſt, ſwear *horrible*—."

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him *ſound*."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman*:

"I'll beat thee *damnable*." Malone.

Mr. M. Maſon wiſhes to read—*mean* and damnable. Steevens.

[8] ——his *company*—] i. e. his *companion*. It is ſo uſed in *King Henry V.* Malone.

[9] ——*he might take a meaſure of his own judgments,*] This is a very juſt and moral reaſon. Bertram, by finding how erroneouſly he has judged, will be leſs confident, and more eaſily moved by admonition. Johnson.

[1] ——*wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this* counterfeit.] Parolles is the perſon whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, beſides its ordinary ſignification,—[a perſon pretending to be what he is not,] ſignified alſo in our author's time a falſe coin, and a picture. The word *ſet* ſhows that it is here uſed in the firſt and the laſt of theſe ſenſes. Malone.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, ſir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, ſome two months ſince, fled from his houſe; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſhed: and, there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf, which could not be her office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encountered with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our

crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Serv. He met the duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave; his lordſhip will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the king's tartneſs. Here's his lordſhip now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night deſpatched ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of deſpatch, effected many meer needs; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier?——Come,

bring forth this counterfeit module;[2] he has deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier.[3]

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has ſat in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerved it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long.[4] How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordſhip already; the ſtocks carry him. But, to anſwer you as you would be underſtood; he weeps, like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſſed himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time

[2] ——*bring forth this counterfeit* module;] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here uſed in that ſenſe. Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue, pretended to make himſelf a *pattern*. Johnson.

It appears from Minſheu, that *module* and *model* were ſynonymous.

In *King Richard II. model* ſignifies a thing faſhioned after an archetype:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

"The *model* of our chaſte loves, his young daughter."

Our author, I believe, uſes the word here in the ſame ſenſe:—Bring forth this counterfeit *repreſentation* of a ſoldier. Malone.

[3] ——*a double-meaning propheſier.*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"That palter with us in a *double ſenſe*,
"And keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
"But break it to our hope." Steevens.

[4] ——*in uſurping his* ſpurs *ſo long.*] The puniſhment of a *recreant*, or coward, was to have his ſpurs hacked off. Malone.

I believe theſe words allude only to the ceremonial degradation of a *knight*. I am yet to learn, that the ſame mode was practiſed in diſgracing daſtards of inferior rank. Steevens.

of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'the ſtocks: And what think you he hath confeſſed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your lordſhip be in't, as, I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* Paroles.[3]

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartaroſſa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; What will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

1 Sold. *Boſko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *Firſt demand of him how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and

[3] *Re-enter Soldiers, with* Parolles.] See an account of the examination of one of Henry the Eighth's captains, who had gone over to the enemy (which may poſſibly have ſuggeſted this of Parolles) in *The Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594. ſig. C. iii. Ritson.

unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him.[6] What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, (that was his own phraſe,) that had the whole theorick[7] of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again, for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe, I ſaid,—I will ſay true,—or thereabouts, ſet down,—for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

[6] *All's one to him.*] In the old copy theſe words are given by miſtake to Parolles. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

It will be better to give theſe words to one of the Dumains, than to Bertram. Ritson.

[7] ——*that had the whole* theorick—] i. e. *theory*. So, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you muſt ſeek who ſhall put it in practice." Malone.

In 1597 was publiſhed "*Theorique* and Practiſe of Warre, written by Don Philip Prince of Caſtil, by Don Bernardino de Mendoza. Tranſlated out of the Caſtilian Tonge in Engliſhe, by Sir Edward Hoby, Knight," 4to. Reed.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,[8] in the nature he delivers it.[9]

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot.* What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour,[1] I will tell true. Let me ſee: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſino, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hun-

[8] ——I con *him no thanks for't,*] To *con thanks* exactly anſwers the French *ſçavoir gré.* To *con* is to know. I meet with the ſame expreſſion in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication,* &c.

"——I believe he will *con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily Beguiled,* 1606:

"*I con* maſter Churms *thanks* for this."

Again, in *Any Thing for a quiet Life:* "He would not truſt you with it, I *con* him *thanks* for it." Steevens.

[9] ——*in the nature he delivers it.*] He has ſaid truly that our numbers are about five or ſix thouſand; but having deſcribed them as "weak and unſerviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. Malone.

Rather, perhaps, becauſe his narrative, however near the truth, was uttered for a treacherous purpoſe. Steevens.

[1] ——*if I were to* live *this preſent hour,* &c.] I do not underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correſpondent obſerves) we ſhould read:—if I were to live *but* this preſent hour. Steevens.

Perhaps he meant to ſay—if I were to *die* this preſent hour. But fear may be ſuppoſed to occaſion the miſtake, as poor frighted Scrub cries: "Spare all I have, and take my *life.*" Tollet.

dred and fifty each: ſo that the muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks,[2] leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,[3] and what credit I have with the duke.

Sold. Well, that's ſet down. *You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs*

[2] ——*off their* caſſocks,] *Caſſock* ſignifies a horſeman's looſe coat, and is uſed in that ſenſe by the writers of the age of Shakſpeare. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Brainworm ſays: "He will never come within the ſight of a *caſſock* or a muſquet-reſt again." Something of the ſame kind likewiſe appears to have been part of the dreſs of ruſticks, in *Mucedorus*, an anonymous comedy, 1598, erroneouſly attributed to Shakſpeare:

"Within my cloſet there does hang a *caſſock*,
"Though baſe the weed is, 'twas a ſhepherd's."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"————I will not ſtick to wear
"A blue *caſſock*."

On this occaſion a woman is the ſpeaker.

So again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589: "Who would not think it a ridiculous thing to ſee a lady in her milk-houſe with a velvet gown, and at a bridal in her *caſſock of moccado*?"

In *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640, it is again ſpoken of as part of a ſoldier's dreſs:

"Here, ſir, receive this military *caſſock*, it has ſeen ſervice."

"——This military *caſſock* has, I fear, ſome military hangbys." Steevens.

[3] ——*my* conditions,] i. e. my diſpoſition and character. See Vol. VI. p. 31, n. 1. Malone.

in wars; *or whether he thinks, it were not poſsible, with well-weighing ſums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the intergatories:[4] Demand them ſingly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the ſheriff's fool[5], with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him, nay.[6]

[Dumain *lifts up his hand in anger.*

[4] ——*intergatories:*] i. e. *interrogatories.* Reed.

[5] ——*the* ſheriff's fool——] We are not to ſuppoſe that this was a *fool* kept by the *ſheriff* for his diverſion. The cuſtody of all *ideots*, &c. poſſeſſed of landed property, belonged to the King, who was intitled to the income of their lands, but obliged to find them with neceſſaries. This prerogative, when there was a large eſtate in the caſe, was generally granted to ſome court-favourite, or other perſon who made ſuit for and had intereſt enough to obtain it, which was called *begging a fool.* But where the land was of inconſiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits, by the *ſheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for thoſe unhappy creatures who had neither poſſeſſions nor relations, they ſeem to have been conſidered as a ſpecies of property, being ſold or given with as little ceremony, treated as capriciouſly, and very often, it is to be feared, left to periſh as miſerably, as dogs or cats.

Ritson.

[6] ——*a dumb* innocent, *that could not ſay him, nay.*] *Innocent* does not here ſignify a perſon without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our anceſtors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeably to this ſenſe of the word is the following entry of a burial in the pariſh regiſter of Charlewood, in Surrey:—"Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605."

Whalley.

Doll Common, in *The Alchemiſt*, being aſked for her opinion of the *Widow Pliant*, obſerves that ſhe is—"a good dull *inno-*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.[7]

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship[8] anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

cent." Again, in *I would and I would not*, a poem, by B. N. 1614:

" I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,
" That can do nothing elſe but laugh or crie,
" And eate fat meate, and never go to ſchoole,
" And be in love, but with an apple-pie;
" Weare a pide coate, a cockes combe, and a bell,
" And think it did become me paſſing well."

Mr. Douce obſerves to me, that the term—*innocent*, was originally French.

See alſo a note on Ford's *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore*, new edition of Dodſley's *Collection of old Plays*, Vol. VIII. p. 24.

Stevens.

[7] ——*though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*] In Lucian's *Contemplantes*, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilſt he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day:—χὴ μελαξὺ λίθου τις, ἀπὸ τᾶ τίγα, κεφαλᾶς ἐπιπεσοῦσα, ἀπ' ἐκεῖ ὅτου κινήσαντος, ἀπέκτεινεν ἀ.τόν. See the life of Pyrrhus in Plutarch. Pyrrhus was killed by a tile. S. W.

[8] ——*your* lordſhip—] The old copy has *Lord*. In the MSS. of our author's age they ſcarcely ever wrote *Lordſhip* at full length. Malone

Par. In good faſneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper? Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*[9]—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttiſh: I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

[9] Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*] After this line there is apparently a line loſt, there being no rhyme that correſponds to *gold.* Johnson.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written:

" Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of golden* ſtore—
or *ore*;

and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verſes.
Steevens.

May we not ſuppoſe the former part of the letter to have been proſe, as the concluding words are? The ſonnet intervenes.

The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly proſe, partly verſe. Malone.

Ber. Damnable, both ſides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;[1]
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

[1] *Half won, is match well made*; match, *and well make it*;] This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very ſlight alteration: *Half won is match well made*; watch, *and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won*; *watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are miſplaced, and ſhould be read thus:

Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;
When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And ſay——

That is, take his money, and leave him to himſelf. When the players had loſt the ſecond line, they tried to make a connection out of the reſt. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform. Johnson.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Half won is match well made, match, an' we'll *make it.* i. e. if we mean to make any match of it at all. Steevens.

There is no need of change. The meaning is, "A match well made, is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well." M. Mason.

The verſes having been deſigned by Parolles as a caution to Diana, after informing her that Bertram is both *rich* and *faithleſs*, he admoniſhes her not to yield up her virtue to his *oaths*, but his *gold*; and having enforced this advice by an adage, recommends her to comply with his importunity, provided half the ſum for which ſhe ſhall ſtipulate be previouſly paid her:—*Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it.*

Henley.

Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain ſecure. Malone.

And say, a soldier, Dian, *told thee this,*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:[2]
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

[2] *Men are to* mell *with, boys are* not *to kiss:*] The meaning of the word *mell*, from *meler*, French, is obvious.

So, in *Ane very excellent and delectabill Treatife, intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. 1603:

"But he na husband is to mee;
"Then how could we twa disagree
"That never had na *melling*."
"Na *melling*, mistres? will you then
"Deny the marriage of that man?"

Again, in *The Corpus Christi Play*, acted at Coventry. MSS. *Cott. Vesp.* VIII. p. 122:

"And fayr yonge qwene herby doth dwelle,
"Both freeh and gay upon to loke,
"And a tall man with her doth *melle*,
"The way into hyr chawmer ryght evyn he toke."

The argument of this piece is *The Woman taken in Adultery.*

STEVENS.

Men are to mell with, boys are not *to kiss:*] Mr. Theobald and the fubfequent editors read—*boys are* but *to kiss*. I do not fee any need of change, nor do I believe that any oppofition was intended between the words *mell* and *kiss*. Parolles wifhes to recommend himfelf to Diana, and for that purpofe advifes her to grant her favours to *men*, and not to *boys*. He himfelf calls his letter "An advertifement to Diana to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouffillon, a foolifh idle *boy*."

To *mell* is ufed by our author's contemporaries in the fenfe of *meddling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald fuppofed to be couched under the word in this place. So, in Hall's *Satires*, 1597:

"Hence, ye profane! *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenfer's *Fairy Queen* B. IV. c. i:

"With holy father fits not with fuch things to *mell*."

MALONE.

Ber. He ſhall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armipotent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, ſir, by the general's looks,[3] we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, ſir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.[4]

1 *Sold.* We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have anſwered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter;[5]

[3] ——*by the general's looks,*] The old copy has—by *your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, and the miſprint probably aroſe from ye in the MS. being taken for y^r. Malone.

[4] ——*let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.*] Smith might have had this abject ſentiment of Parolles in his memory, when he put the following words into the mouth of Lycon, in *Phædra and Hippolytus*:

"O, chain me, whip me, let me be the ſcorn
"Of fordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds;
"Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched!"
Steevens.

[5] ——*an egg out of a cloiſter;*] I know not that *cloiſter*, though it may etymologically ſignify *any thing ſhut*, is uſed by our author otherwiſe than for a *monaſtery*, and therefore I cannot gueſs whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps

for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, ſir, he has led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end,[6] to inſtruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat ſtill.[7]

it means only this—*He will ſteal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* Johnson.

Robbing the ſpital, is a common phraſe, of the like import. M. Mason.

[6] ——*at a place there call'd Mile-end,*] See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. ii. Malone.

[7] ——*he's a cat ſtill.*] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. Johnson.

Bertram has no ſuch meaning. In a ſpeech a little before,

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[8] he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me?[9]

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the ſame neſt; not altoge-

he declares his averſion to a cat, and now only continues in the ſame opinion, and ſays he hates Parolles as much as he hates a *cat*. The other explanation will not do, as Parolles could not be meant by the *cat*, which always lights on its legs, for Parolles is now in a fair way to be totally diſconcerted. Steevens.

I am ſtill of my former opinion. The ſpeech was applied by King James to Coke, with reſpect to his ſubtilties of law, that throw him which way we would, he could ſtill, like a cat, light upon his legs. Johnson.

The Count had ſaid, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his averſion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next liſt of falſhoods, the Count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—ſtill more and more the object of my averſion than he was. As Parolles proceeds ſtill further, one of the Frenchmen obſerves, that the ſingularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the Count; "he's a cat ſtill;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot, therefore, I think be any doubt that Dr. Johnſon's interpretation, "throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a miſapprehenſion. Malone.

[8] ——*for a* quart d'ecu—] The fourth part of the ſmaller French crown; about eight-pence of our money. Malone.

[9] *Why does he aſk him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is, on ſuch occaſions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. Johnson.

ther ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, count Rouſillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whiſper with the general, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition [1] of that laſcivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt die: the general ſays, you, that have ſo traitorouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death!

1 *Sold.* That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, captain Parolles

[1] ——*to beguile the ſuppoſition*——] That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the Count think me a man that *deſerves well.* JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouſillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Lords, *&c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſhed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, ſir; I am for France too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this: Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Saſeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marſeilles;[2] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead: the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

WID. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

HEL. Nor you,[3] miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

[2] *His grace is at* Marſeilles, &c.] From this line, and others, it appears that *Marſeilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three ſyllables. The old copy has here *Marcellus*, and in the laſt ſcene of this Act, *Marcellus*. MALONE.

[3] *Nor you,*] Old copy—Nor *your*. Corrected by Mr Rowe. MALONE.

As it hath fated her to be my motive[4]
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night![5] so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:——You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty[6]
Go with your impositions,[7] I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,——
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.[8] We must away;

[4] ——*my* motive—] *Motive* for assistant. Warburton.

Rather for *mover*. So, in the last Act of this play:

" ——all impediments in fancy's course
" Are *motives* of more fancy." Malone.

[5] *When* saucy *trusting of the cozen'd thoughts*
Defiles the pitchy night!] *Saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. Johnson.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" ——as to remit
" Their *saucy* sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
" In stamps that are forbid." Malone.

[6] ——*death and honesty*—] i. e. an honest death. So, in another of our author's plays, we have "death and honour" for *honourable death*. Steevens.

[7] ——*your* impositions,] i. e. your commands. Malone.

An *imposition* is a task imposed. The term is still current in Universities. Steevens.

[8] *But* with the word, *the time will bring on summer*, &c.] *With the word*, i. e. in an instant of time. Warburton.

The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have *sweet-*

Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us: [9]

neſs with their *prickles*, ſo ſhall theſe *troubles* be recompenſed with *joy*. JOHNSON.

I would read:

Yet I pray you
But with the word: the time will bring, &c.

And then the ſenſe will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *ſuffer*; for a ſhort time will bring on the ſeaſon of happineſs and delight." BLACKSTONE.

As the beginning of Helen's reply is evidently a deſigned apoſiopeſis, a break ought to follow it, thus:

Hel. *Yet, I pray you*:——

The ſenſe appears to be this:—Do not think that I would engage you in any ſervice that ſhould expoſe you to ſuch an alternative, or, indeed, to any laſting inconvenience; *But with the word*, i. e. But on the contrary, you ſhall no ſooner have delivered what you will have to teſtify on my account, than the irkſomeneſs of the ſervice will be over, and every pleaſant circumſtance to reſult from it will inſtantaneouſly appear. HENLEY.

[9] *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time* revives *us*:] The word *revives* conveys ſo little ſenſe, that it ſeems very liable to ſuſpicion.

——*and time* revyes us:

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haſten.

WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the ſoundeſt. I never remember to have ſeen the word *revye*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a ſhift, without much effort, *the time* invites *us*? JOHNSON.

To *vye* and *revye* were terms at ſeveral ancient games at cards, but particularly at *Gleek*. So, in Greene's *Art of Conycatching*, 1592: "I'll either win ſomething or loſe ſomething, therefore I'll *vie* and *revie* every card at my pleaſure, till either yours or mine come out; therefore 12d. upon this card, my card comes firſt." Again: "—ſo they *vie* and *revie* till ſome ten ſhillings be on the ſtake," &c. Again: "This fleſheth the Conie, and the ſweetneſs of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to *vie* and *revie* than he." Again: "So they *vie* and *revie*, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conie gets five." Perhaps, however, *revyes* is not the true reading. Shak-

All's well that ends well:[1] ſtill the fine's[2] the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

ſpeare might have written—*time* reviles *us*, i. e. reproaches us for waſting it. Yet,—*time* revives *us* may mean, it *rouſes* us. So, in another play of our author:

" —— I would *revive* the ſoldiers' hearts,
" Becauſe I found them ever as myſelf." STEEVENS.

Time *revives* us, ſeems to refer to the happy and ſpeedy termination of their embarraſſments. She had juſt before ſaid:

" With the word, the time will bring on ſummer."
HENLEY.

[1] *All's well that ends well:*] So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" The *end is crown* of every work well done."

All's well that ends well, is one of Camden's proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

——*ſtill the fine's* the crown;] So, in Chapman's verſion of the ſecond *Iliad:*

" We fly, not putting on *the crown* of our ſo long-held war."

Again, *ibid:*

" ——and all things have their *crown*,
" As he interpreted." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *the* fine's—] i. e. the end. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:

" Nature hath done the laſt for me, and there's the *fine*."
MALONE.

SCENE V.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

LAF. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there; whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:[3] your daughter-in-law

[3] —— *whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:*] Parolles is repreſented as an affected follower of the faſhion, and an encourager of his maſter to run into all the follies of it; where he ſays: "Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themſelves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed.". Here ſome particularities of faſhionable dreſs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous ſaffron* is more obſcure. This alludes to a fantaſtic faſhion, then much followed, of uſing *yellow ſtarch* for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

"——Has he familiarly
"Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch; or ſaid your doublet
"Was not exactly frenchified?——"

And Jonſon's *Devil's an Aſs*:

"Carmen and chimney-ſweepers are got into the *yellow ſtarch.*"

This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd, and, in all reſpects, of ſo infamous a character, that her invention deſerved the name of *villainous ſaffron.* This woman was, afterwards, amongſt the miſcreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which ſhe was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow ſtarch ſo odious, that it immediately went out of faſhion. 'Tis this, then, to which Shakſpeare alludes: but uſing the word *ſaffron* for *yellow*, a new idea preſented itſelf, and he purſues his thought under a quite different allu-

had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I ſpeak of.

ſion—*Whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youths of a nation in his colour*; i. e. of his temper and diſpoſition. Here the general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" I muſt have *ſaffron* to colour the warden pyes."

WARBURTON.

This play was probably written ſeveral years before the death of Sir Thomas Overbury. The plain meaning of the paſſage ſeems to be: " Whoſe evil qualities are of ſo deep a dye, as to be ſufficient to corrupt the moſt innocent, and to render them of the ſame diſpoſition with himſelf." MALONE.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, publiſhed in 1595, ſpeaks of ſtarch of various colours:

" ——The one arch or piller wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call *ſtarch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to waſh and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will ſtand ſtiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this ſtarch they make of divers ſubſtances, ſometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: ſometimes of rootes, and ſometimes of other thinges: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like."

In *The World toſs'd at Tennis*, a maſque by Middleton, *the five ſtarches* are perſonified, and introduced contelling for ſuperiority.

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

" What price bears wheat and *ſaffron*, that your band's
ſo ſtiff and *yellow* ?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1606: " —have taken an order to wear *yellow* garters, points, and ſhoe-tyings, and 'tis thought *yellow* will grow a cuſtom."

" It has been long uſed at London."

It may be added, that in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim, in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things, not to wear ſhirts ſtained with *ſaffron*.

STEEVENS.

See a note on *Albumazar*, Dodſley's *Collection of old Plays*, Vol. VII. p. 156, edit. 1780. REED.

Count. I would, I had not known him![4] it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſalads, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſalad, or, rather the herb of grace.[5]

Laf. They are not ſalad-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, ſir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.[6]

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, ſir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

[4] *I would, I had not known him!*] This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. Johnson

I ſhould wiſh to read—*he* had not known him, meaning that *her ſon* had not. Her knowing Parolles was of little conſequence, but Bertram's knowing him cauſed the death of Helen, which ſhe deplores. M. Mason.

[5] ——*herb of grace.*] i. e. rue. So, in *Hamlet*, "there's *rue* for you—we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays." Steevens

[6] ——*in* graſs.] The old copy, by an evident error of the preſs, reads—*grace*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *ſalad*, in the preceding ſpeech, was alſo ſupplied by him. Malone.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice.[7]

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice,

Laf. No, no, no.

[7] ——*I would give his wife my* bauble, *ſir, to do her ſervice.*] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to ſignify any thing of ſmall value, has a preciſe and determinable meaning. It is, in ſhort, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. There is a repreſentation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called *Comedians Italiens.* A faint reſemblance of it may be found in the frontiſpiece of L. de Guernier to *King Lear*, in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo.

Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1601:

"——if a *fool*, we muſt bear his *bauble*."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599: "The *fool* will not leave his *bauble* for the Tower of London."

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"She is enamoured of the *fool's bauble*."

In the Stultifera Navis, 1497, are ſeveral repreſentations of this inſtrument, as well as in *Cocke's Lorel's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in Lyte's *Herbal*: "In the hollowneſs of the ſaid flower (the great blue wolfe's-bane) grow two ſmall crooked hayres, ſomewhat great at the end, faſhioned like a *fool's bable*." An ancient proverb, in Ray's *Collection*, points out the materials of which theſe *baubles* were made: "If every fool ſhould wear a *bable*, jewel would be dear." See figure 12, in the plate at the end of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation. Steevens.

The word *bauble* is here uſed in two ſenſes. The Clown had another *bauble* beſides that which the editor alludes to.

M. Mason.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the ſoldiers, "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the ſpeaker's mace. Blackstone.

Clo. Why, ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, ſir, he has an Engliſh name;[8] but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there.[9]

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince,[1] ſir, *alias*, the prince of darkneſs; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe: I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter[2] thou talkeſt of; ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, ſir, that always

[8] ——*an Engliſh* name;] The old copy reads—*maine*. Stevens.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Maine, or *head of hair*, agrees better with the context than *name*. *His* hair was *thick*. Henley.

[9] ——*his phiſnomy is more* hotter *in France, than there.*] This is intolerable nonſenſe. The ſtupid editors, becauſe the devil was talked of, thought no quality would ſuit him but *hotter*. We ſhould read—more *honour'd*. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more eſtimation than the Engliſh do, who are generally white and fair. Warburton.

The alluſion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. Stevens

[1] *The* black prince.] Biſhop Hall, in his *Satires*, B. V. Sat. ii. has given the ſame name to Pluto: "So the *black prince* is broken looſe again," &c. Holt White.

[2] ——*to* ſuggeſt *thee from thy maſter*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*ſeduce*, but without authority. To *ſuggeſt* had anciently the ſame meaning. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted*,
"I nightly lodge her in an upper tower" Stevens.

loved a great fire;[3] and the maſter I ſpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, ſure, he is the prince of the world,[4] let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.[5]

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horſes be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.[6]

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.[7]

[3] *I am a woodland fellow, ſir,* &c.] Shakſpeare is but rarely guilty of ſuch impious trafh. And it is obſervable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteriſtic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.

[4] *But,* ſure, *he is the prince of the world,*] I think we ſhould read—*but* ſince *he is,* &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the* flowery way,——*and the* great fire.] The ſame impious ſtuff occurs again in *Macbeth*: "—the *primroſe way* to the *everlaſting bonfire*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*unhappy.*] i. e. *miſchievouſly waggiſh, unlucky.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
"I ſhould judge now *unhappily*." STEEVENS.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the king my maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs hath promiſed me to do it: and, to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

? *So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no* pace, *but runs where he will.*] Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *ſtation*, or *office* in the family? Tyrwhitt.

A *pace* is a certain or preſcribed walk; ſo we ſay of a man meanly obſequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horſe who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. Johnson.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour;[8] ſo, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed[9] face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.[1] [*Exeunt.*

[8] Laf. *A ſcar nobly got*, &c.] This ſpeech, in the ſecond folio, and the modern editions, is given to the Counteſs, and perhaps rightly. It is more probable that ſhe ſhould have ſpoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the ſpeeches of the Counteſs, *Lad.* or *La.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; ſo that the miſtake was very eaſy. MALONE.

I do not diſcover the improbability of this commendation from Lafeu, who is at preſent anxious to marry his own daughter to Bertram. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*carbonadoed*—] i. e. ſcotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. So, in *Coriolanus*: "Before Corioli, he ſcotched and notched him like a *carbonado*." STEEVENS.

The word is again uſed in *King Lear*. Kent ſays to the Steward—

"I'll *carbonado* your ſhanks for you." MALONE.

[1] ——*feathers, which*——*nod at every man.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

"——a blue promontory,
"With trees upon't, that *nod unto the world*——."

STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marſeilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding poſting, day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low: we cannot help it;
But, ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;——

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.[2]

This man may help me to his majeſty s ear,
If he would ſpend his power.—God ſave you, ſir.

[2] *Enter a gentle* Aſtringer.] Perhaps *a gentle ſtranger*, i. e. a ſtranger of gentle condition, a gentleman.—The error of this conjecture, (which I have learned, ſince our firſt edition made its appearance, from an old book of Falconry, 1633,) ſhould teach diffidence to thoſe who conceive the words which they do not underſtand to be corruptions. An *aſtringer* or *aſtringer* is a falconer, and ſuch a character was probably to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diverſion. So, in *Hamlet*:

"We'll e'en to it like French *Falconers*."

A *gentle aſtringer* is a *gentleman falconer*. The word is derived from *oſtercus* or *auſtercus*, a goſhawk; and thus, ſays Cowell, in his *Law Dictionary*: "We uſually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *auſtringer*." Again, in *The Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date: "Now becauſe I ſpoke of *oſtregiers*, ye ſhall underſtand that they ben called *oſtregiers* that keep goſhauks or tercels," &c. I learn from Blount's

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, ſir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.

Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*; yet;
Though time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit.—
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roufillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you, ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,

Antient Tenures, that a "goſhawk is in our records termed by the ſeveral names *Oſtercum*, *Hoſtricum*, *Iſtricum*, *Aſturcum*, and *Auſturcum*," and all from the French *Auſtour*. Steevens

But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.[3]

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We muſt to horſe again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *The inner Court of the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good monſieur Lavatch,[4] give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.[5]

[3] *Our means will make us means.*] Shakſpeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, ſometimes ſo as to obſcure his meaning. Helena ſays, *they will follow with ſuch ſpeed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* Johnson.

[4] ——*Lavatch,*] This is an undoubted, and perhaps irremediable corruption, of ſome French word. Steevens

[5] ——*but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's* moat, &c.] In former editions—*but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's* mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.* I believe the poet wrote—*in fortune's* moat; becauſe the Clown, in the very next ſpeech, replies—"I will henceforth eat no *fiſh* of fortune's buttering;" and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu, "That hath fallen into the unclean

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrong as thou ſpeakeſt of: I will hence-

fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is *muddied* withal." And again—"Pray you, ſir, uſe the *carp* as you may," &c. In all which places, it is obvious a moat or a pond is the alluſion. Beſides, Parolles ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image; for as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſhed with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humorouſly ſays, when Parolles is preſſing him to deliver his letter to Lord Lafeu, "Foh! pr'ythee ſtand away; a paper from fortune's *cloſeſtool*, to give to a nobleman!"

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Alchemiſt*:

"*Subtle.* ——Come along ſir,
"I muſt ſhew you *Fortune's privy lodgings.*
"*Face.* Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?
"*Sub.* All.
"Only the fumigation ſomewhat ſtrong." FARMER.

By the whimſical *caprice* of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her diſpleaſure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we meet with the ſame phraſe:

"——but *Fortune's mood*
"Varies again."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"When *fortune*, in her ſhift and change of *mood*,
"Spurns down her late belov'd."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*Fortune* is merry,
"And in this *mood* will give us any thing."

Mood is again uſed for *reſentment* or *caprice* in *Othello*: "You are but now caſt in his *mood*, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice."

Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

"——This brain-ſick man,
"That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

Dr. Warburton, in his edition, changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without neceſſity, by the ſubſequent editors. All the expreſſions enumerated by him,—"I will eat no *fiſh*,'—"he hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure,' &c.—agree ſufficiently well with the

forth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.[6]

Par. Nay, you need not ſtop your noſe, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor.[7] Pr'ythee, get thee further.

text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the diſpleaſure of fortune, the Clown, to render him ridiculous, ſuppoſes him to have actually fallen into a *fiſhpond*. Malone.

Though Mr. Malone defends the old reading, I have retained Dr. Warburton's emendation, which, in my opinion, is one of the luckieſt ever produced. Steevens.

[6] ——*allow the wind.*] i. e. ſtand to the leeward of me. Steevens.

[7] *Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor.*] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour or juſtneſs of ſatire, than this ſpeech. The uſe of the *ſtinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to ſee moral declaimers againſt vice deſcribe her as Heſiod did the fury Triſtitia:

" Τῆς ἐκ ῥινῶν μύξαι ῥέον."

Upon which Longinus juſtly obſerves, that, inſtead of giving a *terrible* image, he has given a very nafty one. Cicero cautions well againſt it, in his book *de Orat.* " *Quoniam hæc*, ſays he, *vel ſumma laus eſt in verbis transferendis ut ſenſum feriat id, quod tranſlatum ſit, fugienda eſt omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet ſimilitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani* caſtratam *eſſe rempublicam. Nolo* Murenæ *curiæ dici Glauciam.*" Our poet himſelf is extremely delicate in this reſpect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a paſſage in *Hamlet*, has ſcarce a metaphor that can offend the moſt ſqueamiſh reader. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's recollection muſt have been weak, or his zeal for his author extravagant, otherwiſe he could not have ventured to countenance him on the ſcore of delicacy; his offenſive metaphors and alluſions being undoubtedly more frequent than thoſe of all his dramatick predeceſſors or contemporaries. Steevens.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or of fortune's cat,[8] (but not a muſk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal: Pray you, ſir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort,[9] and leave him to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you

[8] *Here is a* pur *of fortune's, ſir, or* of *fortune's cat,*] We ſhould read—*or fortune's cat*; and, indeed, I believe there is an error in the former part of the ſentence, and that we ought to read—*Here is a* puſs *of fortune's,* inſtead of *pur.*
M. Mason.

[9] ——*I do pity his diſtreſs in my* ſmiles *of comfort,*] We ſhould read—*ſimiles* of comfort, ſuch as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp,* &c. Warburton.

The meaning is, I teſtify my pity for his diſtreſs, by encouraging him with a gracious ſmile. The old reading may ſtand.
Heath.

Dr. Warburton's propoſed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pythie *ſimi ies, comfortable* and profitable for all men to reade."

The ſame miſtake occurs in the old copies of *King Henry IV.* P. I. where, inſtead of "unſavoury *ſimiles*" we have "unſavoury *ſmiles.*" Steevens.

played the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?[1] There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your word.[2]

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.[3]—Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets ſound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further

[1] ——*under* her?] *Her*, which is not in the firſt copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] ——*ſave your word.*] i. e. you need not aſk;—here it is. Malone

[3] *You beg more than* one word *then.*] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which, in French, is plural, and ſignifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unneceſſarily, by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

after me; I had talk of you laſt night: though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat;[4] go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Counteſs's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, *Guards, &c.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her; and our eſteem[5]
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.[6]

[4] ——*you ſhall eat;*] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falſtaff, and ſeems to be the character which Shakſpeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though juſtice required that he ſhould be detected and expoſed, yet his *vices ſit ſo fit in him* that he is not at laſt ſuffered to ſtarve. Johnson.

[5] ——*eſteem*—] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *eſtate*; in his own he lets it ſtand, and explains it by *worth* or *eſtate*. But *eſteem* is here *reckoning* or *eſtimate*. Since the loſs of *Helen*, with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *ſunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourſelves king of, is much *poorer* than before. Johnson.

Meaning that his eſteem was leſſened in its value by Bertram's miſconduct; ſince a perſon who was honoured with it could be ſo ill treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity. Johnſon's explanation is very unnatural. M. Mason.

[6] ——*home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent.* Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth*: "That thruſted *home*," &c. Malone.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my liege:
And I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth;[7]
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,——
But firſt I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all: he loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes;[8] whoſe words all ears took captive;

[7] ——blaze *of youth*;] The old copy reads—*blade*. Stevens.

"*Blade* of youth" is the *ſpring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* ſuit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze* of youth. Johnson.

This very probable emendation was firſt propoſed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced theſe two paſſages in ſupport of it:

"——I do know
"When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the ſoul
"Lends the tongue vows. Theſe *blazes*," &c. *Hamlet*.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath," &c. Malone.

In *Hamlet* we have alſo "*flaming youth*," and in the preſent comedy "the quick *fire* of youth." I read, therefore, without heſitation,—*blaze*. Stevens.

[8] *Of* richeſt *eyes*;] Shakſpeare means that her beauty had aſtoniſhed thoſe, who, having ſeen the greateſt number of fair women, might be ſaid to be the *richeſt* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you like it*: "—to have ſeen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." Stevens

Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him hither;——
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition:[9]—Let him not aſk our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incenſing relicks of it: let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my liege.
[*Exit* Gentleman.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

[9] ——*the firſt view ſhall kill*
All repetition:] *The firſt interview ſhall put an end to all recollection of the paſt.* Shakſpeare is now haſtening to the end of the play, finds his matter ſufficient to fill up his remaining ſcenes, and therefore, as on ſuch other occaſions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and diſobedience, joined likewiſe with ſome hypocriſy, ſhould raiſe more reſentment; and that though his mother might eaſily forgive him, his king ſhould more pertinaciouſly vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakſpeare could not be ignorant, but Shakſpeare wanted to conclude his play. Johnson.

Enter BERTRAM.

LAF. He looks well on't.

KING. I am not a day of ſeaſon,[1]
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

BER. My high-repented blames,[2]
Dear ſovereign pardon to me.

KING. All is whole;
Not one word more of the conſumed time.
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them:[3] You remember
The daughter of this lord?

BER. Admiringly, my liege: at firſt

[1] *I am not a day of ſeaſon.*] That is, of *uninterrupted rain*: one of thoſe *wet days* that uſually happen about the vernal equinox. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
"*Seaſoning* the earth with ſhowers."

The word is ſtill uſed in the ſame ſenſe in Virginia, in which government, and eſpecially on the eaſtern ſhore of it, where the deſcendants of the firſt ſettlers have been leſs mixed with later emigrants, many expreſſions of Shakſpeare's time are ſtill current. HENLEY.

[2] *My high-repented blames.*] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmoſt. Shakſpeare has *high-fantaſtical* in *Twelfth-Night*. STEEVENS.

[3] *The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time* &c.] This idea ſeems to have been caught from the third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "The ſummons of *Time* had ſo creepingly ſtolne upon him, that hee had heard ſcarcely the *noiſe of his feet*." STEEVENS.

I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful pérſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a moſt hideous object: Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.[4]

[4] *Our own love waking* &c.] Theſe two lines I ſhould be glad to call *an interpolation of a player.* They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themſelves. I believe the author made two couplets to the ſame purpoſe; wrote them both down that he might take his choice; and ſo they happened to be both preſerved.

For *ſleep* I think we ſhould read *ſlept. Love cries* to ſee what was done while hatred *ſlept,* and ſuffered miſchief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* ſtill *continues* to *ſleep* at eaſe, while *love* is weeping; and ſo the preſent reading may ſtand. JOHNSON.

Be this ſweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main conſents are had; and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven, bleſs!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe![5]

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted, give a favour from you,
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature; ſuch a ring as this,

I cannot comprehend this paſſage as it ſtands, and have no doubt but we ſhould read—

Our old *love waking*, &c.
Extinctus amabitur idem.

Our own love, can mean nothing but our *ſelf-love*, which would not be ſenſe in this place; but *our old love waking*, means our former affection being revived. M. Mason.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. M. Maſon's interpretation, *being revived*; nor, indeed, is it neceſſary to his emendation. It is clear, from the ſubſequent line, that *waking* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. Hate *ſleeps* at eaſe, unmoleſted by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itſelf for not having been ſufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes* and weeps;" crying, "that's good that's gone." Malone.

[5] *Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven, bleſs!*
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!] I have ventured, againſt the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Counteſs's name to theſe two lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram; but if Bertram ſhould make a bad huſband the ſecond time, why ſhould it give the King ſuch mortal pangs? A fond and diſappointed mother might reaſonably not deſire to live to ſee ſuch a day; and from her the wiſh of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. Theobald.

The laſt that e'er I took her leave[6] at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that[7] by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am ſure, I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,[8]
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought

[6] *The laſt that e'er I took her leave*—] The laſt time that I ſaw her, when ſhe was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—*that e'er* ſhe *took*, &c. Malone.

[7] *I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood*
Neceſſitied to help, that—] Our author here, as in many other places, ſeems to have forgotten, in the cloſe of the ſentence, how he began to conſtruct it. See p. 208, n. 8. The meaning however is clear, and I do not ſuſpect any corruption. Malone.

[8] *In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me*,] Bertram, ſtill continues to have too little virtue to deſerve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. Johnson.

I ſtood ingag'd:[8] but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd,
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[9]
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know

[8] —— *noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood ingag'd:] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnſon reads—engaged. Steevens.

The plain meaning is, when ſhe ſaw me receive the ring, ſhe thought me *engaged* to her. Johnson.

Ingag'd may be intended in the ſame ſenſe with the reading propoſed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*,] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakſpeare, in another place, uſes *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. Tyrwhitt.

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right.

Gaged is uſed by other writers, as well as by Shakſpeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Paſtoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

" Not that the earth did *gage*
" Unto the huſbandman
" Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

Ingaged, in the ſenſe of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the ſame formation as *inhabitable*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. Malone.

[9] *Plutus himſelf,*
That knows the tinct *and* multiplying *medicine*,] Plutus, the grand alchemiſt, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon baſe metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a ſmall quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large maſs of baſe metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to* multiply *gold*, or *uſe any craft of* multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of tranſmutation, procured a repeal. Johnson.

That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers,[1] and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: ſhe call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out: If it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman,—'twill not prove ſo;—
And yet I know not:—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.[2]—Away with him;—
We'll ſift this matter further.

[1] —— *Then*, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers,] i. e. confeſs the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourſelf.
Edwards.

The true meaning of this expreſſion is, *If you know that your faculties are ſo ſound, as that you have the proper conſciouſneſs of your own actions*, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me*, &c. Johnson.

[2] *My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.] The *proofs which I have already had* are ſufficient to ſhow that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more eaſy than I ought, and have *unreaſonably* had *too little fear*. Johnson.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was.

[*Exit* Bertram, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort
To tender it herſelf.[3] I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.

King. [Reads.] *Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the count Rouſillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for juſtice: Grant it me, O king; in you it beſt*

[3] *Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort* &c.] Who hath miſſed the opportunity of preſenting it in perſon to your majeſty, either at Marſeilles, or on the road from thence to Rouſillon, in conſequence of having been four or five removes behind you. Malone.

Removes are *journies* or *poſt-ſtages*. Johnson

lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

LAF. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.[4]

[4] *I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll* him: *for this, I'll none of him.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits—*him*. Either reading is capable of explanation.

The meaning of the earlieſt copy ſeems to be this: I'll buy me a new ſon-in-law, &c. and *toll* the bell for this; i. e. look upon him as a dead man. The ſecond reading, as Dr. Percy ſuggeſts, may imply: I'll buy me a ſon-in-law as they buy a horſe in a fair; *toul* him, i. e. enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honeſtly by him, and aſcertain my title to him. In a play called *The famous Hiſtory of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, is an alluſion to this cuſtom:

"*Gov.* I will be anſwerable to thee for thy *horſes*.

"*Stuk.* Doſt thou keep a *toll-booth*? zounds, doſt thou make a *horſe-courſer* of me?"

Again, in *Hudibras*, P. II. c. i:

"——a roan gelding
"Where, when, by whom, and what y'were ſold for
"And in the open market *toll'd* for."

Alluding (as Dr. Grey obſerves) to the two ſtatutes relating to the ſale of horſes, 2 and 3 *Phil. and Mary*, and 31 *Eliz.* c. 12. and publickly *tolling* them in fairs, to prevent the ſale of ſuch as were ſtolen, and to preſerve the property to the right owner.

The previous mention of a *fair* ſeems to juſtify the reading I have adopted from the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

The paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll;
For this I'll none of him.

That is, "I'll buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and pay toll; as for this, I will have none of him." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, "I will purchaſe a ſon-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthleſs fellow, by *tolling* him *out of it*." To *toll* a perſon *out of a fair* was a phraſe of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an eſcheator of the ſame city, that had

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek theſe ſuitors:—
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and ſome Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now, juſtice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, ſir, ſince wives are monſters to you,[5]

arreſted a clothier that was outlawed, and had ſeized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine."

And *toll for this*, may, however, mean—and I will ſell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horſe, publickly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the ſale. For the hint of this latter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former expoſition.

The following paſſage in *King Henry IV*. P. II. may be adduced in ſupport of Mr. Steevens's interpretation of this paſſage: "Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall *ring for thee*."

Here Falſtaff certainly means to ſpeak equivocally; and one of his ſenſes is, "I will take care to have thee knocked in the head, and thy friends ſhall ring thy funeral knell." Malone.

[5] *I wonder, ſir, ſince wives* &c.] This paſſage is thus read in the firſt folio:

I wonder, ſir, ſir, *wives are monſters to you,*
And that you fly them, as you ſwear them lord-ſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry.——

Which may be corrected thus:

"*I wonder, ſir,* ſince *wives are monſters,* &c

The editors have made it—*wives are* ſo monſtrous *to you*, and in the next line—*ſwear to them*, inſtead of—*ſwear them lord-ſhip*. Though the latter phraſe be a little obſcure, it ſhould not have been turned out of the text without notice. I ſuppoſe

And that you fly them as you ſwear them lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow, *and* DIANA.

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WID. I am her mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe,[6] without your remedy.

KING. Come hither, count; Do you know theſe women?

BER. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

DIA. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

BER. She's none of mine, my lord.

DIA. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,

lordſhip is put for that *protection* which the huſband, in the marriage ceremony, promiſes to the wife. TYRWHITT.

As, I believe, here ſignifies *as ſoon as*. MALONE.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whoſe emendation I have placed in the text. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſecond folio reads:

I wonder, ſir, wives are ſuch *monſters to you* ——.

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſhall* ceaſe,] i. e. deceaſe, die. So, in *King Lear*: "Fall and *ceaſe*." The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in p. 391 of the preſent comedy. STEEVENS.

That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation [*To* Bertram.] comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,"
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.[7]

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price:

[7] ——*a common* gameſter *to the camp.*] The following paſſage, in an ancient MS. tragedy, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, will ſufficiently elucidate the idea once affixed to the term—*gameſter*, when applied to a female:

"'Tis to me wondrous how you ſhould ſpare the day
"From amorous clips, much leſs the general ſeaſon
"When all the world's a *gameſter*."

Again, in *Pericles*, Lyſimachus aſks Mariana—

"Were you a *gameſter* at five or at ſeven?"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——daughters of the *game*." Steevens.

Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect, and rich validity,[8]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis it:[9]
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought, you ſaid,[1]
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,[2]

[8] *Whoſe high reſpect, and rich* validity,] *Validity* means *value*. So, in *King Lear*:
"No leſs in ſpace; *validity*, and pleaſure."
Again, in *Twelfth-Night*:
"Of what *validity* and pitch ſoever." Steevens.

[9] ——'*tis* it:] The old copy has—'tis *hit*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *hit* printed inſtead of *it*. Hence, probably, the miſtake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *his*. Malone.

Or, *he bluſhes, and 'tis* fit. Henley.

[1] *Methought, you ſaid,*] The poet has here forgot himſelf. Diana has ſaid no ſuch thing. Blackstone.

[2] *He's* quoted *for a moſt perfidious ſlave,*] *Quoted* has the ſame ſenſe as *noted*, or *obſerved*.
So, in *Hamlet*:
"I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." Steevens.

With all the ſpots o'the world tax'd and deboſh'd;[3]
Whoſe nature ſickens, but to ſpeak a truth:[4]
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy;[5] and, in fine,

[3] ——*deboſh'd*;] See a note on *The Tempeſt*, Act III. ſc. ii. Vol. IV. p. 102, n. 1. Steevens.

[4] *Whoſe nature ſickens, but to ſpeak a truth:*] Here the modern editors read:

Which nature ſickens with:——

a moſt licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the punctuation only wants to be corrected. We ſhould read, as here printed:

Whoſe *nature ſickens*, but *to ſpeak* a *truth*:

i. e. *only* to ſpeak a truth. Tyrwhitt.

[5] ——*all impediments in fancy's courſe*
Are motives of more fancy;] *Every thing that obſtructs love is an occaſion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her ſolicitation concurring with her faſhionable appearance*, ſhe got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, ſignifies rather *meanly pretty*. Johnson.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The ſenſe will then be this—*Her ſolicitation concurring with her appearance of being common*, i. e. with the appearance of her *being to be had*, as we ſay at preſent. Shakſpeare uſes the word *modern* frequently, and always in this ſenſe. So, in *King John*:

"——ſcorns a *modern* invocation."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"Full of wiſe ſaws and *modern* inſtances.

"Trifles, ſuch as we preſent *modern* friends with."

Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dian. I muſt be patient;
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me.[6] I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Again, in the preſent comedy, p. 276: "—to make *modern* and familiar things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs."

Mr. M. Maſon ſays, that *modern grace* means, *with a tolerable degree of beauty*. He queſtions alſo the inſufficiency of the inſtances brought in ſupport of my explanation, but adduces none in defence of his own. Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon's laſt interpretation is certainly the true one. See p. 74, n. 4; and p. 276, n. 5. I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *modern* here, as almoſt every where in Shakſpeare, means *common, ordinary*; but do not ſuppoſe that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gameſter, though he has ſtyled her ſo in a former paſſage. Malone.

[6] *May juſtly* diet *me.*] *May juſtly loath* or *be weary of me*, as people generally are of a regimen or preſcribed *diet*. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks ſhe means—"May juſtly make me faſt, by depriving me (as Deſdemona ſays) of the rites for which I love you." Malone.

Mr. Collins's interpretation is juſt. The alluſion may be to the management of hawks, who were half *ſtarved* till they became tractable. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

"——I'll watch him,
"Till he be *dieted* to my requeſt."

"To *faſt*, like one who takes *diet*," is a compariſon that occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Steevens.

Dia. Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.——
Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, ſirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, ſir, he did love her; But how?[7]

[7] —— *he did love her*; But how?] *But how* perhaps belongs to the King's next ſpeech:

But how, *how, I pray you?*

This ſuits better with the King's apparent impatience and ſolicitude for Helena. Malone.

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, ſir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion[8] is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promiſed me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty; I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of, therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou

Surely, all tranſfer of theſe words is needleſs. *Hamlet* addreſſes ſuch another flippant interrogatory to himſelf: "The mouſe-trap. *Marry, how?* Tropically." Steevens.

[8] ——*companion*—] i. e. fellow. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Why, rude *companion*, whatſoe'er thou be,
"I know thee not." Steevens.

canſt ſay they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence;[9] therefore ſtand aſide.—
This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;

[9] —— *But thou art* too fine *in thy evidence*;] *Too fine*, too full of fineſſe; too artful. A French expreſſion—*trop fine*.

So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated Parallel: "We may rate this one ſecret, as it was *finely* carried, at 40001. in preſent money." Malone.

So, in a very ſcarce book, entitled, *A Courtlie Controverſie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning fiue Tragicall Hiſtories, &c. Tranſlated out of French, &c. by H. W.* [Henry Wotton,] 4to. 1578: "Woulde God, (ſayd he,) I were to deale with a man, that I might recover my loſſe by *fine force*: but ſith my controverſie is againſt a woman, it muſte be wonne by loue and favoure." p. 51. Again, p. 277: "—as a butterflie flickering from floure to floure, if it be caught by a childe that *finely* followeth it," &c. Steevens

To priſon with her: and away with him.—
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou had'ſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.[1]

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal ſir; [*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd;[2]
And at that time he got his wife with child:

[1] ——*cuſtomer*—] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello*: "I marry her!—what?—a *cuſtomer!*" Stevens.

[2] *He knows himſelf*, &c.] The dialogue is too long, ſince the audience already knew the whole tranſaction; nor is there any reaſon for puzzling the King and playing with his paſſions; but it was much eaſier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her huſband, her mother, and the King. Johnson.

Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

KING. Is there no exorciſt [3]
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?

HEL. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

BER. Both, both; O, pardon!

[3] ——*exorciſt*—] This word is uſed, not very properly, for *enchanter*. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare invariably uſes the word *exorciſt*, to imply a perſon who can raiſe ſpirits, not in the uſual ſenſe of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius, in *Julius Cæſar*, ſays—

"Thou, like an *exorciſt*, haſt conjur'd up
"My mortified ſpirit."

And in *The Second Part of Henry VI.* where Bolingbroke is about to raiſe a ſpirit, he aſks Eleanor—

"Will your ladyſhip behold and hear our *exorciſms*?"

M. MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So, Minſheu, in his DICT. 1617: "An *Exorciſt*, or *Conjurer*."—So alſo, "To *conjure* or *exorciſe* a ſpirit."

The difference between a *Conjurer*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, according to that writer, is as follows:

"The *Conjurer* feeneth by praiers and invocations of God's powerfull names, to compell the Devill to ſay or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to have his or her turne ſerved, in lieu or ſtead of blood or other gift offered unto him, eſpecially of his or her ſoule:—And both theſe differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, becauſe the former two have perſonal conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition." MALONE.

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are[4] *by me with child,* &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*To* Parolles.] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home,
I'll make ſport with thee: Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:—
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
[*To* Diana.
Chooſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by the honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.—
Of that, and all the progreſs, more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and, if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
[*Flouriſh.*

[4] *And are*—] The old copy reads—And *is*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. Malone.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done: [5]
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts; [6]
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[Exeunt.] [7]

[5] *The* king's a beggar, *now the play is done:*] Though theſe lines are ſufficiently intelligible in their obvious ſenſe, yet perhaps there is ſome alluſion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the ſubject of a ballad, and, as it ſhould ſeem from the following lines in *King Richard II.* of ſome popular interlude alſo:

"Our *ſcene* is altered from a ſerious thing,
"And now chang'd to *the beggar and the king.*"

MALONE.

[6] *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*] The meaning is: Grant *us then your patience*; hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts*; that is, ſupport and defend us.

JOHNSON.

[7] This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakſpeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage, is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſehood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs.

The ſtory of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time. JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. VIII.

Printed by J. PLYMSELL, Leather Lane, Holborn, London.

00043328

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018